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SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME VI.

—

HISTORIES.

KING JOHN.
RICHARD THE SECOND.
KING HENRY THE FOURTH, PART FIRST.
KING HENRY THE FOURTH, PART SECOND.

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HISTORIES.

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII, WITH VARIOUS READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS, NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET, AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. VI.

BOSTON
LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY
1863

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by

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KING JOHN.

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The Life and Death of King John occupies twenty-two pages in the folio of 1623; viz., from p. 1 to p. 22 inclusive, in the division of Histories, — each of the three great divisions of that volume having its own numeration of pages. The play is there divided into Acts and Scenes, but with a transposition, in the second Act, of *Actus Secundus* and *Scena Secunda*. It is without a list of Dramatis Personæ, which was first supplied by Rowe.

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KING JOHN.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE'S Historical Plays are often discoursed about as if they were a projected series of interdependent works, written in pursuance of a plan, the purpose of which was to illustrate English History. That they illustrate history, and in a certain sense were meant to do so, is manifest upon their very face; but that they do this in conformity with a systematic design, there is neither external nor internal evidence to show. The origin of a contrary opinion must be traced to a tradition first mentioned by Gildon, according to which Shakespeare told Ben Jonson, that "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote plays in order to instruct the people in that particular." But of all the unfounded stories told of Shakespeare, this is the most difficult of belief. Such a declaration could not have been made by one of those men to the other with a grave face, actors though they were. For Historical Plays, or Histories, as they were called, were in vogue with our ancestors before Shakespeare began to write for the stage; and so far was he from seeking to impart historical knowledge to the audiences at the Blackfriars, that he did not even attempt to correct the grossest violations of historical truth in the older play upon which he founded one of his Histories — this very *King John;* and in other instances, in which he went for his story directly to the Chronicles, he did not hesitate to bring together events really separated by years, (though connected as cause and effect, or means to a common end,) when, by so grouping them, he could produce a vivid and impressive dramatic picture of the period which he undertook to represent.

In writing the Histories he had the same purpose as in writing the Comedies and Tragedies; that purpose always being, to make a good play: and with him a good play was one which would fill the theatre whenever it was performed, and at the

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same time give utterance to his teeming brain, and satisfy his dramatic intuition. He wrote Histories because they suited the taste of the day; and in their composition, — no less, and no more, than in that of Comedies and Tragedies, — he used, as the basis of his work, the materials nearest at hand and best suited to his purpose. He would have written a play upon the life and death of King Lud, had any incidents in the reign of that monarch susceptible of dramatic treatment been known to him; and, above all, had some dramatist of the preceding generation produced a successful play founded upon them which he could have used as foundation or as scaffolding.

The Wars of the Roses and the events which led to them offered him a succession of stirring scenes filled with famous actors, which could be worked into dramatico-historical pictures of the reigns of the monarchs under whom they took place, and which would appeal directly to the love of knowledge, the chivalric sympathies, and the patriotism that animated the audiences for which he wrote. The bloody struggle that began with the deposition of one Richard at Westminster, and ended with the death of another at Bosworth Field, its long succession of internecine horrors relieved only by the glorious episode of Agincourt, had for our ancestors in Shakespeare's time the charms of fable united to the sober interest of history. The nearest events were so remote that their harsh features were mellowing by distance, and their sharp outlines crumbling into the picturesqueness of antiquity, while those of earliest occurrence were yet sufficiently near to be familiar objects of contemplation, preserved from oblivion as they were in the traditions of men removed only by a few generations from the actors who took part in them. To this interest in the subject, — an interest to the audience intrinsic, to the dramatist extrinsic, — and not to historical plan or instructive purpose of any kind, we owe the series of plays beginning with *Richard the Second* and ending with *Richard the Third*. The epic of our race became a drama: our Homer sang upon the stage; our Virgil recited to the people.

The Historical Plays having been produced in this spirit, with this motive, and, as we shall see when we consider them in detail, without system or order,* no examination of them as

* There is, in my opinion, no room for doubt that they appeared in the following order: *Henry VI., Richard II., King John, Richard III., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VIII.*

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a series can consistently be made, and no essay upon them as a whole can be written, except in a literal, chronological spirit wholly at variance with that in which they were conceived. Dramatically they differ from the other plays, not because of a different purpose on the part of their author, — a purpose peculiar to him, — but on account of conditions imposed by the materials upon which he worked, and to which all writers of dramatic histories must needs conform. Poetically they are distinguished only by the same indications of mental development and change of moral tone which are discernible in the Comedies and Tragedies. The appearance of the same personages in more than one of them, and the connection of the incidents of one with those of another, are dependent entirely upon the chronological relations of the events on which they are based. Had each History been the work of a particular author, the Bolingbroke of *Richard II.* must no less have become the King of *Henry IV.*, the Prince Henry of *Henry IV.* the King of *Henry V.*, and so on through the series, even down to the least prominent of the historical characters; and as to the characters not historical — *Falstaff* and his satellites — who appear in three of these plays, what audience, having seen them attendant upon Prince *Hal* in the First Part of *Henry IV.*, would have pardoned Shakespeare for depriving him of their company in the Second Part, or have found even the glory of *Henry V.* complete without their mellowing ray of humor! If the presence of these characters in three plays is to be accepted as evidence that a plan had been formed for a historical series, of which those plays were a part, then we must enlarge the plan and make room for an eleventh historical play — *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* But *Henry IV.* and the story of *Falstaff's* hapless amours must both be regarded from the same point of view, — as plays only; there being only these differences between them, — that one is more serious than the other, and that in one the incidents, being historical, determined for the poet the dramatic progress of the play, while in the other the incidents, and consequently the dramatic progress, were entirely within his control. In accordance with these views, our Introductory Remarks upon the Historical Plays have no bearing upon the conformity of those plays to the facts of History; and such historical remarks as are made in the Notes, whether upon events or personages, have merely an illustrative purpose — the gratification of a reason-

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able desire to know out of what material Shakespeare built the Walhalla of our race, and who were the heroes with whom he peopled it.*

Two of Shakespeare's Histories — *King John* and *Henry VIII.* — are entirely isolated. The latter was written as a show piece; the former because its main incidents appealed to the patriotic and protestant feeling of the Elizabethan era, and because the subject was one already familiar to the public and there was an old play at hand to work upon. The events of King John's reign had twice been made the subject of dramatic treatment before Shakespeare produced his History: once by Bishop Bale, the zealous reformer, whose *Kynge Johan* † is a singular cross between the Moral play with its allegorical characters, and the Historical play with its real personages, and distinctly marks a transition period in our early drama; and again by certain unknown authors who produced *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England,* ‡ the play on which Shakespeare founded his *Life and Death of King John.*

Of the prelate's play, Shakespeare probably knew nothing; yet it is certain that his own was in some measure affected by it. *Kynge Johan* was written to make proselytes to the reformed church; and the events of that monarch's reign which the author selected as the basis of his work were those only which could be used to the prejudice of the Church of Rome; — the dictatorial assumption of the Pope, the King's resistance, the consequent interdict and the suffering caused by it, the final submission of John, and his alleged death by poison administered by a fanati-

* The reader who wishes to read Shakespeare as a historical exercise should consult the Variorum edition of 1821, or, better, the Right Honorable Thomas Peregrine Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare,* in which he will find the question "whether these plays may be given to our youth as properly historical," gravely and elaborately discussed, and Shakespeare duly censured for the "bad language" which he puts into the mouths of some of the characters.

† Printed by the Camden Society from the original MS. edited by Mr. Collier.

‡ "The First and Second Part of the Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England. With the discovery of King Richard Cordelion's base sonne (vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge:) Also the Death of King John at Swinestead Abbey. As they were (sundry times) lately acted by the Queenes Majestyes Players. Written by W. Sh. Imprinted at London by Valentine Simmes for John Helme, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, in Fleet Street." 1611. Reprinted in *Nichol's Six Old Plays,* &c., and in *Steevens' Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare,* &c.

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cal monk of Swinstead Abbey. The play is without interest of any kind: no ray of poetry or wit, no gleam even of keen malice, lights up the uncouth structure of its antiquated verse; its allegorical and historical personages are alike in their tameness and want of character; story or plan it has none; and the ribaldry and grossness of its language are entirely at variance with our notions of decency, not to say of clerical dignity. Yet it determined, in a measure, the form of Shakespeare's *King John*, because it created a precedent which was followed by the intermediate play, which Shakespeare followed in his turn. The great dramatist modified the structure of a play which itself was but a modification of another; and thus, like some abbey or minster, the noble fabric rose from additions to and alterations of an original mean and rude, yet not without an inherent strength and vitality of purpose.

As Bishop Bale's play was quite surely written after the accession of Edward VI., and could not have been produced after Mary had ascended the throne with any hope that it would be performed, the year 1550 may safely be assumed as about the date of its appearance. It seems more than probable that after the five years' gloom of Mary's bloody and bigoted despotism had passed away, *Kynge Johan* emerged again into genial light, to be welcomed with enthusiasm; and that it was to take advantage of the favor which its subject had acquired, that *The Troublesome Reign of King John* was written about thirty years afterward. In the rapidly advancing state of our drama at that time, *Kynge Johan* had become obsolete in its very form and elements ere the generation that first received it as a novelty had passed away. The play which took its place was entirely different from its predecessor in motive as well as in structure. In *The Troublesome Reign* no allegorical personages appear; and ecclesiastical protestantism is not taught in dull didactics or scurrilous polemics. The characters are all copied from real life or taken from history; and they appear upon the stage only in connection with the incidents upon which the interest of the play depends. It is in spirit and form absolutely dramatic, though not highly so, and is as purely a historical play as that which succeeded and eclipsed it. It only fails to be as good, because among all its authors there was not a ray of the genius which blazed, sun-like, in the all-illuminating mind of Shakespeare. Yet it is interesting to observe in *The Troublesome*

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Reign the introduction of *Faulconbridge* as a compensation for the loss of *Sedition*, an allegorical character that supplied the comic element of the elder piece. He is no more like Shakespeare's *Faulconbridge* than a practical joke is like wit; but in his scenes with the monks he fulfilled the jester's function, and made the sport needful for the people.* For in *The Troublesome Reign* the

* The following extracts from the old play will give the reader a notion of its general style, as well as of the *Bastard* as he there appears, both in his jocose and in his sober moods.

"*Essex.* Philip, who was thy father?
Phil. Mas my lord, and that's a question: and you had not taken some paines with her before, I should have desired you to aske my mother.
John. Say, who was thy father?
Phil. Faith (my lord) to answere you, sure hee is my father who was neerest my mother when I was begotten, and him I thinke to be Sir Robert Faucon-bridge.
John. Essex, for fashions sake demand agen,
And so an end to this contention.
Robert. Was ever man thus wrongd as Robert is?
Essex. Philip speak I say, who was thy father?
John. Young man, how now, what art thou in a trance?
Elianor. Philip awake, the man is in a dreame.
Phil. *Phillipus atavis ædite Regibus.*
What saist thou Philip, sprung of auncient kings?
Quo me rapit tempestas?
What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?
Or whence proceede these fumes of majestie?
Me thinkes I heare a hollow eccho sound,
That Phillip is the sonne unto a king:
The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees
Whistle in consort I am Richards sonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall,
Records, *Phillipus Regius Filius.*
Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
Filling the aire with glorie of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountaines, eccho, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am Richards sonne."

The following passage is from the scene in the Abbey: —

"*Philip.* Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer, but shew me where the abbots treasure lies, or die.
Frier. *Benedicamus Domine*, was ever such an injurie?
Sweet S. Withold of thy lenitie, defend us from extremitie.
And heare us for S. Charitie, oppressed with austeritie.
In nomine domini make I my homily,
Gentle gentilitie grieve not the cleargie.
Philip. Gray gown'd good face, conjure ye,
Nere trust me for a groat

attacks upon the church of Rome take the form of acted satire, and the *Bastard*, when sent by *King John* to extort money from an abbey, after a scene of ludicrous expostulation on the part of a friar, finds a nun hidden in the abbot's chest where he expected to find "a thousand pound in silver and in gold." It need hardly be said that Shakespeare could have retained this laughable incident with advantage, had he chosen to do so; but patriotism, not fanaticism, animated his play; and he avoided here, as, indeed, he always did, the offence of holding one body of Christians up to the malicious ridicule of another. He continued the *Bastard*, however, in his office of mirth provider, by his masterly development of the braggart of the old play, (who is only *Pistol* without his cowardice and his ridiculous absurdity,) into a matchless embodiment of that kind of manhood whose fulness of animal life and boundless good humor, joined to a sturdy common sense and a downrightness of disposition which often becomes impudence, always turn the momentary laugh against the feeble propriety of men like "old Sir Robert's son," and the noisy assumption of pompous pretenders like the Archduke of *Austria*.

Though there is no likeness between the characters or the poetry of the old play, and those of Shakespeare's, the dramatis personæ and the course of events are nearly the same in both. In both we have King *John*, Queen *Elinor*, *Constance*, *Arthur*, *Hubert*, the *Faulconbridges*, *Philip* of France, *Louis*, *Blanch*, *Chatillon*, *Pandulph*, *Melun*, and other minor characters; — even *Peter of Pomfret* is not forgotten. In both the action opens with the threatening interview between *Chatillon* and *King John*, which is succeeded by the introduction of the *Faulconbridges:* in both the action is next transferred to France before Angiers, where the same contention with the same hymeneal termination takes place, the rejoicing being in both interrupted by the entrance of *Pandulph* to break the new-knit bonds asunder and provoke the battle which costs *Austria* his head. In both *Arthur* is committed to the care of *Hubert*, who undertakes to kill him, or put

> If this wast girdle hang thee not
> That girdeth in thy coat.
> Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* birds,
> When up the gallowes climing,
> Say Philip he had words enough
> To put you downe with riming."

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out his eyes, but relents; *Arthur* being killed in his attempt to escape, and his death precipitating the revolt of the nobles: in both the King yields to Rome, receives his crown from the Pope's legate, and is poisoned by a monk. The changes which Shakespeare made in the composition of the play are the result of omission and condensation. He compressed all the essential action of a long, tedious dramatic story in two parts into an ordinary five act piece, in which, although there is less of bustle and incident than is crowded into *Richard III.*, events of importance and scenes of interest succeed each other so rapidly that the attention is kept constantly awake.

Although not even the germ of any thought, or scene, or character, (except, perhaps, Queen *Elinor*) that gives Shakespeare's *King John* its value, is to be found in *The Troublesome Reign*, that play is not without some poetical and dramatic merit, which, indeed, is considerable for a drama produced in its period of the Elizabethan era; and, what is far more important to the subject in hand, there is evidence in the former that the language of the latter was much in Shakespeare's mind, even if its text were not constantly before his eyes, while he was writing the new play. Numerous instances of parallel passages in which the thought is similar and the words sometimes the same are cited in the Notes, and will show the reader that Shakespeare worked with the old play in his head if not in his hand; nevertheless in no degree diminishing our admiration of the greatness and fecundity of the genius, which, having conceived by such a play as that, could bring forth such a play as this.

The Troublesome Reign was first published in 1591, or it is perhaps better to say that that is the date of the earliest edition known. The title page of that edition is without an author's name; but one subsequently published, in 1611, has the timid and uncandid announcement that the play was "written by W. Sh.," evidently with the intention that "W. Sh." shall be taken to mean William Shakespeare; and finally "W. Shakespeare" appears on the title page of a third quarto edition, published in 1622. Hence some English editors in the last century, and some German commentators in this, have thought that *The Troublesome Reign* was an early work of Shakespeare's; but it shows no trace even of his prentice hand: it is not only inferior in every respect to his poorest and earliest work, but its merits, such as they are, are not at all like the merits of his

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acknowledged works at any period of his life. It is not only unequal, but its parts are dissimilar in style. It is chiefly in verse; but it contains specimens of nearly every variety of rhythm and rhyme known to English versifiers of the Elizabethan period; and the conclusion that, according to a common practice of the time, it is the production of more than one playwright, — perhaps of three or four, — must force itself upon the mind of every sufficiently observant reader who is familiar with our early dramatic literature. It was probably produced two or three years before the date of the first edition known; as at that date it was a new play, and in 1587–8 the English hatred of Rome and Spain was stimulated to renewed activity by the approach of the Armada. It has been conjectured with great probability that Greene, Peele, and Marlowe were concerned in the composition of this old History; and it is barely possible that Shakespeare, who seems to have begun his career as their humble co-laborer, contributed something to it, as like in style to what they wrote as he could make it.

Shakespeare's *King John* was first printed in the folio of 1623; and we know nothing of its earlier existence, except from Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, where it is mentioned in the passage so often referred to. It was therefore produced between 1591 and 1598; and its style of expression and tone of thought, which are marked by somewhat more of maturity than appears in *The Merchant of Venice*, for instance, while they are not yet those of Shakespeare's later period, indicate 1596 as about the date of its production. The folio, the only source of the text, gives it in a state very nearly approaching purity. As to the period of the action of Shakespeare's historical plays, there can of course be no doubt: the events represented in *King John* took place between 1199 and 1216. For the costume of the historical plays, authorities are numerous, and within the reach of almost every person who is desirous of particular information on the subject. Mr. Fairholt's excellent work on *Costume in England* is the most desirable and accessible book of the kind for the general reader.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, *his Son.*
ARTHUR, *Duke of* Bretagne, *his Nephew.*
WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of* Pembroke.
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of* Essex.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of* Salisbury.
ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of* Norfolk.
HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the* King.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son to* Sir Robert *and* Lady Faulconbridge.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *Bastard Son to* King Richard I. *and* Lady Faulconbridge.
JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to* Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER *of* Pomfret, *a pretended Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of* France.
LOUIS, *the Dauphin.*
ARCHDUKE *of* Austria.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the* Pope's *Legate.*
MELUN, *a French Lord.*
CHATILLON, *Ambassador from the King of* France *to* King John.

ELINOR, *the Queen Mother, Widow of* King Henry II.
CONSTANCE, *Mother to* Arthur.
BLANCH, *Daughter to* Alphonso, *King of* Castile.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords Ladies, Citizens *of* Angiers, Sheriffs, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, *and* Attendants.

SCENE: *Sometimes in* England, *and sometimes in* France

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY *and* Others, *with* CHATILLON.

KING JOHN.

NOW say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chatillon. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Elinor. A strange beginning! — borrowed majesty?

K. John. Silence, good mother: hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

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K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay. —
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must,
With fearful bloody issue, arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but Heaven and you and I shall hear.

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Enter the Sheriff *of Northamptonshire, who whispers* Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach. — [*Exit* Sheriff.
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

Enter Sheriff, *with* Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his bastard Brother.*

This expedition's charge. — What men are you?

Bastard. Your faithful subject I; a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge, —
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty King —
That is well known — and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother: —
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, Madam? no, I have no reason for it:
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour — and my land!

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K. John. A good blunt fellow. — Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him, —
O! old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. — Sirrah, speak;
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much, —

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be, how he employed my mother.

Rob. — And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
Th' advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;

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Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak;
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his:
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

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Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, 'Look, where three-farthings goes,'
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear. —
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest:
Kneel thou down Philip, but [a]rise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by th' mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land. —
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got Sir Robert was away!

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Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet! —
I am thy grandame, Richard: call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire. —
Come, Madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.
Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' th' way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but the* Bastard.
A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady: —
'Good den, Sir Richard.' — 'God-a-mercy, fellow!' —
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller, —
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of countries. — 'My dear sir,' —
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin, —
'I shall beseech you' — that is question now;
And then comes answer like an absey-book: —
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:' —

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'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws toward supper, in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack, or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising. —
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother. — How now, good lady!
What brings you here to Court so hastily?

Lady Faulconbridge. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

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Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gurney. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip? — sparrow! James,
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* GURNEY.
Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could [he] get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handy-work. — Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother, too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, — Basilisco-like.
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land:
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.
Then, good my mother, let me know my father, —
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the Devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father.
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed. —
Heaven, lay not my transgression to my charge!

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Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to Hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou had'st said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies: I say, 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, PHILIP, King *of* France, LOUIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* Attendants, *and* Forces; *on the other, the* Archduke *of* AUSTRIA, *and* Forces.

Louis.

BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria. —
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,

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Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Lou. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Austria. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders, —
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes, —
Even till that utmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Constance. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love!

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Aust. The peace of Heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
King Philip. Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town: —
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! — lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd. —
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the Mother-Queen,
An Até stirring him to blood and strife:
With her, her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the King's deceas'd,

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And all th' unsettled humours of the land:
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
[*Drums heard within.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard, PEMBROKE, *and* Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to Heaven;
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to Heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat.

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This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son: England was Geffrey's right,
And his is Geffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer: — thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be King,
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy

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Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners — being as like,
As rain to water, or Devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the Devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the Devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right:
Sirrah, look to't: i' faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shews upon an ass. —
But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Louis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lou. Women and fools, break off your conference. —
King John, this is the very sum of all:
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

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In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France. —

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child:
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven and Earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of Heaven and Earth!

Call not me slanderer: thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,

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Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Const. I have but this to say, —
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plagu'd; her sin, his injury;
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will: a canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions. —
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens *upon the walls.*

Citizen. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects, —
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage; therefore, hear us first. —
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,

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Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful King,
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,
Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your King; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;

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Being no farther enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up:
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of Heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, — shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the King?

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And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed, —

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. — To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those, —

Bast. Some bastards, too.

K. Phi. — Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen. — Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. St. George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since,
Sits on his horse' back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [*To* AUSTRIA.] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; — [*to* LOUIS.] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. — God, and our right!

[*Exeunt on opposite sides, the* English *and* French Kings, *with their* Forces.

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[SCENE II. — Malone.]

Alarums and Excursions; then enter a French Herald, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

French Herald. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's King and yours.

Enter an English Herald, *with trumpets.*

English Herald. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your King and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France:
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,

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From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter, at one side, King JOHN, *with his power,* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the* Bastard; *at the other,* King PHILIP, LOUIS, AUSTRIA, *and* Forces.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right roam on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell,
With course disturb'd, even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver waters keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha! majesty, how high thy glory tow'rs,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire.

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O! now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings. —
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, Kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England, who's your King?

Cit. The King of England, when we know the King.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater pow'r than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
King'd of our fear, until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, Kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious Scenes and Acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me: —
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem;
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By East and West let France and England mount

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Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty States?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. — France, shall we knit our pow'rs,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be King of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves for Heaven or Hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. — Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the West will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the North.

K. Phi. Our thunders from the South,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O, prudent discipline! From North to South,

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Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
[*Aside.*
I'll stir them to it. — Come, away, away!
Cit. Hear us, great Kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.
K. John. Speak on, with favour: we are bent to hear.
Cit. That daughter, there, of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: — look upon the years
Of Louis the Dolphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dolphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,

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To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd: not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction; make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yond' green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls

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Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double Majesties
This friendly treaty of our threatened town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dolphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? Look in the lady's face.

Lou. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart! — he doth espy
Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,

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That hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any-thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Farther I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this, — that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dolphin: can you love this lady?

Lou. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. —
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well. — Young Princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,

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Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd. —
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? Tell me: who knows?

Lou. She is sad and passionate at your Highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure. —
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow'd lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,
And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. — Call the Lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity. — I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt into the town all but the* Bastard. — *The* Citizens *retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, — whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,

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As God's own soldier, — rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids, —
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, — cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity, —
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of it self is peized well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim,
From a resolv'd and honourable war
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*

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SCENE II.

[ACT III. SC. I.—Theobald.]

The Same. The French King's Tent.

CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends?
Shall Louis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:
Be well advis'd; tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou do'st but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

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Salisbury. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die. —
Louis marry Blanch! O, boy! then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me? —
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
Arth. I do beseech you, Madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:
Sh' adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.

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France is a bawd to Fortune, and King John, —
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John! —
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Const. Thou may'st; thou shalt: I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up. Here I and sorrows sit:
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.

[*She sits on the ground. Exit* SALISBURY.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Same.

CONSTANCE *and* ARTHUR. *Enter, from the marriage,* King JOHN, King PHILIP, LOUIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

KING PHILIP.

'TIS true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,

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Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day!
[*Rising.*

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wrack;
No bargains break that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd and tri'd,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn:
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjur'd Kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, Heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,

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Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings!
Hear me! O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Pandulph. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven.

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To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurn, and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid Holy Father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more, — that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under Heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,

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Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.
Const. O! lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while.
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou 'Amen'
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands Hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

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Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because —

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Lou. Bethink you, Father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Louis, stand fast! the Devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O! if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O! be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip: hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend Father, make my person yours,

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And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows:
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with Heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend Father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,

Hosted by Google

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is but amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again: though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our pray'rs come in,

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If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee,
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Lou. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What! shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of Hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! — ah, alack! how new
Is husband in my mouth! — even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.
Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dolphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by Heaven!
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour. O, thine honour, Louis, thine honour!
Lou. I muse, your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. — England, I will fall from thee.
Const. O, fair return of banish'd majesty!

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Eli. O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lou. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together. — [*Exit* Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.
Look to thyself: thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. — To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard *with* AUSTRIA'S *Head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. — Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her Highness is in safety: fear you not;
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* Bastard, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind, [*To* ELINOR.
So strongly guarded. — Cousin, look not sad: [*To* ARTHUR.

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Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O! this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. [*To the* Bastard.] Cousin, away for England: haste before;
And ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
Imprison'd angels: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your Highness. — Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy,)
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.
[*Exit* Bastard.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O! my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say, —
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hubert. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;

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But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, — but let it go.
The sun is in the Heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gauds
To give me audience. — If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment, —
A passion hateful to my purposes,)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But ah! I will not: — yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?
Good Hubert! Hubert — Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

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Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. — Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your Majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin: go.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. — On toward Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King Philip, Louis, Pandulph, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lou. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,

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Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example. Who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding th' eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath. —
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady; comfort, gentle Constance.

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death. — O, amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry. —
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,

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Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow

Const. Thou art [not] holy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad:—I would to Heaven, I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses.—O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cri'd aloud,
"O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"

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But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner. —
And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in Heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of Heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do. —
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

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Lou. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lou. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost,
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lou. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne: and therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

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Lou. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lou. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you,
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of Heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lou. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O! what better matter breeds for you,

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Than I have nam'd. — The Bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the Church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble Dolphin,
Go with me to the King! 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topfull of offence:
For England go; I will whet on the King.

Lou. Strong reasons make strange actions. Let us go:
If you say ay, the King will not say no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Canterbury. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT *and two* Attendants.

HUBERT.

HEAT me these irons hot; and look you stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair. Be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 *Attendant.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples: fear not you: look to't. — [*Exeunt* Attendants.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

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Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. — You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. 'Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to Heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale today.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom. —
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]
[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door?
I must be brief; lest resolution drop

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Out at nine eyes in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your grief?"
Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lien still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will.
If Heaven be pleas'd that you will use me ill,
Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah! none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

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But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; — no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Enter Attendants, *with Cord, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

1 *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart. —
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

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Arth. O Heaven! — that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to; hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes!
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
(Being create for comfort,) to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes

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For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O! now you look like Hubert: all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords. *The* King *takes his State.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pembroke. This once again, but that your Highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

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To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse —
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your Highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong than lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

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Pem. Then I — as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies — heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument: —
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise? —
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no farther ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction. — Hubert, what news with you?
[HUBERT *whispers the* King.

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,

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Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent:
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand. —
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd, either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game; and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while.
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt* Lords.

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

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So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather. — How goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England. — Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them,
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April, di'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy di'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers. — What, mother dead?
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France! —
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dolphin.

Enter the Bastard, *and* PETER *of* Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. — Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

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K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen
The sums I have collected shall express:
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret; whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee. — O my gentle cousin!
[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* PETER.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.

Hosted by Google

I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before. —
O! let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion;
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a sprightful, noble gentleman. —
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen tonight:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wonderous motion.
K. John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

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The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead; but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murther had not come into my mind;

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But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord, —

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies:
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murtherous thought,

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And you have slander'd Nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers:
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste!
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Same. Before the Castle.

Enter Arthur, *on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down. —
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not! —
There's few or none do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones. —
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

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Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dolphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or, rather, then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords.
The King by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The King hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR.
Pem. O death! made proud with pure and princely beauty,
The Earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

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Sal. Murther, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murther's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pem. All murthers past do stand excus'd in this;
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the King:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,

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Till I have set a glory to this head,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.
Big. }

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live: the King hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death. —
Avaunt, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murtherer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury; stand back, I say:
By Heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murtherer.

Hub. Do not prove me so:
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the Devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,

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Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the Devil is come from Hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murtherer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away toward Bury: to the Dolphin there!
Pem. There, tell the King, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
Bast. Here's a good world! — Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black — nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of Hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul, —
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb

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Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let Hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms. —
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world. —
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to Heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by th' teeth
The unowed interest of proud swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. — Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll to the King.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — Canterbury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown, and* Attendants.

KING JOHN.

THUS have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again
[*Giving* JOHN *the crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.

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On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, Heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,

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Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said. — Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dolphin.

Bast. O, inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play offers, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idlely spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

A Plain, near St. Edmund's Bury.

Enter, in arms, LOUIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and* Soldiers.

Lou. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dolphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there,
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong. —
And is't not pity, O, my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger-march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up

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Her enemies' ranks (I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the thought of this enforced cause)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? — O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore,
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lou. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast [thou] fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Louis himself: — so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine. —

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And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of France.
The next is this: — King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the Holy Church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore, thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no farther harmful than in shew.

Lou. Your Grace shall pardon me; I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,

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Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown,
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lou. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. —
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, *attended.*

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak. —
My holy Lord of Milan, from the King
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dolphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,

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The youth says well. — Now, hear our English King;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason, too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The King doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman, —
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. —
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of our dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets chang'd,
Their needl's to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lou. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace:

Hosted by Google

We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lou. We will attend to neither. —
Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lou. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dolphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O! tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your Majesty?

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K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the Abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dolphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands:
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Another Part of the Same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and others.*

Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

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Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by* Soldiers.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold:
Untread the rude way of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Louis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the East:
But even this night, — whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun, —
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery,

Hosted by Google

Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Louis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him, — and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman, —
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee; and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John. —
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. — Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

SCENE V.

The Same. The French Camp.

Enter LOUIS *and his Train.*

Lou. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,

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When English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Lou. Here. — What news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain: the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin Sands.

Lou. Ah, foul shrewd news! — Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me. — Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lou. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter, severally, the Bastard *and* Hubert.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

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Bast. A friend. — What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and, if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
Have done me shame: — brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment: what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night, —
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The King, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

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Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the King
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Whom didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them:
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before: conduct me to the King;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, *and* Bigot.

Prince Henry. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his poor brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air,

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It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell posion which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here. —
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.

P. Hen. O, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that Death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter BIGOT *with* Attendants, *carrying* King JOHN *in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

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P. Hen. How fares your Majesty?

K. John. Poison'd, — ill-fare; — dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the Winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the North
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. — I do not ask you much:
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot. —
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O! I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye.
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dolphin is preparing hitherward,
Where Heaven he knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,

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Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The* King *dies.*
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear. —
My liege! my lord! — But now a King, now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to Heaven,
As it on Earth hath been thy servant still. —
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:
The Dolphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we.
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,

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If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so. — And you, my noble Prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land:
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give [yoŭ] thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O! let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs. —
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself,
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON KING JOHN.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 17. "Now say, *Chatillon*": — This proper name has its French pronunciation, as is shown by the phonographic spelling of the folio — *Chatillion*, here and elsewhere.

" "The *borrowed* majesty": — So the original, here and in the next line; but all modern editions hitherto "regulate" the verse by reading "*borrow'd*," and so destroy the pleasing variety of rhythm, and lose a dignity of expression well suited to the speech.

p. 18. "*The thunder of my cannon*": — An anachronism of about two hundred years, which Shakespeare made with entire indifference to any other consideration than the impression he wished to produce upon his audience.

p. 19. "—— *knighted in the field*": — This distinction is awarded to the father in the old *King John*. Knighthood was conferred on the field either before a battle, by way of stimulus, or after, as a reward. Though the less ceremonious, it was the more honorable mode of receiving that distinction.

p. 20. "But *whe'r*": — A contraction of 'whether' quite common in Shakespeare's time, and which occurs in this play more than once, and in others.

' "—— *Cœur-de-lion's* face": — This name being always spelled *Cordelion* in the original, and generally so in books of the same period, we see that it was pronounced like one English word.

' "With *that half-face*": — The folio has "With *half that face*," which the context shows so plainly to be an

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accidental transposition, that it is a matter of wonder that it was left for Theobald to restore the true reading, which also was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. A half-face was, of course, a profile.

p. 21. "Shall, then, *my father's will be of no force*": — Mr. Verplanck drew attention to these facts, which have a bearing on this passage: — lands were not devisable in England under the Normans as they had been under the Saxons — a state of things which continued until the 32d year of Henry VIII.; and after King John had granted *Magna Charta* he could not have decided this dispute in person, as by that instrument the *Aula Regis*, or King's Court, which followed the person of the sovereign, was abolished, and a stationary court, at Westminster Hall, with a bench of judges, established in place of it.

p. 22. "'Look, where *three-farthings goes*'": — Elizabeth coined three farthing pieces — very thin of course — and with the half-face, behind the ear or neck of which was a rose — the inscription being "*E. D. G. Rosa sine Spina.*"

" "*I* would not be *Sir Nob*": — The original has "*It* would not," by an obvious misprint, corrected in the second folio. "Sir Nob" is 'short' for 'Sir Robert.'

" "—— but [*a*]*rise* more great": — The original has, by an obvious misprint, "but *rise*," &c.

p. 23. "—— *good fortune* come to thee": — An allusion to the old proverb, "bastards are born lucky."

" "But *many a many* foot": — So the original, following an old English form of speech. Hanmer repeated "many a."

" "*Good den*": — A corruption of 'good e'en.'

" "'Tis too *respective*," &c.: — Here "respective" is used for 'respectful,' 'considerate'; 'conversion' being equivalent to 'change of condition'; and by a mental process which the most unlearned and uncritical of the competent readers of Shakespeare never fail to pass through almost, if not quite, unconsciously, we at once refer the 'it' in "'Tis," not to forgetting, but remembering, men's names; which, the satirical Bastard says, is altogether too considerate and sociable for one just raised a degree in rank.

" "He and his *tooth-pick*": — The travelled man picked his teeth: the home-bred sucked his. See Notes on *All's Well*, &c., Act I. Sc. 1, p. 115.

" "—— like an *absey-book*": — i. e., an A B C book,

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to which the text has been changed. But the book was called 'absey,' just as, within the memory of men yet living, *A* was called in New England 'A bisselfay,' i. e., '*A* by itself *a*,' and &, 'ampersand,' i. e., '*&* by itself *and*.'

p. 24. "That doth not *smack*," &c.: — The original has "*smoak*" in this line, though "*smack*" in the next; and yet the obvious misprint was left for Theobald to correct.

" "*Colbrand* the giant": — Colbrand was a Danish giant who was killed by Guy of Warwick.

p. 25. "*Philip?* — *sparrow*": — The sparrow, from its note, *phip*, *phip*, was called 'Philip.' Instances are numberless in our old literature.

" "Could [*he*] get me": — The original reads "*could get* me," with an obvious omission, which Pope supplied. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "Could *not* get me." But as there is no more authority for the one than for the other word, "he," having a hundred and thirty-five years' possession, and being the better word, should remain in the text.

" "*Basilisco-like*": — Theobald pointed out that in an old play, *Soliman and Perseda*, published in 1599, which he says is "execrably bad," a cowardly braggart named *Basilisco* pretends to be a knight, and being called upon to take an oath as "the aforesaid Basilisco," he exclaims, "I the aforesaid Basilisco, *knight*, good fellow, knight," to which the reply is, "knave, good fellow, knave, knave."

p. 26. "*Thou* art the issue": — The original has "*That* art," &c., by a misprint (y^u being mistaken for y^t) — corrected by Rowe, and so obvious as hardly to merit remark, had not Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight adopted the forlorn expedient of making this line and the preceding one an address to the Bastard, thus: —

"Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge
That art the issue of my dear offence."

Mr. Stanton ingeniously proposes to read, "lay not my transgression to *thy* charge," &c. But the whole context goes to show that *Lady Faulconbridge* is solicitous only on her own account.

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ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 26. In the original, by an accidental transposition of the headings, this is "*Scæna Secunda*" of Act I., and extends to the scene beginning with *Constance's* speech, "Gone to be married," Act. III. Sc. 1, which is headed "*Actus Secundus:*" — the entrance of the royal parties from the marriage being headed "*Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.*" The present arrangement, which was left for Theobald to make, is obviously correct, as between the last scene and the present, *King John*, the *Bastard, Queen Elinor* and the others go to France, and an entirely new dramatic interest supervenes.

p. 27. "—— *came early to his grave*": — The historical and chronological error of this statement, which is taken from the old *King John*, was pointed out by Steevens. Richard was fatally wounded at the siege of Chaluz some years after he had been ransomed from the prison of Leopold of Austria, who himself was killed before John came to the throne.

" "—— full of *unstained* love": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has *unstrained* love; which, if 'unstained' did not mean pure, and was without any other appropriate meaning, might be received into the text.

p. 28. "—— so *indirectly* shed": — i. e., so from the purpose, so extravagantly, and therefore wantonly. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "so *indiscreetly* shed;" a somewhat plausible emendation.

" "*With them a bastard*": — This line, except the first word, is from the old *King John*.

p. 30. "And *his* is Geffrey's": — The original has "And *this* is Geffrey's;" and although it passes the power of human understanding to comprehend what would by that reading be spoken of as Geffrey's, it has been hitherto retained. Mason corrected the almost obvious typographical error, one easily made at any time, and still more probable here on account of the occurrence of "And this" immediately above.

" "In any *breast*": — The folio misprints, "In any *beast*."

p. 31. "*His father never was so true begot*": — This is an allusion to Elinor's infidelity to her first husband, Louis VII. of France, for which she was divorced.

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p. 31. "*O, well did he become that lion's robe,*" &c. : — This decking of *Austria* with a lion's skin is from the old play, in which *Lymoges* wears it as the spoil or trophy of his supposed triumph over *Richard*. In the old play, too, *Blanch* says : —

"Ah joy betide his soule to whom that spoyl belong'd :
Ah Richard, how thy glory here is wrong'd."

" "As great Alcides' *shews*," &c. : — i. e., as Alcides' [Hercules] lion's skin looks on an ass. The original has by a misprint of the ear, "as great Alcides *shooes ;*" a reading which has been preserved in all editions for nearly a hundred years back. But, in the name of St. Crispin, what were the shoes of Hercules doing upon the back of an ass! Theobald saw the trouble, and made the plainly required correction, remarking upon the double allusion, (otherwise entirely lost,) to the fable of the ass in the lion's skin, and to the likeness of Cœur de Lion to Hercules; *Austria* being, of course, the ass. Malone strangely retained the old reading on the ground that the shoes were to be "on the hoofs" of the ass ; forgetting that the verb "lies" in the preceding line answers for the whole sentence. Steevens just as futilely attempted to sustain this reading by showing that the shoes of Hercules are often similarly mentioned in old comedies. He quotes six instances ; but in every one of them the allusion is to the unfitness of Hercules' shoe to a *smaller foot*. He might as well have quoted passages in which the demigod's club was mentioned. See the remarks upon this style of illustration in the Notes on "Hyems' thin and icy crown," *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 105.

" "*Louis, determine*," &c. : — The prefix to this line in the original is merely "King," in Roman letter, which seems quite surely due to accident either in copying or printing ; especially as *Philip's* speeches have the prefix "*King*" only three times before in this Scene ; but it has led some editors to give the line to *Austria*, either with or without "*King*" as the first word of it.

" "*Anjou, Touraine*," &c. : — The folio by an obvious misprint has "*Angiers, Touraine*," &c.

p. 32. "—— go to *it* grandam" : — As to "it" in this and the succeeding line, see the Note on "its folly, its tenderness," &c., *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 385.

" "—— *whe'r* she does" : — i. e., as before, *whether* she does.

" "*This is* thy eldest son's son" : — The passage has a

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very plain meaning, the verse is not singular in its irregularity, and therefore the original text must stand; but Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, in reading as follows, makes a more than plausible suggestion: —

"The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy, thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee."

p. 33. "And with her *plagu'd*": — The original has "And with her *plague;*" and in that condition the passage is quite incomprehensible, in spite of two pages and a half of not very valuable comment in the Variorum. With this simple correction of an easy misprint, which was suggested by Mr. Roderick, the passage is as plain as any other in these plays. The allusion to the denunciation of vengeance upon children for the sins of their parents, in the second commandment of the Mosaic table, is obvious.

" "*A woman's* will," &c.: — In the old *King John*, we have this passage almost word for word: —

"*Q. Elinor.* For proofe whereof, I can inferre a will
That barres the way he urgeth by discent.
Constance. A will indeed, a crabbed woman's will, &c."

" "—— *to cry aim*": — To encourage. See "All my neighbours shall cry aim," *M. W. W.* Act III. Sc. 2.

" "*Enter Citizens*," &c.: — The old stage direction is "*Enter* a *citizen*," &c.

p. 34. "*Confront* your city's eyes": — The old copies, by an obvious misprint, which Rowe corrected, have "*comfort* your city's eyes."

" "—— whose *protection*": — Here "protection" has its full, original complement of four syllables.

p. 35. "To him that *owes* it": — This and the preceding line afford marked instances of the use of "owe" in the two senses which it had in Shakespeare's time; for one of which, the latter, we now use 'own.'

" "'Tis not the *roundure*," &c.: — This word is spelled *rounder* in the folio, which spelling Mr. Knight and Mr. Verplanck have retained as "the genuine English of the original." But it is a mere phonographic representation of the manner in which words ending in *ure* were commonly pronounced in Shakespeare's day. See the Note on "an inland man," *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 375.

p. 37. [*Scene II. — Malone.*] — Here Malone began a second Scene; and his arrangement has been followed by all

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subsequent editors, except Mr. Dyce. The change, however, is not only unnecessary and unwarranted, but entirely at variance with actual fact, and no less with dramatic truth. The kings leave the gate only for a better fighting ground; and after a brief and indecisive onset, they return, preceded by their Heralds, to the same gate, upon the battlements over which the "scroyles of Angiers" have remained during the skirmish, and where they find the citizen who had harangued them before, ready to give them further advice in the premises. Even in actual representation the scene must remain open and unchanged; unless, indeed, it were to change to the battle field merely to show the fight, and back again when the Heralds enter. In the folio there is no indication of a change of scene, and only this quite decisive direction: — "*Exeunt.* Heere *after excursions, Enter the Herald of France with Trumpets to the gates.*" It is absolutely necessary in the present case, (See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV., Sc. 1, &c.,) to deviate from an arrangement of long standing; but for convenience of reference that arrangement is indicated in the text. See the first Note on the next Scene of this Act.

p. 37. "Whose sons lie *scattered*": — In this line, and in the next but one below, the folio preserves the full participial form. Such instances of conformity to the original and deviation from the hitherto accepted text in minor but essential particulars are noticed only sufficiently often to keep the reader in mind that they are not the results of carelessness.

" "*Citizen.* Heralds, from off our towers," &c.: — In the original, this speech has the prefix *Hubert*. But Hubert de Burgh was an Englishman, and a nephew to William Fitz Adelin, who was in the service of John's father. But even supposing that Shakespeare did not know these facts, what was the chamberlain to King John doing in Angiers at such a time? The prefix is, doubtless, a trace of the prompter's book, resulting from the fact that the actor who played *Hubert* was expected to 'double' in the Citizen of Angiers.

p 38. "*Enter, at one side,* King JOHN," &c.: — The old direction is, "*Enter the two Kings with their powers at several* [i. e., at two, not the same] *doors.*"

" "—— the current of our right *roam* on": — The folio spells this word *rome;* and the second folio reads "*run* on;" a plausible correction, which Theobald, Steevens, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Singer, and others accept, because, in the words of Steevens, "the king would rather describe his

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right as running on in a *direct* than in an *irregular* course," and because "rome" might be an easy misprint of *runne*. But it is to be observed that the comparison is to the current of a stream whose "silver waters keep a peaceful progress to the ocean." Now such a stream does not run directly, but always roams about; and especially is this true in England; and if it be objected that Shakespeare's metaphors are rarely correspondent, the answer is, that they sometimes are, and that according to authentic evidence here is one, at least, that is so. And besides, Shakespeare evidently had in his mind's eye the same stream that furnished him with the beautiful comparison which he puts into *Julia's* mouth in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in eight of the loveliest lines he ever wrote. The very details of the two pictures are alike, although the earlier is the more highly finished: —

"The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean."

Is there in all literature a more marked instance of the use of the same thoughts twice? This passage forbids us to change the reading of the folio. In the last line of the speech, there is no doubt that Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, in reading "silver waters," corrects a trivial misprint. In Shakespeare's time as well as in ours, the singular was not used except in speaking of water as a fluid, not as a body. Thus the waters of the sea are blue; but sea water is salt.

p. 39. "*King'd* of our fear": — The folio has "*kings* of our fear" — a misprint which may almost be called obvious, as the original is incomprehensible, and the deposition of the fears "by some certain king," is spoken of in the next line; and yet it was left for Tyrwhitt to restore the text; and Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier could reject the restoration. Warburton read "Kings *are* our fear."

" "—— these *scroyles* of Angiers": — i. e., these scabs of Angiers.

' "—— the *mutines* of Jerusalem": — The various factions in Jerusalem smothered their mutual hatred, and united their strength against the Romans. Malone pointed out the relation of this circumstance in Ben Gorion's *Historie of the Latter Tymes of the Jewes Common-Weale*, published in 1558.

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p. 40. "*France, shall we knit our powers*," &c.: — This thought is from the old play, in which the *Bastard* makes the same suggestion.

" "Our *thunders* from the South": — The folio has "*thunder*," which has been hitherto preserved without remark. But the phrase "*their* drift of bullets," in the next line, seems to leave no doubt that the frequent typographical error of the omission of a final *s* was committed. Disagreements in number are common in the literature of Shakespeare's day; but they are disagreements of a plural nominative with a singular verb, and rarely, if at all, of a plural pronoun with a singular antecedent; and Shakespeare elsewhere uses the plural of 'thunder.'

p. 41. "Is *niece* to England": — The folio has "is *neere*," which seems very plainly the easiest misprint of "*neece*," which reading was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. There is a clear opposition of "daughter of Spain" and "niece of England;" and the old play has "*neece* to K. John" in the corresponding passage.

' "Of Louis the *Dolphin*": — So the folio invariably, whenever this title occurs, either in this or any other of these plays; and so the Chronicles and all the contemporary literature: the old French word, too, was not *Dauphin*, but *Daulphin*. This is consequently not an old irregular spelling, (which indeed it could not be,) but an old English form of the title, which therefore an editor has not the right to change. And, indeed, there is no more cogent reason for calling Louis the *Dauphin*, than for calling Philip the *Roi* of France, except the usage of the present day, with which we have not to do. With the modern form of the title, *Talbot's* punning sneer, "Pucelle or puzzel, Dolphin or dog-fish," (1 *Henry VI.* Act I. Sc. 4,) would be entirely pointless.

" "—— by such *a* she": — The folio "by such *as* she." But it seems quite clear that Dr. Thirlby was right in supposing that the *s* was an accidental addition; and it is not improbable that Hanmer was correct in reading four lines above, "If not complete, *oh* say," &c. "Complete of" may however be taken in the sense of 'complete in.'

p. 42. "Here's a *stay*": — i. e., a forcible arrest or interruption. Mr. Singer reads "a *say*."

p. 43. "*Lest zeal, now melted*," &c.: — This passage has hitherto been understood and punctuated as if zeal were spoken of as melted by soft petitions, pity, and remorse; which has made much work for the commentators; and

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inevitably. For what had pity and remorse to do with the disposition of France to abandon the cause of *Constance?* Queen *Elinor* says, 'Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath of soft petitions on the part of *Louis* and *Blanch*, pity and remorse for *Constance* cool and congeal to what it was before this marriage was proposed.'

p. 43. "For *Anjou*": — The folio has "Angiers," by a palpable blunder.

p. 44. "*Then I do give Volquessen*," &c.: — The nomination of this dowry (not justified by history) is from the old play.

p. 45. "*For at Saint Mary's Chapel presently*," &c.: — In the old play —

> "—— prepare the marriage rites
> Which in S. Mary's chappell presently
> Shall be performed ere this presence part."

" "She is sad and *passionate*": — As to the old use of "passion," see the Note on "and others when the bagpipe," &c. *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. Sc. 1, p. 210.

" "This *widow'd* lady": — The folio has "*widow* lady;" by accident I think, because the poor terms 'widow lady' and 'widow woman' were unknown in Shakespeare's time. The *d* is added in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "Hath willingly *departed*," &c.: — 'Departed' was used as 'parted.' "*Hanc nisi mors mihi adimet nemo.* There shall no man take away or depart her from me but death." Udall's *Eloquent Latine Phrases*. Sig. ciii. "*Perdas prius pecuniam omnem.* Depart rather with all the money that thou hast." *Ibid.* Sig. R.

p. 46. "—— tickling *commodity*": — i. e., pleasing profit. See the Note on "life can be no commodity," *Winter's Tale*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 393.

" "—— is *peized* well": — i. e., is balanced well. 'Peize' is in fact the same word as 'poise.' See "to *peize* the time," *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 2. As to "itself," see the Note on "it's folly," &c., *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2.

" "—— his own determin'd *aim*": — The folio has "determin'd *aid*," which seems clearly a misprint. 'Aid' can only refer to the aid which France had promised *Arthur;* and that could not by any proper use of language be called "his *own* determin'd aid." Besides, commodity is "clapp'd on the *outward eye* of fickle France;" and the outward eye is used for taking aim. The correction was suggested by Monck Mason, and found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

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SCENE II.

p. 47. [Act III. Sc. I. — *Theobald.*] "*Const. Gone to be married*": — Here Theobald began Act III. which in the folio, as in this edition, begins with the entrance of the two Kings, *Louis*, *Blanch*, and the rest after the marriage; and now for a century and a quarter his arrangement has been accepted by all editors, either without remark, or with commendation, as being in the words of Johnson "judicious," in those of Malone "certainly right," in those of Mr. Collier the correction of "a decided error." But an examination of the text, and of Theobald's reasons for the change made by him, leads to a directly opposite conclusion. Theobald justified himself on the ground that "'tis evident Lady *Constance* in her Despair seats herself on the Floor: and She must be supposed as I formerly observ'd immediately to rise again, only to go off & end the Act decently; or the flat Scene must shut her in from the Sight of the Audience, an Absurdity," he says, "I cannot wish to accuse Shakespeare of." From the suspicion of such an "absurdity," he relieves Shakespeare by making the third Act begin with this Scene, and for these reasons: — "The Match being concluded, in the Scene before That, betwixt the *Dauphin* & *Blanch*, a Messenger is sent for *Lady Constance* to *K. Philip's* Tent for Her to come to St. *Mary's* Church to the Solemnity, The Princes all go out: as to the Marriage; and the *Bastard* staying a little behind, to descant on Interest and Commodity, very properly ends the Act. The next Scene then in the French King's Tent brings us *Salisbury* delivering his Message to *Constance*, who refusing to go to the Solemnity, sets herself down on the Floor. The whole Train returning from the Church to the French King's Pavilion, *Philip* expresses such Satisfaction on Occasion of the happy Solemnity of that Day, that *Constance* rises from the Floor & joins in the Scene by entering her Protest against their Joy, & cursing the Business of the Day. Thus, I conceive, the Scenes are fairly continued, and there is no Chasm in the Action, but a proper Interval made both for *Salisbury's* coming to *Lady Constance*, and for the Solemnization of the Marriage. Besides, as *Faulconbridge* is evidently the Poet's favourite character, 'twas very well judg'd to close the Act with his Soliloquy."

Theobald's notion, that to end the Act decently *Constance* must rise and go off the stage, is as little worth attention as his remark about the "flat Scene." In Shakespeare's days there were no flat scenes; and that

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the curtain should fall upon *Constance* as, drawing her boy to her breast, she seats herself upon the ground, will certainly be considered by stage managers and dramatic critics not only a "decent," but a very impressive manner of using the situation and closing the Scene. In the phraseology of the modern stage, it presents a very fine tableau. — With regard to the "chasm in the action," and the "proper interval for *Salisbury's* coming to *Lady Constance*," Theobald and his followers seem to have forgotten, first, the relative situation of places and personages, and next, that when a King sends an Earl to bid a Princess to a royal marriage, at least time enough is to be allowed for the messenger to perform his office and return. The Kings, just at the gate of Angiers, are about to go, in such "unprepared pomp" "as haste will suffer," to Saint Mary's Chapel, to celebrate the marriage: a "speedy messenger" is required to summon *Constance* to the ceremony, and the Earl of *Salisbury* undertakes the office. He has only to go to the French King's tent, just outside the walls of the town; and he leaves the gates at the same time that the royal parties enter them. The *Bastard's* soliloquy gives him time to reach the French King's tent; and there, at the opening of the next Scene, we find him, having, as we learn from *Constance's* exclamation, just delivered his message. She refuses to be present at the marriage, and sits enthroned in sorrow upon the ground. *Salisbury* returns with her answer; the preparation for the marriage and the ceremony itself take place between the Acts, without her presence; and the third Act opens with the entrance of the newly allied Kings and the newly married pair, — *Philip* naturally being host in his own land, and introducing his daughter-in-law to his pavilion, where of course the moody *Constance* is found with *Arthur*.

But according to Theobald's disarrangement of the order of the original copy, at the very time when *Salisbury* delivers his message to *Constance*, summoning her to the solemnization of the marriage, the ceremony has already taken place; and she has hardly refused to be present at it, when the royal trains enter the tent, which *Salisbury* has little more than reached, although since he left them they have made some hasty preparation for the marriage, gone to Saint Mary's Chapel in the town, had the ceremony performed, and come thence to the very place whither their "hasty messenger" was sent! Theobald might know no better than this, but *Salisbury* did; for his last speech, when *Constance* tells him to return without her, and before she sits upon the ground, is, "Pardon me, madam;

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I may not go without you to the Kings;" which shows his consciousness that the ceremony awaited his return, and which is made ridiculous by the immediate entrance of *Philip* with *Blanch* as his daughter-in-law. The interval between the Acts is necessary, as Theobald remarks, for the solemnization of the marriage, but clearly not for *Salisbury's* coming to *Constance;* and the marriage takes place between the Acts according to either arrangement.

It is noteworthy that although the exits at the ends of Acts and Scenes are marked with particular care in the folio, none is directed after *Constance's* last speech in this Scene; which supports the belief that on Shakespeare's stage the curtain fell as she sat upon the ground. With the third Act, too, according to the original division, comes in a new element of dramatic interest: the power of Rome in the person of *Pandulph* appears upon the scene, which hitherto has been entirely occupied by the conflicting interests of England and France, *John* and *Arthur*. A break in the action is therefore required by that unity of dramatic interest which seems to have been the great principle upon which Shakespeare constructed his dramas. See Notes on *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. 5, p. 130, and on *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. p. 497. Theobald's arrangement, which has so long obtained, would not have been disturbed in this edition, had not the change seemed imperatively necessary. The reader was entitled to the reasons for the return to the original division; and for the convenience of those who refer to the play for quotations, the beginning of Theobald's Act III. is indicated in the text.

Neither history nor the old *King John* aids us in determining this question. For no such events as those which occupy the second Act of this play and the first Scene of the third, took place; *Blanch* having been espoused in England and brought solemnly over to France to be married, and *Pandulph* not having been appointed legate until five years after the espousals. In the old play *Constance* and *Arthur* are present when the Citizen of Angiers proposes the marriage; and they remain on the stage during its solemnization. This noble Scene, unsurpassed in dramatic literature, is in its action no less than its poetry entirely Shakespeare's.

p. 47. "*A widow*": — Constance was at this time the wife of a third husband, Guido, brother to the Viscount of Thouars, as Malone first pointed out. The error is copied from the old *King John*. The real *Constance* was not a model of wifely virtue or maternal love; nor was the real *Arthur* the unselfish lovely boy of the play.

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p. 48. "—— *and sightless* stains": — Here 'sightless' may, quite in accordance with the usage of Elizabethan writers, be taken in a sense opposed to 'sightly;' but there is much plausibility in the reading "*unsightly* stains" found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 49. "—— and makes *his* owner *stoop*": — Many notes have been written upon this passage, on the ground that if grief is proud its owner will not stoop; and Hanmer's emendation, "and makes his owner *stout*," although it affords but a poor sense for so fine a passage, has been adopted by several editors, Mr. Singer and Mr. Dyce among them. But those who have concluded that the passage is corrupt must surely have done so without sufficient examination of the context. *Constance* has just said, (four lines above,) —

> "And leave those woes alone, which I alone
> Am bound to under-bear."

And two lines below she says, —

> "my grief's so great,
> That no supporter but the huge, firm Earth
> Can hold it up."

She means to represent herself as bowed to the earth by her great sorrow; and she uses "proud" in the double sense of haughty, which it still preserves, and of great, swollen, which it had in Shakespeare's time. The following passages afford almost needless illustration and support of this interpretation. "When Octavia by the imploiment of Antonie . . . throws her selfe, great with child, & as big with sorrowe, into the trauaile of a most laboursome reconciliation." Daniel's *Letter from Octavia*, &c. The Argument. 1599. "Wherein I may say they are a great deale more fruiteful than Hares, for they are reported to conceiue, to goe prowde, and to litter their liuerets at one instaunt. But these were great with fearing before they conceiue it." Gosson's *Ephemerides of Phialo*, fol. 27, 1579: finally, in the first speech in this very Scene, "Like a *proud* river [i. e., a swollen river] peering o'er its banks." — "*His* owner" is not a personification; nor should we read "*its* owner," as most modern editors do. 'His' is used for 'its.' See the Note on "it's folly," &c., *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 385.

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ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 50. "—— the *high tides*": — i. e., high days.

" "*But* on this day": — i. e., except on this day.

" "—— and *painted peace*": — For "painted peace," which is opposed to the "rough frown of war," Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*faint in* peace."

p. 51. "*O Lymoges! O Austria*": — In the old play, the Viscount of Lymoges, before whose castle Richard received his death wound, and Leopold, Duke of Austria, who had, six years before, imprisoned him, are made one person; and Shakespeare, in carelessness or ignorance, adopted the error.

p. 52. "What *earthly* name": — The folio has "what *earthy* name," and in the next line, "can *taste* the free breath;" — obvious misprints.

" "But as we under *Heaven*": — We should perhaps read "under *God*." But although very probable, this is not sufficiently sure to warrant a change. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*God*" in the first line, and "*Heaven*" for 'him' in the second, destroying by the last change the parallel between the King's tenure of power and his exercise of it. In the old play the King says "never an Italian priest of them all, shal either have tythe, tole, or polling peny out of England; but as I am king so will I raigne next under God, supreame head both over spiritual & temporal." *Pandulph's* preceding speech is little more than the corresponding summons in the old play broken into blank verse.

p. 53. "That I have *room* with *Rome*": — It is plain, from this passage, that these words were pronounced nearly enough alike for the purposes of the punster. The conclusion generally drawn hitherto, that the latter had the sound which we now give the former, does not, however, appear to be warranted. The contrary seems to have been the case; as for instance, in 1 *Henry VI.*, Act III. Sc. 1, *Winchester* says, "Rome shall remedy this," and *Warwick's* reply is "Roam thither then;" and as to the pronunciation of "room," the numberless cases in which it is spelled *rome* in old books of the Elizabethan period, leave no doubt that it had the vowel sound of *o*. As for instance, "If Danaus pitchers cease, by me the *rome* shall be supplied." — *Seneca's Ten Tragedies Translated*,

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&c., 1581, fol. 202, b: "Furnished with *romes* I was by the Kyng;" "Offices and *romes* he gave me plenty." Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*. Ed. Singer, Vol. II. pp. 25–34.

p. 54. "—— a new *untrimmed* bride": — 'Trimmed' meant, in Shakespeare's day, gayly, finely, or, as we even now say, trimly dressed. An untrimmed bride is therefore a bride in deshabille; and in some such condition was *Blanch* on account of her unexpected nuptials, and the haste in which they were performed; — a consideration which, by the way, disposes of the corrections "*and* trimmed" by Theobald, and "*up* trimmed" in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. The latter expression needs neither explanation nor justification in itself; but there was no time to trim *Blanch* up. The obvious allusion, too, to the temptation of Saint Anthony makes it clear that the old text is correct. It is of course not intimated that *Blanch* was then and there in a condition approaching that in which the temptress of Saint Anthony is generally supposed to have won the victory for the Devil. *Constance's* epithet has at once a slight taint of womanish spite and a forward look for *Louis*.

p. 55. "A *chafed* lion": — The original has "a *cafed* lion." Pope read, "a *chased* lion." It has been proposed to read, "a *caged* lion;" but this, although doing the least possible violence to the original text, cannot be received, because a caged lion is not more but less dangerous than one uncaged. The correction in the text first appears in Theobald's edition; and it seems to me to be supported by these lines from *Henry VIII.*, Act III. Sc. 2: —

> "so lookes the chafed lion
> Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him."

And by these from Fanshawe's translation of *Il Pastor Fido*.

> "As a chaft Lion, which now meets, now turns,
> From an untamed Buls well brandished horns."
> Act IV. Sc. 2. p. 130, Ed. 1647.

p. 56. "Is *but* amiss": — The folio has "*not* amiss" — an obvious typographical error, yet left uncorrected hitherto except in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and by Hanmer, who read, "is *most* amiss."

" "By *which* thou swear'st": — The folio "By *what*," &c. — a manifest misprint, which has been hitherto retained. Mr. Staunton suggests 'By *that*,' &c., which is very plausible, and possibly the author's word.

" "—— *swears* only not to be forsworn": — Thus the

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original; and the words being taken in their ordinary and obvious signification, the passage has the very meaning and all the clearness which the casuistical churchman intended it should have. But it has been found hopelessly obscure; and Pope, who has been almost universally followed, read "*swear* only not to be forsworn;" this reading having been thus lucidly explained: "In swearing by religion, thou hast sworn by what thou swearest; i. e., in that which thou hast sworn against the thing thou swearest by, i. e., religion." Who shall explain the explanation?

SCENE II.

p. 59. "Some *airy* devil": — Theobald read "some *fiery* devil," and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has the same plausible but unnecessary change.

" "——*Austria's head lie there*": — According to Holinshed it was the Viscount Lymoges whom Richard's bastard son killed. See the Note on "O Lymoges! O Austria," in the first Scene of this Act.

SCENE III.

p. 60. "——*set at liberty imprison'd angels*": — In the original these two lines stand thus, — the merest prose, as all the editors have seen.

"Of hoarding abbots: *imprisoned angels*
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace," &c.

In the Variorum of 1821, and in all modern editions hitherto which have not followed the corruption of the folio, they are thus given: —

"Of hoarding abbots: *angels imprisoned*
Set *thou* at liberty: the fat ribs of peace," &c.

Malone having made the transposition, and supplied the pronoun. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*their* imprisoned angels." But these additions to the text still leave the intolerable rhythm of one or both lines unmitigated. The transposition made in the text, (which supposes and corrects an accident not uncommon,) restores a perfect rhythm to both lines, and requires no addition to the text, or unnatural inversion of the idea. [After having made it, I learn from Mr. Dyce's edition that it occurred to Mr. Sydney Walker.

"——some better *time*": — The folio has "*tune*" — a palpable misprint, corrected by Rowe. See Notes on "the note was very untimeable," *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. 2, and "out o' time, sir," *Twelfth Night*, Act II.

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Sc. 3. With regard to these misprints, it has been strangely remarked by a recent editor who retains them, that 'time' and 'tune' "were often used of old as synonymes." No, never; except by those who had the ears of Midas, as is shown by numberless passages, among them the following from Lilly's comedy of that name, (Act IV. Sc. 1,) in which the two words are carefully distinguished: "We all say that Apollo hath shewn himselfe both a god & of music the god: Pan himselfe a rude satyre, neither keeping measure, nor time; his piping as far out of tune, as his body out of forme." The music of Shakespeare's day sounds antiquated to our ears; but the art was much more generally and thoroughly cultivated then than now; and in matters of time and tune and counterpoint our Elizabethan forefathers were in need of no lessons that we could give.

p. 61. "Sound *on* into the drowsy *ear* of night": — The folio has "the drowzie *race* of night;" but as *care*, the spelling of Shakespeare's day, might be very easily mistaken for 'race,' as 'race,' even in its sense of course or passage, has but the remotest possible connection with the context, and as "the iron *tongue* and brazen *mouth*" suggest, if they do not require, "the *ear* of night" to receive their sounds, it seems that this reading, which occurred independently to Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce, and was found on the margin of the former gentleman's folio of 1632, should be received. 'On' of the folio may be either 'on' the adverb, or 'one.' (See the Note on "my gloves are on," *Two Gen. of Ver.* Act. II. Sc. 1.) I think the former much to be preferred.

"—— *brooded* watchful day": — Pope read "*broad ey'd* watchful day," a very happy conjecture, and the supposed error one that might easily have occurred when 'eye' was spelled *eie*. See Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, Act IV. Sc. 1, "keep a broad eie." But the jealous watchfulness of all brooded fowls is well known, and is doubtless alluded to.

p. 62. "—— On toward *Calais*, ho": — This spelling of this word in the original, *Callice*, shows that it had the English, not the French pronunciation, when that volume was printed.

Scene IV.

" "—— of *convicted* sail": — This word was used in the sense of conquered, baffled. See Cooper's *Thesaurus*, 1573, — "*Convictus*, vanquished: overcome: convicted." The manifest allusion to the fate of the Spanish Armada, which was convicted or conquered quite as much by tem-

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pest as by its English enemy, sustains the old text. The reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "*convented* sail" is appropriate and plausible, but nothing more.

p. 64. "—— a *modern* invocation": — i. e., a trivial, or, perhaps, a gentle invocation. There appears to be some connection between 'modern' used in this sense, as it is several times by Shakespeare, and *moderanter*. Pope read "a *modest* invocation." Heath, who suggested "a *mother's* invocation," and the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, who read "a *widow's* invocation," forgot that *Constance* calls on impartial Death, who, although he might be represented as deaf to a feeble call or to gentle tones, would listen to a mother or a widow as quickly as to a maiden or a wife, and answer "*æquo pede*."

/ "Thou art [*not*] holy": — The manifestly needed negative does not appear in the original: it was supplied in the folio of 1685. '*Un*holy' were a better reading; but for such a difference it is not well to disturb a received text.

// "—— wiry *friends*": — The folio has "*fiends*" — a manifest misprint, corrected by Rowe.

p. 66. "—— the sweet *world's* taste": — The folio has "sweet *word's*," the error and its correction being almost obvious. If we accept 'word' as referring to 'life,' still we cannot say of the *word* 'life' that "it yields naught but shame and bitterness." The correction was made by Pope, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 67. "No *scape* of nature": — The folio has "*scope*" — an obvious and easy misprint, corrected by Pope, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

p. 68. "*Canterbury*": — No direction as to place is given in the folio. Arthur was imprisoned first at Falaise and afterward at Rouen in France; but the scene has plainly been changed to England, as it is also in the old *King John*. Hitherto this Act has been located at Northampton "merely" in the words of Malone, "because in the first Act, *King John seems* to have been in that town." But *King John's* whereabout, which is also *Arthur's* as far as the play is concerned, (for *Hubert* passes quickly from one to the other,) is determined by the fact that the coronation spoken of in the next Scene as having just taken place, (in the old play it takes place before the audience,)

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and which is immediately followed by *Arthur's* death, is the last of the four by which John sought to prop his tottering title. This ceremony, as well as its predecessor, took place at Canterbury, where are still visible the remains of a castle of the Norman period, in which *Arthur* may be supposed to have been confined, if we must consider the material probabilities. If, then, Northampton be an acceptable locality, because, as Mr. Collier remarks, "it will answer the purpose as well as any other," Canterbury is preferable because it will answer the purpose better than any other.

p. 69. "—— *sad* as night only *for wantonness*": — Melancholy was a fashionable affectation in Shakespeare's day, as we know by many allusions to the fact in the satirical literature of the time.

p. 70. "*The best I had*," &c.: — Handkerchiefs were scarce in Shakespeare's time, and unknown in King John's.

" "—— though *heat* red hot": — i. e., heated; a form of the participle long obsolete in England, (See Variorum of 1821,) but still common in New England.

" "—— *his* fiery indignation": — The folio has "*this*," which is a manifest misprint. There was no iron present. Altered by Rowe improperly to '*its*.'

p. 72. "—— but a *mote* in yours": — In the original "a *moth*." See the Introduction to *Much Ado about Nothing*, and the Note on "Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustard-seed," *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 110.

" "There is no malice *in this burning coal*": — Dr. Grey proposed to read "There is no malice *burning in this coal*," very plausibly, because *Arthur* believes that the coal is not burning. But we are not warranted in holding a writer of the Elizabethan age to the same exactness of expression which we may reasonably expect from one of the so called Augustan age of Queen Anne.

" "—— doth *tarre* him on": — The context makes the meaning of 'tarre' plain enough; but its etymology is considered uncertain, although it may reasonably be traced to the A. S. *tyrian* — to excite or incite. See Tooke's Επεα Πτεροεντα. It is of very rare occurrence; but it is found thrice in Shakespeare's works, (here, *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 1, and *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. Sc. 3,) and twice, for παροργίζετε = provoke, in Wickliffe's translation of the New Testament; — *Colossians III.* (v. 21) Sig. 3 F, and *Ephesians VI.* (v. 4) Sig. 3 D iii, Ed. Pickering, 1848. I suspect a connection between 'tarre' and

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'terrier' or 'tarrier,' which Richardson seems to suppose is from *terra* = the earth: — he does not give 'tarre.' R was of old called the dog's letter, from the *r-r-r-r* of that animal's snarling.

p. 72. "*Well, see to live,*" &c.: — The old *King John* has

> "Cheere thee, yong lord, thou shalt not loose an eie,
> Though I should purchase it with losse of life.
> Ile to the king, and say his will is done,
> And of the langor tell him thou art dead."

Scene II.

p. 73. "—— once *again* crown'd": — It is hardly worth while to notice that the folio has "*against.*"

" "To *guard* a title": — 'Guard' has here its old sense, to ornament.

p. 74. "—— this *double coronation*": — It was quadruple. John had been thrice previously crowned: at Westminster A. D. 1199, at the same place A. D. 1200, and at Canterbury in the following year. The fourth coronation was also at Canterbury.

" "—— *more strong than lesser is my fear*": — i. e., reasons stronger than my fear is less, or as strong as my fear is little. This sense of the original text appears so plain to me as not to admit of a moment's doubt about it. Since English was a language we have been in the constant habit of thus comparing the degree of two things, conditions, or affections entirely different in kind. But Theobald read, "(*the* lesser is my fear)," and Tyrwhitt proposed "(*when* lesser is my fear)," which Steevens received into the text, although no reasons can be found why John should postpone giving the reasons for his double coronation until his fears diminished. The folio has "*then* lesser," &c.; but *then* was the common, almost the usual, spelling of 'than.'

p. 75. "*Why, then, your fears,*" &c.: — Thus the original. Theobald (and so also Mr. Collier's folio of 1632) read "Why *should* your fears . . . *then* move you to mew up?" &c. This is, of course, the sense of the passage; and I at first thought that it was the true reading; but subsequent reflection has convinced me of the purity of the original text. It is as if the sentence were written, "Why, then, *should* your fears," &c., and for the exigencies of verse the verb is transferred to the next line. Similar constructions are not rare in our old dramatists.

p. 76. "—— 'twixt two dreadful battles *sent*": — The folio has "*set,*" by an almost obvious typographical error,

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which Theobald corrected, but which Johnson restored to the text, where it has hitherto remained. Theobald's reason was that "heralds are not planted" between armies, and Johnson's answer was that "heralds must be *set* between battles in order to be *sent* between them"! It is strange that both should miss the point of the question, which has nothing to do with what was the custom, (though that is correctly represented by the corrected text,) but with the obvious truth, that the King's color, *coming and going*, could not be compared to any thing *set*.

p. 80. "*No had*, my lord": — i. e., had not? See Notes on *As You Like It*, Act I. Sc. 3, p. 366.

" "Makes *ill deeds* done": — The folio, "Makes *deeds ill* done." I have made the transposition which the Rev. Mr. Barry was the first to suggest, and Mr. Knight the first to adopt; — but with some hesitation, although the change has the sanction of Mr. Dyce, and is found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Mr. Knight remarks that "the old text might apply to good deeds unskilfully performed;" and Mr. Dyce, that "in such passages the order of the words which are emphatically repeated are rarely if ever changed." But it should be observed that writers before the middle of the seventeenth century take a much greater latitude than we do now in the placing of adverbs, (as well as adjectives,) and often place them before the verb when they intend to qualify the substantive which is the subject of the predication: so in this case, 'a deed ill done' may have been put for 'an ill deed done.' This speech and *Hubert's*, which provokes it, were suggested by the following lines in the old play:

> "*Hub.* Why here's my lord your highnes hand and seale,
> Charging on lives regard to do the deed.
> *John.* Ah dull conceipted pesant knowst thou not
> It was a damned execrable deed?
> Shewst me a seale? oh villaine both our soules
> Have solde their freedome to the thrall of hell
> Under the warrant of that cursed seale.
> Hence villaine, hang thyselfe, and say in hell
> That I am coming for a kingdom there."

" "—— *run more fast*": — The first part of the old *King John* closes here with a similar earnest request for haste on *Hubert's* part.

Scene III.

p. 83. "Whose *private* with me of," &c.: — i. e., whose private conference with me. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has the

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very plausible reading, "Whose private *missive* of the Dolphin's love," where the substituted word, conforming most happily to the sense of the context and the trace of the letters in the original, relieves the passage of a quaint and antiquated idiom not very pleasing to modern taste. But there is no doubt that the change is a mere modernization, and that 'private' was used in Shakespeare's time and by Shakespeare himself as a noun, or as an adjective absolute, the idea of the noun which we would use it merely to qualify being included in it. For instance, "Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private [i. e., my private moments, my privacy]: go off." *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Sc. 4. "Nor must I be unmindful of my private," i. e., my private interests. Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, Act III. Sc. 2. See, also, "noblemen brought up in delicate," i. e., delicacy. Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*. Ed. Dyce, Vol. II. p. 128.

p. 83. "—— *line* his *thin* bestained cloak": — So in 1 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 3, "and hath sent for you to line his enterprise;" and in *Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. 3, "did line the rebel with hidden help." Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has the plausible but unnecessary change, "his *sin*-bestained cloak."

" "—— no *man* else": — The first folio misprints "no *man's*," which was corrected in the second. So below, in the third speech of *Salisbury*, "Have you beheld," is in the first folio misprinted "You have beheld," which was corrected in the third folio.

p. 84. "—— *sin of times*": — Here 'sin' is used abstractly; and 'times' frequently occurs in our old authors where we would use the singular form. Pope read, "more elegantly," as Malone remarked, "*sins* of *time*." The change was even more plausible than elegant.

p. 85. "—— a glory to this *head*": — The original has "this *hand*," an easy misprint for the word in the text. The allusion is unmistakably to the halo round the heads of saints in old paintings. A glory could not be *set* to a hand; neither is 'worship' applicable to that member. Tollet supposed that it was the speaker's own hand to which he was to set a glory; forgetting that "revenge" could be no "worship" except to *Arthur*. The correction was suggested by Farmer, and found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Mr. Dyce gives the old reading, and produces in support of it several passages which show that 'glory' and 'worship' may be well used in such relations to each other as they bear in this passage, which no one ever doubted. The difficulty is in their relations to 'hand.'

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p. 87. "—— whose cloak and *cincture*": — The folio has "*center*" — an error not improbably the result of the French orthography *ceinture* in the MS. The correction is Pope's.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 88. "—— our discontented *counties*": — i. e., discontented *earls;* the correspondent French title being used for the sake of rhythm.

p. 90. "*Forage* and run": — Although the radical meaning of 'forage' seems to be food, (see Richardson's Dictionary *in v.*,) it was used in Shakespeare's time to mean, range about, (perhaps, originally, in search of food,) as in the following passage from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, —

> "Two thousand horse shall forage up and down
> That no relief or succor come by land."
> Act III. Sc. 1, Vol. I. p. 55. Ed. Dyce.

" "Send fair play *offers*": — The folio has "*orders*." Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 here furnishes a necessary correction of a probable misprint.

" "—— with colours *idlely*": — So the original, which has been hitherto changed to '*idly*.' But *idlely* was both the spelling and the pronunciation in Shakespeare's time.

Scene II.

p. 91. "Return the *precedent*": — i. e., the draught copy or brief.

p. 92. "Upon the *thought*": — The folio has "Upon the *spot* of this enforced cause," which is nonsense. The correction was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. The misprint is, perhaps, the result of the spelling *tho't*, which, when the bow of the *h* was brought below the line, might be easily mistaken for '*spot*.'

" "—— who *clippeth* thee about": — i. e., who embraceth thee. See Note on "a kissing traitor," *L. L. L.*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 476.

' "And *grapple* thee": — The folio, "And *cripple*" — a palpable misprint, which Pope corrected.

" "And not *to spend* it," &c.: — Steevens and other editors read "to-spend," like "to-pinch," in *Merry Wives*, Act IV. Sc. 4. But I am not sure that the construction is not 'where these two Christian armies might not combine to spend it so unneighbourly;' — 'combine' being

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used transitively and intransitively, according to the free style of Shakespeare's day.

p. 92. "—— hast [*thou*] fought": — The first folio omits 'thou,' which was supplied in the fourth.

" "—— doth *progress* on thy cheeks": — Shakespeare was guilty, according to cousin Bull, of an unmitigated Americanism in writing this line.

" "Full *warm of blood*," &c.: — i. e., full warm *with* blood, &c. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, either not seeing, or wishing to modernize this construction, which had become a little old-fashioned when he worked, read, "Full *of warm* blood."

p. 94. "—— as I have *bank'd* their towns": — I suspect a corruption here, though unable to suggest an emendation. Steevens pointed out that in the old *King John*, "these salutations were given to the Dauphin as he *sailed along the banks* of the river" Thames, on which were Rochester and other towns that had submitted to him. Here is the passage: —

> "Your citie, *Rochester*, with great applause,
> By some divine instinct laid armes aside;
> And from the hollow holes of *Thamesis*
> Eccho apace repli'd *Vive le roy*."

Note that both in the old and in Shakespeare's play, the final *e* of *Vive* is to be heard.

p. 95. "—— and *reason*, too, *he should*": — See Note on "Reason my son," &c. *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 407.

" "This *unhair'd* sauciness": — i. e., this unbearded sauciness. The original has "*unheard*," *hear* being the common spelling of *hair* in Shakespeare's day. "And the *heare* of his head began to grow again after that it was shaven." *Judges* xxi. 22, Genevan version, ed. 1576. The change, which can hardly be called a correction, was left for Theobald to make.

" "—— *take* the hatch": — To this day we say, a hunter takes a five-barred gate.

" "—— and to *thrill* and shake": — We have come to attach entirely different, though similar meanings to 'thrill' and 'trill:' they are the same word, and were of old the same in sound.

" "Even at the *crying* of your nation's *crow*": — So the folio. Malone thinks that "the voice or caw of the French crow" is meant; Douce, that the allusion is to "the crow of a cock, *gallus*, meaning both a cock and a Frenchman." But with neither of these explanations does

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the passage satisfy me; and were it not for the great violence done to the text, I would read with Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "Even at the *crowing* of your nation's *cock*." In the next line the folio misprints "Thinking *this* voice."

p. 95. "—— into armed gauntlets *changed*": — The folio has "*change*" — an obvious misprint, hardly worth notice.

SCENE III.

p. 97. "—— toward *Swinstead*": — "i. e.," says Mr. Collier, "Swines-head, but called Swinstead also in the old *King John*, and in ballads of the time."

" "—— on *Goodwin Sands*": — See Notes on *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 249.

" "This news was brought to *Richard*": — i. e., to the Bastard, who, it will be remembered, was dubbed 'Sir Richard.' Yet he calls himself Philip; and in the folio his speeches have that name prefixed to them.

SCENE IV.

p. 98. "*Untread* the rude *way* of rebellion": — In the folio this line is printed "*Vnthred* the rude *eye* of Rebellion;" but at the utmost stretch of metaphor, what likeness can there be between rebellion and a needle! The correction was made by Theobald. It is justified by the want of sense in the original text, and by *Salisbury's* reply to *Melun's* exhortation. He answers, "We do believe, . . . and we will untread the steps of damned flight;" and this damned flight which they were to untread was plainly not their retreat, but their desertion of their king, their course along the rude way of rebellion. For *Melun* entreats them to "fly," to "untread the rude way of rebellion," and "*seek John*," and Salisbury replies that "we will untread," &c., and "calmly run on" "to our great King John." The mistaking of 'waye' for 'eye,' in old manuscript was very likely to occur, and the misconception of the line (for compositors do not put manuscript in type word by word) was, in my judgment, still further aided by the fact that 'tread' and 'thread' were pronounced alike. (See the Introduction to *Much Ado about Nothing*, and the Notes on "Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustard-seed," *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1, and on "to thrill and shake" in Sc. 2 of this Act.) Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 gives independent support to Theobald's reading; but it also has "the *road* way of rebellion" — a needless change.

p. 99. "*For that my grandsire*," &c.: — This line is bodily

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from the old *King John*, in which *Melun* has a speech in all points correspondent to this.

p. 99. *Right* in thine eye": — i. e., directly (which is only di-rightly) or immediately. A right course is a straight course; and a straight course or line is the shortest, nearest, or most immediate course between any two points, either to physical or mental perception. Some commentators, being unable to understand "right in thine eye," proposed to read *fright*, some *pight*, and others "*fight* in thine eye." Steevens, remarking that 'right' signifies here 'immediate,' added, — three quarters of a century ago, — "It is now obsolete." But it has survived in America, and is in constant and common use in the phrase 'Right away,' for 'on the instant,' 'immediately,' which our somewhat overweening cousins sneer at, as an Americanism.

Scene V.

p. 100. "When English *measur'd*": — The folio has "measure," a misprint hardly worth remark, and which, it having escaped Rowe's eye, Pope rectified, as also did the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— our *tattering* colours": — i. e., tattered, — the present for the perfect participle. The folio has "*tottering*," which is but an irregular spelling of 'tattering,' common in old books. 'Tottering' cannot be the word; for the French were completely victorious.

" "And your *supply* . . . *Are* cast away": — Here 'supply' is used as a collective noun. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, by one of its numberless modernizations, reads "*supplies*."

Scene VI.

p. 101. "—— and *eyeless* night": — The folio, "& *endles* night." But the misprint is manifest; for beyond all question *Hubert* means that the darkness of the night, joined to a defective memory, prevented him from recognizing the Bastard. This was remarked by Theobald, who made the correction, which was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

Scene VII.

p. 102. "—— and his *poor* brain": — The original has "*pore*," which, although it was the commonest spelling of 'poor,' in the folio, and in other books of the time, and represents the old pronunciation of that word, (which is still preserved in some parts of the United States,) has hith-

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erto been printed in all modern editions, without comment, 'pure;' though what 'his pure brain' could mean here, who shall tell? It will be seen that there is no similarity between this passage and "a halting sonnet of his own pure brain," *Much Ado*, Act V. Sc. 4, (where 'pure' means 'unaided,' and "of his own pure brain," what children call "all out of his own head;") or 'that's pure,' as used by an English rustic for 'that's good.'

p. 103. "Leaves them *insensible*": — The original has "*invisible;*" the correction being Hanmer's. The supposed misprint is quite probable. In the Variorum of 1821 are three pages of comment upon this passage; of which only Monck Mason's remark, that the last two of the following lines, —

> "—— fierce extremes
> In their continuance *will not feel* themselves.
> Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
> Leaves them *insensible*," &c.,

"are evidently intended as a paraphrase and confirmation of the two first," is worth preserving.

" "I am the *cygnet*": — The original has "the *symet*."

p. 104. "*And none of you will bid the Winter come*": — This piteous expression of human pain and royal powerlessness is substituted for the following vastly inferior, though not unpoetic lines in the old play:

> "Philip, some drinke, oh for the frozen Alpes
> To tumble on and coole this inward heate
> That rageth as the furnace sevenfold hote."

" "And *module* of confounded royalty": — As it has before been stated, (Vol. V. p. 137,) 'module' and 'model' were different forms of the same word, which was used to mean form, external limits. So, "But the module of a Preface cannot express," &c. *Coke upon Littleton*, Preface Sig. N. 5, b. Malone gave an incorrect definition, which has hitherto been adopted, and by most editors silently 'conveyed.'

p. 106. "*At Worcester* must his body be interr'd": — "A stone coffin," says Steevens, "containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797."

" "—— that would give [*you*] thanks": — The folio omits 'you,' which was supplied by Rowe. The line cannot remain without it and be verse.

" "*This England never did, nor never shall,*" &c.: — In the old play, the Bastard also has the last speech, and says, —

> "Let England live but true within it selfe,
> And all the world can never wrong her state."

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KING RICHARD II.

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"THE Tragedie of King Richard the second. *As it hath beene publikely acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Seruants.* LONDON Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597." 4to. 37 leaves.

The same with the addition, "by William Shake-speare." 1598. 4to. 36 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608." 4to. 39 leaves.

The same, 1615. 4to. 39 leaves.

The life and death of King Richard the Second occupies twenty-three pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 23 to p. 45, inclusive, in the division of Histories. It is divided into Acts and Scenes, but is without a list of *Dramatis Personæ*.

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KING RICHARD II.

INTRODUCTION.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, although one of the most popular and absolute of England's sovereigns, did not sit untroubled upon the throne which she inherited from a protestant father through a Roman catholic sister. During the greater part of her reign, she was haunted by fears of deposition, and not entirely without reason; for she was hated by the papists, not loved by the puritans, she had been excommunicated by the Pope, and from first to last there were brought to light at least seven plots to deprive her either of life or crown. There was but one precedent for the deposition of an English monarch, and that was the case of Richard II. Hence there seems to have been a general turning of the minds of all who took an interest in affairs of state in that day to the events of Richard's reign; and the fate of that vicious and vacillating king became a subject of general interest. Elizabeth saw this, and not without apprehension of its dangerous tendency. Indeed, so unmistakable was this sign of the time that once, as, in company with Lombard, the Keeper of the Records in the Tower, she was looking over a digest of the Rolls which he had made, she said to him as they came to the reign of Richard II., "I am Richard II., know ye not that?" For these reasons any public allusion to the reign of that King was regarded with great disfavor by those in authority under her, and was suppressed if possible; so that Haywarde, who in 1599 published a history of the First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV., which is little more than the history of the deposition of Richard, was summoned before the Star Chamber, imprisoned, and barely escaped a state prosecution. But in spite of the efforts to repress the subject, the interest which it awakened caused it to be selected as a topic for treatment both on the stage and in books. Bacon notices a persistent bringing of Richard II. "upon the

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stage and into print in Queen Elizabeth's time." During her reign there were at least three plays written upon the closing events of Richard II.'s; and the greater part of the first three books of Daniel's *Civil Wars between the two Houses of Lancaster and York*, first published in 1595, is also devoted to the same occurrences.

Shakespeare did not fail to take advantage of such a tendency of the public mind, and so produced his historical play *Richard the Second*, which is one of the three above mentioned. At least one of the others preceded his; but both were so unlike it in structure that neither of them could have been used by him as the basis of his own play; and therefore, although the facts known in relation to them may justly have some interest in the eyes of the literary antiquarian, they have no relation to the subject in hand.* Shakespeare went to Holinshed for the material upon which to work, as his habit was when engaged upon English subjects; and he made no additions to the incidents which he found recorded by the old chronicles, and no material change in the order of their occurrence.

The date of the composition of *Richard the Second* has not hitherto been determined. Malone first thought that it was written in 1597, but afterwards attributed it to the year 1593, without giving reasons for either notion; and Mr. Dyce, in his recent edition, says that the date in question is "quite uncertain." The publication of the quarto of 1597 fixes, of course, the hither limit of the period of Shakespeare's life in which he produced this play; but a contemporary of Shakespeare — Daniel — has left evidence which circumscribes that period within the revolution of a very few months. Daniel published in 1595 *The First Fowre Bookes of the ciuile warres betweene the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke*, the first three books of which chiefly relate to the events of Richard II.'s reign. A certain resemblance was inevitable between a play and a poem which

* One of them was so obsolete in 1601 that a partisan of Essex who procured its performance on the afternoon preceding the outbreak of the insurrection headed by that nobleman, was obliged to pay forty shillings in advance to the players, to secure them in the event of loss. This play represented the deposition of Richard. The other was based upon the earlier events of Richard's reign, — chiefly, Wat Tyler's rebellion. It was performed at the Globe Theatre as late as A. D. 1611. The reader who is curious in such matters may consult the Variorum Shakespeare of 1821, Vol. II. p. 325, and Mr. Collier's, Vol. IV. p. 107.

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celebrated the same historical incidents; but they contain a few passages of a likeness nearer than that which was the necessary result of the identity of their subjects. This has been noticed before, but hitherto without such an examination of the original edition of Daniel's poem as to make the resemblance, which is obvious to every reader of both authors, of any value as contemporary testimony to the date when Shakespeare's play was written.*

The first edition of Daniel's *Civil Wars* was published, as we have already seen, in 1595; but in the same year a second edition came out; and this was not a mere reimpression of the former, as appears by a comparison of the two. The poem had been carefully revised for the second edition, though it was of the same date as the first: comparatively few stanzas were left untouched; many were rewritten; several were omitted; and some stanzas which appeared in this edition were then printed for the first time. Now it is only in those parts of the poem which had been rewritten for this second edition of 1595, or which were newly written for it, that there appears any resemblance to Shakespeare's play which might not be justly ascribed to chance in the case of two men writing in the language of the same period upon the same subject, and going for their facts to the same authority. The first instance in point refers to the mutual accusation of treason between *Bolingbroke* and *Norfolk*. Holinshed makes *Bolingbroke* the first accuser: in Froissart's version *Norfolk* takes the initiative; but neither chronicler says aught of the motive of the accusation. Shakespeare followed Holinshed; Daniel, Froissart; — which shows, by the way, that at first neither thought of imitating the other on this point. But while Daniel in his adherence to the chroniclers made no allusion to any personal ill feeling between the appellants,

* Mr. Knight, in 1839, pointed out certain passages in the play and the poem the likeness between which could hardly be fortuitous; but the conclusion that he drew was, that Shakespeare "took up Daniel's *Civil Warres* as he took up Hall's, or Holinshed's, or Froissart's *Chronicles*, and transfused into his play, perhaps unconsciously, a few of the circumstances and images that belong to Daniel in his character of poet." Mr. Hudson, in 1852, referring to the same passages, and to another, which will be particularly noticed hereafter, remarks: "The poem and the play in question have several passages so similar in thought and language as to argue that one of the authors must have drawn from the other; though this of itself will by no means conclude which way the obligation ran."

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Shakespeare does suggest such a motive on the part of one of them. Daniel, after recounting *Bolingbroke's* conference with *Norfolk* upon the excesses of Richard, in the hope that the latter might counsel the King to a better life, says, —

> "The faithless Duke [Norfolk] that presentlie takes hold
> Of such advantage to insinuate,
> Hastes to the king, perverting what was told
> And what came of good minde he makes it hate.
> The king that might not now be so controld
> Or censur'd in his course, much frets thereat;
> Sends for the Duke, who doth such wordes deny
> And craues the combat of his enemy."
>
> Book I. St. 62.

Here is no malice mentioned, except that which *Norfolk* insinuates that *Bolingbroke* bore to the King. But Shakespeare in the first lines of *Richard the Second* makes the King ask of *Gaunt*, —

> "Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him
> If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice?"

and again, in the scene of the interrupted combat, to say, —

> "And for we think the eagle winged pride
> Of sky aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
> With rival-hating envy set on you," &c.

Upon which ensues in the second edition (1595) of Daniel's poem, the following remarkable change in the stanza just quoted: —

> "Hereof doth Norfolk presentlie take hold,
> And to the King the whole discourse relate;
> *Who not conceiting it as it was told,*
> *But judging it proceeded out of hate,*
> Disdaining deeply to be so controll'd,
> That others should his rule prejudicate,
> Charg'd Her'ford therewithal: who reaccus'd
> Norfolk for words of treason he had us'd."

Here is not a mere polishing of verse, but a change in the subject of the verse: for Norfolk, (who, be it observed, is no longer "the *faithless* Duke,") we have the King; and for hatred of the King attributed by one appellant to the other, we have a suspicion by the King of hatred of one appellant by the other. Not only so however. In the first edition of the *Civil*

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Wars this stanza is followed immediately by one that records the granting of the combat, the preparation for it, and its prevention by the King. But Shakespeare having exhibited the recrimination and mutual defiance of the two Dukes, (Act I. Sc. 1,) the following new stanza appears in the second edition of the *Civil Wars*, interposed between that in which the accusation is made and that which has the combat for its subject: —

"Norfolk denies them [the "words of treason"] peremptorily;
Her'ford recharged, and supplicates the King
To have the combat of his enemy,
That by his sword he might approve the thing.
Norfolk denies the same as earnestly:
And both with equal courage menacing
Revenge of wrong, that none knew which was free,
For times of faction times of slander be."

Thus the parallel passages, as unlike as it was possible for them to be in their first condition, were brought into conformity of spirit and incident by alteration and addition on the part of Daniel.

Again in the last Scene of *Richard the Second* the following lines are spoken by *Bolingbroke*, in reply to *Pierce* of Exton's plea that his murder of *Richard* was in compliance with *Bolingbroke's* own wish: —

"They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead
I hate the murtherer, love him murthered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day or light."

Now, neither Holinshed nor Froissart furnish authority for any such disavowal; and in the first edition of the *Civil Wars*, no corresponding passage appears; but in the second we have the following lines, the first half stanza being substituted for four lines which merely upbraid the murderer, and the succeeding stanza being entirely new:

"What great advancement hast thou hereby won?
By being the instrument to perpetrate
So foul a deed? Where is thy grace at Court
For such a service acted in such a sort?

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"First, he for whom thou dost this villainy,
Though pleas'd therewith will not avouch thy fact,
But let the weight of thine own infamy
Fall on thee unsupported and unback'd.
Then all men else will loathe thy treachery,
And thou thyself abhor thy proper act.
So th' wolf, in hope the lion's grace to win,
Betraying other beasts, lost his own skin."

There are other variations of the same nature, though of much less consequence. These, however, appear all sufficient to warrant the conclusion that when Daniel first published the *Civil Wars* in 1595 Shakespeare's *Richard the Second* had not been produced; but that previous to the publication of the second edition of the former in the same year, the historical play had made its appearance, and left a deep impression upon the mind of Daniel. We may therefore safely place the composition of *Richard the Second* in the latter part of the year 1594 or the beginning of 1595. This period accords entirely with the indications of the play itself, the style of which and the cast of thought belong to a time when Shakespeare had not yet attained the fulness of his powers either as a dramatist or a poet, and yet was rapidly approaching that rich middle period of his productive life, which gave us the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Hamlet*, and *Troilus and Cressida*. On its own evidence *Richard the Second* preceded *King John*, and perhaps *The Merchant of Venice*.

After two quarto editions of this History had appeared in 1597 and 1598, a third was published in 1608 with "new additions of the Parliament Sceane and the deposing of King Richard." Why the arraignment and deposition of Richard II. were omitted in the performance and in the published text in 1598, when Elizabeth was still alive, and not in 1608, when James had reigned for five quiet years, the reader of the first part of these remarks need not be here informed. The question has naturally arisen whether this Parliament Scene, which was first printed in 1608, was a part of the play as originally written, or an addition made some time after the death of Elizabeth. The point has hitherto been left to be the subject of fluctuating opinion, though it might have been decided by an examination of the quarto versions. The quartos of 1597 and 1598 present

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a part of Act IV. Sc. 1, as follows, beginning with the last four lines of the *Bishop of Carlisle's* speech: —

> "It will the wofullest division prove,
> That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
> Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
> *Least child, child's children crie against you woe.**
>
> *North.* Well have you argued sir, and for your paines,
> Of capital treason we arrest you here:
> My lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
> To keep him safely till his day of trial.
> *Exeunt.* *Manet* West, Carleill, Aumerle.
> *Abbot.* *A woefull pageant have we here beheld.*
> *Car.* The woes to come; *the children yet unborne,*
> Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorne."

Now here we have the *Abbot* saying that he has beheld a woeful pageant (the deposition) which, according to this text, he has not beheld, and the *Bishop of Carlisle* repeating in the first words of one speech the very idea which occurs in the last words of the speech that he has just spoken. But in the 4to. of 1608, and the folio, these two speeches of *Carlisle's* are separated by one hundred and fifty-six lines which are spoken by the actors in the pageant to which the *Abbot* alludes. Consequently it is clear that the deposition formed a part of the play as it was originally cast; and the observant reader will see that the whole of this first Scene of the first Act, in which the deposition occurs, is homogeneous in style, and was evidently written at one time. It is possible, even, that it was performed when the play was first produced, (for Shakespeare was too prudent to write what he knew would be suppressed,) and that it was interdicted both to players and printers on account of the renewed anxiety caused by the bull issued by Pope Clement VIII. in 1596, in which he exhorted Queen Elizabeth's subjects to depose her. The deposition having been a part of the play as it was originally written, we have yet further evidence that the play was composed in 1595; for after the appearance of the Pope's bull in 1596, there could not have been the slightest hope that the representation of the dethronement of an English sovereign in full Parliament would be permitted.

* See the text of the play for the correct version of this line.

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The text of this play has not reached us in a very satisfactory condition. There are, it is true, not many passages in which the sense has been obscured by corruption; but those in which the carelessness of transcribers or printers has impaired the rhythm, or, at least, left the verse defective, are very numerous. This is equally true of all the early impressions of the play. Of the quarto impressions, the earliest — that of 1597 — is justly pronounced by Mr. Collier "the most valuable for its readings and general accuracy;" as the critical reader who has not access to the original may see by an examination of Capell's careful collation of the variations of all the early editions in his *Notes and Various Readings to Shakespeare*. Certain errors common to both texts show that the quarto of 1615 was made the basis of the copy from which the folio impression of this play was printed; but there are passages added and corrections made in the folio which show that the copy of the edition of 1615 furnished to the printers of the folio had been subjected to authoritative emendation, even if it were not the stage copy of the Globe Theatre. These passages are particularly pointed out in the notes to this edition. The quartos, especially that of 1597, are of essential service; but only in correcting the accidental errors or supplying the unaccountable omissions of the authentic copy. In cases of mere variation they have no authority; and some of the lines found in them but not in the folio were, in my judgment, struck out by the author himself. As, however, they appear to have been a part of the text as it was first written, and the omission, plainly accidental in one case, may possibly have been so in all, they have been allowed to remain in the text.

This play is quite unequal in style, and it seems to me not improbable that Shakespeare, according to a practice of his time, had some needless aid in writing it. It is possible that as Daniel was engaged on the same subject at the same time, he not only talked over the subject with Shakespeare, but furnished him some of the rhymed passages; and from such an intercourse may have arisen the similarity between some passages in the play and in the first edition of the *Civil Wars*.

The period of the action of this play is much briefer than that of either of the other Histories. It occupies but two years, — from 1398, when Richard was thirty-two years old, to 1400, when he was put to death. In the proper putting of *Richard*

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the Second upon the stage, accuracy of costume has an importance not generally its due. For splendor in apparel, carried to the most lavish expense and the extreme of foppery, marked the personal habits of the monarch, and, consequently, of his courtiers and all people of "fashion and fortune" in his reign. Richard himself had one coat or robe the cost of which was estimated at thirty thousand marks; which enormous value has been with probability attributed chiefly to the jewels with which, according to the fashion of the day, it was embroidered. Authorities for the costumes abound; but the most complete and satisfactory are found in the manuscript Metrical History of the Deposition of Richard II., written by a gentleman of the household to Charles VI., of France, who was in attendance upon Richard during the period which he describes, and which history (preserved in the Harleian MSS.) is copiously illustrated. The more important of these illustrations were engraved for Mr. Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RICHARD the Second.
EDMUND *of* Langley, *Duke of* York, } *Uncles to the* King.
JOHN *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaster, }
HENRY BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of* Hereford, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt:
afterwards King Henry IV.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, *Son to the Duke of* York.
THOMAS MOWBRAY, *Duke of* Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY. EARL BERKLEY.
BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } *Creatures to* King Richard.
GREEN, }
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, *his Son.*
LORD ROOS. LORD WILLOUGHBY. LORD FITZWATER.
Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.
A Lord.
Sir PIERCE *of* Exton. Sir STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

QUEEN *to* King Richard.
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
Lady attending the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Dispersedly in* England *and* Wales.

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN OF GAUNT, *and other* Nobles, *with him.*

KING RICHARD.

OLD John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your Highness, — no inveterate malice.

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K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser and th' accused freely speak. —
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Attendants, *with* BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

Bolingbroke. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Norfolk. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the Heavens, envying Earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason. —
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First, Heaven be the record to my speech
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence. —
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this Earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in Heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;

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And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this;
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your Highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubly down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ti'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty: —
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

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Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true: —
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elsewhere, to the farthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Farther, I say, — and farther, will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good, —
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars! —
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

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Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I [duly] to his Highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queen.
Now swallow down that lie. — For Gloster's death,
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case. —
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,

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And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me.
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no time to bleed. —
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age. —
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage: — lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,

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The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin.

Boling. O! God defend my soul from such foul sin.

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit* GAUNT.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command;

Which since we cannot do, to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry. —
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Duke of LANCASTER'S Palace.

Enter GAUNT *and* Duchess *of* GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life:
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on Earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duchess. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dri'd by Nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spill'd;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah! Gaunt, his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent

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In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair.
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murther how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. — Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee as go with me!

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Duch. Yet one word more. — Grief boundeth where
it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all: — nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him — O, what? —
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopl'd offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a throne. Heralds, *&c., attending. Enter the* Duke *of* Surrey *as Lord Marshal, and* Aumerle *as High Constable.*

Marshal. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
arm'd?

Aumerle. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, and
stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

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Flourish. Enter King RICHARD, *who takes his seat on his throne;* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK, *in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the King's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath,
As so defend thee Heaven and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come, engaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;

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And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what is thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of Heaven, King Richard, and to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!
Mar. On pain of death no person be so bold
Or daring hardy as to touch the lists;
Except the Marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your Highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear

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For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight. —
My loving lord, I take my leave of you; —
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle; —
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O, thou, [*to* GAUNT.] the earthly author of my blood, —
Whose youthful spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head, —
Add proof unto mine armour with thy pray'rs;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive!

Nor. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

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This feast of battle with mine adversary. —
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye. —
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry, Amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*to an Officer.*] to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

1 *Herald.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve,
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [*A charge sounded.*
Stay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,

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While we return these Dukes what we decree. —
[*A long flourish.*
Draw near, [*to the combatants.*] and list, what with
our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we banish you our territories: —
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.
The hopeless word of — never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

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Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to become passionate:
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
[*Retiring.*

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer: —
You never shall (so help you truth and God!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face;

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Nor ever write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy. —
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the Book of Life,
And I from Heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue. —
Farewell, my liege. — Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, all the world's my way.
[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. — [*To* BOLING.] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs,
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,

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For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sudden sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.
[O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.]
Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; — and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* King Richard *and Train.*

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Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where do you remain, let paper shew.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
[*Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity:

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Think not the King did banish thee,
But thou the King: woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the King exil'd thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.]

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell: sweet soil, adieu;
My mother and my nurse, which bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN; AUMERLE *following.*

K. Rich. We did observe. — Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway; and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none for me; except the North-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?

Aum. "Farewell."
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:

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How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;"—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland;
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere farther leisure yield them farther means
For their advantage and your Highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers, with too great a Court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is very sick, my lord,—
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your Majesty to visit him.

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K. Rich. Where lies he?
Bushy. At Ely-house.
K. Rich. Now put it, God, in his physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars. —
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — London. A Chamber in Ely-house.

GAUNT *on a couch; the* DUKE OF YORK, *and others, standing by him.*

GAUNT.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O! but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before.
The setting sun, and music at the close,

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As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flatt'ring sounds,
As praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small show'rs last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,

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Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of it self.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King RICHARD *and* QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROOS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The King is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man! How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

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Watching breeds leanness; leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, — I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No; misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter [with] those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st — thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. O, no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy 'nointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

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Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law,
And ——

K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son:
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befall in Heaven 'mongst happy souls!
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flow'r.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
These words hereafter thy tormentors be! —
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out by his* Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

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York. I do beseech your Majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true; as Hereford's love, so his:
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Northumberland. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument:
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he:
His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. — Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, have privilege to live:
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,

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Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast; for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege!
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters-patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue

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His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York Lord Governor of England;
For he is just, and always lov'd us well. —
Come on, our Queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN *and* BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Roos. And living, too, for now his son is Duke.

Willoughby. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Roos. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.

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Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak, to th' Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Roos. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal Prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute,
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Roos. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.
Roos. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Roos. He hath not money for these Irish wars,

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His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate King!
But, Lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Roos. We see the very wrack that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wrack.
North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Roos. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts: therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus. — I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry, Duke of Hereford, Reginald Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay

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The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high Majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Roos. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord, the King.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:

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For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects:
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion: ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet Majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's
not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, — though on thinking, on no thought I think, —
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious
lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief: mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess,
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name: 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your Majesty! — and well met,
gentlemen. —
I hope the King is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then, wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipped?

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Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
Queen. Now, God in Heaven forbid!
Green. Ah, Madam, 'tis too true! and what is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son, young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Roos, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?
Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, Madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.
Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

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Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck.
O, full of careful business are his looks. —

Enter the Duke *of* York.

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. [Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:]
Comfort's in Heaven; and we are on the Earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? — Why, so: — go all which way it will! —
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side. —
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold: take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came the Duchess di'd.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

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I know not what to do: — I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's. —
What! are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland? —
How shall we do for money for these wars? —
Come, sister, — cousin, I would say: pray pardon me. —
Go, fellow, [*to the* Servant.] get thee home; provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there. —
[*Exit* Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other, again,
Is my [near] kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. — Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you. — Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley Castle.
I should to Plashy too.
But time will not permit. — All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and* QUEEN.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to th' enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the King in love
Is near the hate of those love not the King.

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Bagot. And that's the wavering Commons; for their love
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the King.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol Castle:
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful Commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces. —
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his Majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor Duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bagot. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

The Wilds in Glostershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with* Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Roos and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever. —
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

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Percy. No, my good lord: he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the King.
North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then, with directions to repair to Ravenspurg.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now: this is the Duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
Percy. There stands the castle, by yond' tuft of trees,

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Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Roos *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Roos and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Roos. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess.
Berkley. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is — to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord: 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, what Lord you will,
From the most gracious Regent of this land,

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The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter YORK *attended.*

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you:
Here comes his Grace in person. — My noble uncle.
[*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle —

York. Tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncle me [no uncle:]
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace,'
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then, more why, — why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because th' anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

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York. Even in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin King be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abused.

Roos. It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

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York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, — in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, — it may not be:
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King:
But, since I cannot, be it known unto you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their 'complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you; — but yet
I'll pause,
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.

A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY *and a* Captain.

Captain. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd
ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore, we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.

Salisbury. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh-
man:
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead: we will not
stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change:
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death [or fall] of Kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard, their King, is dead. [*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. — BOLINGBROKE'S Camp at Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROOS: BUSHY *and* GREEN, *prisoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth these men. —
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls,
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean:
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears, drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,

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Save men's opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. — See them delivered over
To execution, and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.

Green. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of Hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and others, with* BUSHY *and* GREEN.

Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. — Come, [my] lords, away,
To fight with Glendow'r and his 'complices:
A while to work, and after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, Bishop *of* Carlisle, AUMERLE, *and* Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

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Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your Grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again. —
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. —
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native King
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.
Bishop. Fear not, my lord: that power that made you King,
Hath power to keep you King, in spite of all.
[The means that Heavens yield must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.]
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;

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Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murthers and in outrage, boldly here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole,
Then murthers, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
[Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,]
Shall see us rising in our throne, the East,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

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One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on Earth.
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your Grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not King?
Awake, thou sluggard Majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. — Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

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Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay,
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy Majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

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Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls: their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands. Those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of Death's destroying hand,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke, my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so, — for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings: —
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd; — for within the hollow crown,

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That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his Court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends: — subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
[And so your follies fight against yourself.]
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well. — Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown:
An easy task it is to win our own. —
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

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Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is joined with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough. —
Beshrew thee, cousin, [*to* AUMERLE.] which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let 'em go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none. — Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE *and* Forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland,
To say, King Richard. — Alack, the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head!

North. Your Grace mistakes [me]; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should;
Lest you mistake, the heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will. — But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?

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Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no King.
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a King: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond' lime and stone;
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence,—who, I cannot learn.
North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord, [*To* NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.—
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted.
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go; signify as much while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
[NORTH. *advances to the castle with a* Trumpet.
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,

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That from the castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A parley sounded, and answered by a trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the Walls King RICHARD, *the* Bishop *of* Carlisle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

York. See, see! King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the East,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a King: behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a shew!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd: and thus long have we stood [*To* NORTH.
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful King:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone

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Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he stands,)
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious head,)
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said, —
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg

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Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the King returns: —
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends. —

[NORTHUMBERLAND *retires to* BOLINGBROKE.

We do debase ourself, cousin, [*to* AUMERLE.] do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord: let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond' proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

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Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the King do now? Must he submit?
The King shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of King? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:
Or I'll be buried in the King's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,
And, buried once, why not upon my head? —
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin! —
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land:
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus; — to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well? — Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me. —
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his Majesty

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Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you: may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[NORTH. *retires again to* BOLING.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, King!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his* Attendants, *below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his Majesty. —
My gracious lord, — [*Kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours; and I am yours, and all.

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Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve: — they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get. —
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies. —
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do. —
Set on towards London. — Cousin, is it so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then, I must not say no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter the Queen *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

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1 *Lady.* Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl;
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have, I need not to repeat,
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.
1 *Lady.* I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees. —
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change. Woe is forerun with woe.
[QUEEN *and* Ladies *retire.*

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

Gardener. Go bind thou up yond' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs. —
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government. —
You thus employ'd, I will go root away

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The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Servant.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke; —
I mean, the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What! are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful King. — O! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden. [We] at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What! think you, then, the King shall be depos'd?

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Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death, through want of speaking! [*Coming forward.*
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh, rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why do'st thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam: little joy have I,
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, thou art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. — Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's King in woe. —
What! was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke? —

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Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Gard. Poor Queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even, for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — London. Westminster Hall.

The Lords Spiritual *on the right side of the Throne; the* Lords Temporal *on the left; the* Commons *below. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, *another* Lord, *the* Bishop of Carlisle, *the* Abbot of Westminster, *and* Attendants. Officers *behind, with* BAGOT.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL forth Bagot. —
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

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Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say — "Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court,
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?"
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips. —
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for Hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzwater. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun which shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deni'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

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Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to Hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to th' extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

[*Lord.* I task the Earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by Heaven, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.]

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. My Lord, 'tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by Heaven, as Heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie do lie

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In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly do'st thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.
[*Throws down his hood.*

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories. When he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Bishop. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?

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Bishop. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! — Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts the heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him, —
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name I'll ascend the regal throne.

Bishop. Marry, God forbid! —
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard: then, true nobless would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,

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Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's King;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act:
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed Earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you — woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here. —
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the Commons' suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer. —
Little are we beholding to your love,
[*To the* BISHOP.
And little look for at your helping hands.

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Enter YORK, *with* King RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the Crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack! why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one: I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King! — Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, Amen.
God save the King! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if Heaven do think him me. —
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer;
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Harry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. — Here, cousin, seize the crown;
On this side my hand, and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my grief, whil'st you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

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K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs: still am I king of those.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They 'tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself.—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart:
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

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North. No more, but that you read
[*Offering a paper.*
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of Heaven. —
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch: read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears; I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
T' undeck the pompous body of a king:
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord, —

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,

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Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd. — Alack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops! —
Good King, — great King, — (and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.
[*Exit an* Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to Hell!

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfi'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfi'd: I'll read enough
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Enter Attendant *with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read. —
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? — O, flatt'ring glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity
Thou do'st beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?

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Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers. —
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see: —
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then begone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king;
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have it?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Why then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

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Boling. Go, some of you; convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! Convey? — Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[*Exeunt* K. RICHARD, *and Guard.*
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[*Exeunt all but the* Abbot, Bishop *of* Carlisle, *and* AUMERLE.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woe's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. My lord, before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter QUEEN, *and* Attendants.

QUEEN.

THIS way the King will come: this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King RICHARD, *and* Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. —
Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favor'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:

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Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometimes Queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In Winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd:
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower. —

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And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed you must away to France.
K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
[And] he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.
K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd! — Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife. —
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so; for with a kiss 'twas made. —
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the North,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France, — from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

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Queen. Banish us both, and send the King with me.
North. That were some love, but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near be, — ne'er the near.
Go: count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiss.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
[*They kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Duke of YORK's Palace.

Enter YORK *and the* Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,

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When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried — "God save thee, Bolingbroke!"
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once, —
"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whil'st he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus, — "I thank you, countrymen:"
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,

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His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, Madam, you must call him Rutland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made King.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent [it] not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

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York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me.
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear, —
Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph-day.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool. —
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason! — villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there?
[*To a* Servant *who enters.*] Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is't, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse. —
Now by mine honour, [by] my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit* Servant.
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace. — What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother, be content: it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

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Duch. Thy life answer?
York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the King.

Enter Servant *with boots.*

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. — Poor boy, thou art amaz'd. —
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight. —
[*Exit* Servant.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time,
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond, mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou wouldest be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind: thou do'st suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*

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Duch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse:
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! begone.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King;* PERCY, *and other* Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,

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And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolute as desp'rate: yet, through both
I see some sparks of better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, *in great haste.*

Aum. Where is the King?
Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks
So wildly?
Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your Majesty,
To have some conference with your Grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. — [*Exeunt* PERCY *and* Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Boling. Intended or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire. [AUMERLE *locks the door.*
York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware! look to thyself:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*

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Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand: thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy King:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[BOLINGBROKE *unlocks and afterward relocks the door.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath: tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past.
I do repent me; read not my name there:
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down. —
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King:
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy! —
O, loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,

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And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho! my liege! for God's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is altered, from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King.*—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

[AUMERLE *unlocks the door.*

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. [*Kneels.*] Hear me, gentle liege.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,

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And never see day that the happy sees,
Till you give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*

[Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!]

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be deni'd;
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow;
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then, let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—'stand up';
But, 'pardon' first, and afterwards, 'stand up.'
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' King; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, King: say, *pardonnez moi.*

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!
Speak 'pardon,' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.

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Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand:
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on Earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels. —
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell, — and, cousin mine, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir PIERCE *of* EXTON, *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake?
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"
Was it not so?

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Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say, — I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how [I may] compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer 't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, — "Come, little ones;" and then again, —
"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye."

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Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride!
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then, treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king:
Then, am I king'd again; and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. — But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd
With being nothing. — Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time. — How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives:
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To hear time broke in a disorder'd string,
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me;
For now hath Time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,

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Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, for the sounds that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; so sighs, and tears, and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' th' clock.
This music mads me: let it sound no more,
For though it hath holp madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'st thou hither,
Where no man never comes but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,
When thou wert King; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proud as if he had disdain'd the ground.

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K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back?
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down
(Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, *with a dish.*

Keeper. [*To the* Groom.] Fellow, give place: here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from th' King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The Devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Strikes the* Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Sir Pierce *of* Exton, *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

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Go thou, and fill another room in Hell.
[*He kills another:* EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. — Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt: O, would the deed were good!
For now the Devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in Hell.
This dead king to the living King I'll bear. —
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.

Windsor. An Apartment in the Castle.

Flourish. *Enter* BOLINGBROKE *and* YORK, *with* Lords *and* Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceter in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness:
The next news is, — I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:

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The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
[*Presenting a paper.*
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *with the* Bishop *of* Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom: —
Choose out some secret place; some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with* Attendants *bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

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A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murtherer, love him murthered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light. —
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after: grace my mournings here
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON KING RICHARD II.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 147. "—— *Old* John of Gaunt, *time honour'd,*" &c.: — It has been observed upon this passage, that John of Gaunt was only fifty-eight years old at the time when this play opens. But do we not now call men of sixty old? and would not that epithet be naturally applied to Gaunt by Richard, who was at this time young, though not a youth — thirty-two? Thomas Coghan, in his *Haven of Health*, (4to., 1584, chap. 213,) adopts the division of Galen and Fuchsius. "Childhood, from our birth to fifteene yeares; . . . Adolescencie from fifteene yeares to 25; . . . Lustie Juventus from 25 years to 35; . . . Middle age, or man's age, from 35 years to 49; . . . Olde age from 49 years until the end of life." It is not improbable that Shakespeare may have supposed Gaunt to be a few years older than he really was. 'John of Gaunt' is a corruption of 'John of Ghent' — this prince having been born in that city, A. D. 1340.

" "—— Henry *Hereford*": — All the old copies vary in their spelling of this name, — giving it sometimes *Herford*, at others, *Hereford*. It was also sometimes spelled *Harford*, and so pronounced. The original pronunciation, I have little if any doubt, was *Hareford;* the *e* in 'Here' — having the French sound — our name sound of *a*, which finally passed into the broad sound of that letter, just as it has in 'are,' now pronounced *ar*, but which was quite surely once pronounced to rhyme with 'bare,' as it still is by many persons who lack culture, though, often, not intelligence.

p. 148. "*Many years of happy days befall*": — This line is one of several in this play which have without a doubt been accidentally mutilated. Pope read "*May* many years," &c., and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*Full* many years," &c.

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p. 148. "—— by *the cause you come*": — i. e., by the reason of your coming.

" "—— And free from *other* misbegotten hate": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*wrath or* misbegotten hate," which is plausible. But here and elsewhere 'other' is to be taken not in an alternative but a separative sense.

p. 149. "—— *doubly* down his throat": — The quartos have "*doubled*."

"—— ground *inhabitable*": — i. e., ground not habitable; 'in' being a negative particle. This more correct form was in common use when Shakespeare wrote, in place of our less correct and more cumbrous 'uninhabitable.'

" "—— the kindred of *a* king": — So the folio, and all quartos but that of 1597, which has "*the* king." This, of course, may be right; but the reading of the folio which makes Bolingbroke disclaim not only the protection and alliance of his particular sovereign, but all immunity of royal blood, seems much finer.

" "What I have *spoken*," &c.: — So the folio. The quarto of 1597, "What I have *spoke*, or thou canst *worse* devise;" the quarto of 1598, "What I have *spoke* or *thou canst* devise;" and that of 1608, "What I have *spoke*, or *what* thou canst devise."

p. 150. "—— that can *inherit* us": — i. e., that can possess us. See Notes on *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III. Sc. 2. p. 189.

" "Look, what I *speak*": — This is the reading of the quarto of 1597. The subsequent quartos, which are copied by the folio, have, "Look what I *said*." This is manifestly an error, as *Bolingbroke* refers to the charges which he is about to make. I believe the author's word to have been '*say*,' which the ear of transcriber or compositor corrupted into 'said;' that word, a mere contraction of 'sayed,' having been pronounced *say'd* in Shakespeare's time. There is confirmation of this opinion in the first words of the next sentence, "Besides, I *say*."

" "—— for *lewd* employments": — i. e., for bad uses. See Notes on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 340.

" "*Fetch'd* from false Mowbray": — The quarto of 1597 has "*Fetch* from," &c.

" "The *Duke of Gloster's* death": — This Duke of Gloucester was Thomas Plantagenet, (called Thomas of Woodstock, from the place of his birth,) sixth son of Henry III. He was made Constable of England in compliment to his wife, a coheiress of the last Bohun, Earl of Hereford, Essex, and Northampton; the Bohuns having been Con-

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stables of England for more than two centuries. He was put to death at Calais with the connivance of his nephew Richard II. See Burke's *Royal Families*, to which the editor here expresses his frequent obligations during the preparation of the Notes on the Historical Plays.

p. 150. "*Suggest* his soon believing adversaries": — i. e., tempt them. See Notes on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 188.

p. 151. "—— *our* kingdom's heir": — The quartos have "*my* kingdom's heir."

' "—— had for *Calais*": — The old copies spell this name *Callice*; from which we learn its ancient pronunciation in England.

"Disburs'd I [*duly*] to," &c.: — 'Duly,' omitted in all other editions, is found in the quarto of 1597. The omission in the quarto of 1598 seems very clearly to have been accidental, and its perpetuation due to oversight.

" "—— a *dear* account": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "a *clear* account," which is plausible. But, considering the manner in which 'dear' was used of old, (See "my dearest foe," *Hamlet*, I. 2, and "their own dear groans," *Love's Labour's Lost*," V. 2, &c.,) no change is necessary.

" "—— *to fetch his Queen*": — The Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Aumerle were in 1395 the King's ambassadors to demand the hand of Isabella, eldest daughter of Charles VI. of France, then but six years old, as his second wife. The marriage was celebrated in November of the next year.

p. 152. "Wrath-kindled *gentlemen*": — The folio has "gentleman" — a misprint, without a doubt.

" "—— though no *physician*": — Both this line and the next have their full complement of feet; 'physician' and 'incision' being used as quadrisyllables, according to a custom elsewhere remarked upon in these Notes.

" "—— this is no *time* to bleed": — Of old certain times and seasons were considered proper for the performance of operations on the body. There are still some old people who think it best to cut the hair at the full of the moon. The quarto has no *month* to bleed.

' "—— *When*, Harry? *when?*": — 'When' was of old an expression of impatience. Monck Mason plausibly proposed to read

"When, Harry? When
Obedience bids, I should not bid again."

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A comma has hitherto been placed after 'bids;' but the sense is, Obedience bids *that* I should not bid again, and not, Obedience bids, and therefore I should not bid again. The quartos and the folio accidentally repeat 'obedience bids.'

p. 152. "—— lions make *leopards* tame": — Malone called attention to the pertinent fact that a golden leopard was the Duke of Norfolk's crest.

" "—— but not change *his* spots": — Thus the old copies. Pope read "*their* spots." But Norfolk quotes the text, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?"

p. 153. "—— from such *foul* sin": — The quartos have "such *deep* sin." The folio changes 'God' of the quartos to 'heaven;' doubtless in obedience to the statute of Jac. I., so often referred to. The change was made several times in this play; and it being of such a nature, hereafter the original word will be restored without comment.

" "Or with pale beggar-*fear*": — So the folio and first quarto of 1597. The other quartos, "beggar-*face*." The fact is worthy of notice only because the folio was printed from one of these later quartos — that of 1615.

" "—— *atone* you": — i. e., make you at one, reconcile you. See Notes on *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. 4, p. 384.

" "—— *design* the victor's chivalry": — i. e., mark out the victor's chivalry; 'design' being used in its radical sense.

SCENE II.

p. 154. "—— in *Gloster's* blood": — All the quartos read "*Woodstock's* blood." See the Note on "the Duke of Gloster's death" in the previous scene.

" "Who, when *they* see": — Mr. Collier suggests that Gaunt uses 'heaven' as a plural noun; but, in spite of the verb 'see,' it seems more probable that 'those hands,' i. e., the hands of Heaven, are referred to by the pronoun.

" "—— his summer leaves all *faded*": — The quartos have "*vaded*." The words are in fact but one, and were of old used interchangeably.

p. 155. "—— may I *complain myself*": — This is an adoption of the French idiom *me plaindre*, as Monck Mason pointed out.

" "—— Farewell *old Gaunt*": — This line lacks two syllables for its full complement; and Mr. Collier's folio reads "farewell, *farewell*, old Gaunt." But in lines in which the sense is not continuous, and there is necessa-

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rily a pause, Shakespeare frequently omits a foot. Besides, the pathetic effect of a double 'farewell' is out of place in this passage.

p. 156. "—— and *unfurnish'd walls*": — An allusion to the tapestry which was used of old to hide the masonry, and which could be hung up and taken down at pleasure.

' "*Unpeopl'd* offices": — That the mark of contraction is not superfluous in this and similar words, from which it has been hitherto omitted, appears by the orthography of the folio *unpeopel'd*, which shows that the full pronunciation of the participle in Shakespeare's day was *unpeople-ed*.

" "Desolate, *desolate*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "Desolate, *desperate*."

Scene III.

' "Enter the Duke of Surrey, as *Lord Marshal*": — Malone first remarked that the Duke of Norfolk was Lord Marshal of England at this time; but that he being one of the combatants, the Duke of Surrey, (Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, brother to John Holland, Duke of Exeter, and half brother to King Richard II.,) officiated as Lord Marshal on this occasion. The folio has "*Enter Marshal and Aumerle*," and prefixes the speeches "*Mar;*" but this designation by his office in one place of a character who is designated by his name in another is not uncommon in our old dramatic literature.

p. 157. "—— and *his* succeeding issue": — The quartos read "and my succeeding issue," which Johnson accepted, as "Mowbray's issue was in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come, among other reasons for their sake." The reading of the authentic text more appropriately refers *Norfolk's* loyalty to the royal family, not to his own.

" "Thus *plated*," &c.: — The folio misprints "*placed*," and in the next line "*formerly*," for 'formally.'

p. 158. "—— as thy cause is *just*." The quartos have "is *right*."

p. 159. "Lo as at *English feasts* — the *daintiest last*": — By this distinction it would seem that the German fashion of having plum pudding first and a fish-soup last at dinner, existed in Shakespeare's time, was more general on the continent than it is now, and was well known in England.

"—— the *earthly* author," &c.: — The folio misprints "the *earthy*," &c.

"And *furbish*," &c.: — The folio misprints "*furnish*."

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p. 159. "Of thy *amaz'd* pernicious enemy": — So the folio. But all editors have hitherto adopted, and without remark, the reading of the quartos — "of thy *adverse*," &c.; the object being, of course, to avoid a repetition, as 'amazing' occurs in the line above. But such a repetition is quite in the manner of Shakespeare's time. And, besides, when we have to choose between a repetition and such bald tautology as 'adverse enemy,' shall we hesitate a moment in adopting the authentic text?

" "—— be *valiant* and live": — 'Valiant' is here a trisyllable.

p. 160. "—— his *warder* down": — A *warder*, says Steevens, appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. In Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1595, these lines occur in reference to this very transaction: —

> "When, lo! the king changd sodenly his mind,
> Casts downe his *warder*, and so staies them there."
> Book I. 63.

And in Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, the warder is thrown up as a signal to charge.

> "Wherewith they stopt, when Erpingham which led
> The Armie, sawe the showt that made them stand
> Wafting his Warder thrice about his head,
> He cast it up with his auspicious hand,
> Which was the signall through the English spread,
> That they should charge."
> p. 37, Ed. 1637.

" "—— back to their *chairs* again": — It was the custom for the combatants in such a contest as this to occupy chairs opposite each other at either end of the list before mounting their horses. This command is from Holinshed, who describes the scene with great particularity, even to the colors of the opponents' horse-trappings. *Bolingbroke's* were of green velvet, and *Mowbray's* of blue. Holinshed says that the Dukes sat in their chairs "two long houres while the king and his counsell deliberatelie consulted what order was best to be had in so waightie a cause." Vol. III. p. 495, Ed. 1586.

p. 161. "[*And for we think*," &c.: — This and the four following lines, without which the sense is not perfect, and which are found in all the quartos, are, doubtless by mere accident, omitted in the folio.

" "—— upon pain of *death*": — The quartos read "pain of *life*," as at the end of the King's next speech; and

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most editors have hitherto followed this reading for uniformity's sake. But both phrases express the same idea in a different manner; and the change from the quarto reading could not have been accidental.

p. 161. "The *fly*-slow hours": — i. e., the creeping hours. The folio and the quartos have "fly-slow;" the easiest of misprints, which was corrected by Pope, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. 'Sly-slow' is not an objectionable compound in itself; but here it is without meaning.

p. 162. "—— to *become passionate*": — i. e., to become lachrymose, plaintive. 'Passion' and 'passionate' were commonly used in this sense; as, "Ariadne *passioning* for Theseus' perjury." *Two Gentleman of Verona*, Act IV. 4; "She is sad and passionate at your Highness' tent." *King John*, Act II. Sc. 2; "Give me some sack to make mine eyes look red; for I must speak in *passion*." 1 *Henry IV.* Act II. Sc. 4. The old copies read, by a sort of misprint not uncommon even at this day, "to be *compassionate*," and the slight but important error not having been hitherto detected, this reading has been perpetuated by editor after editor, except Mr. Singer, who, most inappropriately, reads "to be *so passionate*." The others are obliged to make 'compassionate' mean, complaining — an altogether unexampled and unwarrantable use of the word.

" "Nor *ever* look," &c.: — In this, and in the two instances below, the quartos read, "Nor *never*."

p. 163. "Norfolk, so *far*," &c.: — A phrase for "so far *I speak* as to my enemy." The folio and quartos misprint "so *fare*" — a trifling error, corrected in the second folio.

p. 164. "—— with *sudden* sorrow": — The quartos have "*sullen*;" "the folio, 1623, alone," remarks Mr. Collier, "reads sudden," which is the very reason why the folio reading should be followed, as being, on the best accessible evidence, a deliberate correction made upon the authority of the poet himself.

" ["*O, had it been a stranger*," &c.: — This and the three following lines are omitted from the folio, which is also the case with twenty-six lines below, beginning with *Bolingbroke's* speech, "Nay, rather," &c. This curtailment may have been made in the theatre copy, from which the play was printed, for the purpose of shortening the performance.

p. 166. "—— a *fire* in his hand": — Here 'fire' is a dissyllable. In the quartos it is printed '*fier*.'

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Scene IV.

p. 167. Johnson remarked that with the previous Scene "the first Act ought to end, that between the first and second Acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. . . . As the play is now divided, more time passes between the last two Scenes of the first Act than between the first Act and the second." The objection has been generally received as valid; but, it would seem, with more deference to Johnson than knowledge of Shakespeare. For in but the fourth line of the present Scene we learn from *Aumerle* that since he went out in the previous Scene, only sufficient time has passed for him to accompany *Bolingbroke*, (who sets out immediately,) "to the next highway"! The announcement of *Gaunt's* sickness at the end of the Scene is but a device to shorten the action. Shakespeare was not bound to chronological accuracy; but dramatic interest he could not disregard.

" "*We did observe*": — This is the continuation of a conversation in the midst of which the Scene is supposed to open — a contrivance several times used by Shakespeare, to give an air of natural ease to his dialogue.

" "Faith, none *for* me": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*by* me" — a mere modernization.

" "Which then *blew*": — The folio misprints "*grew*."

" "*Farewell*," &c.: — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 here makes one line of ten syllables by abbreviating 'disdained' and omitting 'that.'

" "*Ourself, and Bushy*": — This line is not found in any quarto. The folio accidentally transposes 'Bagot' and 'here.'

p. 168. "—— his *supple knee*": — Steevens remarked that the allusion here is to courtesying, which there is some reason to believe was anciently practised by men. But nevertheless 'making a leg,' as it was called, was a very solemn performance, and also included a bending of the knee.

" "——Gaunt is *very* sick": — The quartos have "*grievous* sick."

p. 169. "Where lies he"? — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 makes a complete line here, by reading, —

"Where lies he *now?*
At Ely house, *my liege*."

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ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

p. 169. *The Duke of York* of this play is Edmund Plantagenet, fifth son of Edward III., called Edmund of Langley, from the place where he was born, A. D. 1341. He was created Earl of Cambridge, by his father, A. D. 1362, and Duke of York by his nephew, A. D. 1385. Burke (*Royal Families*, &c.,) says that "he attained the highest reputation in the cabinet and in the field;" but Hardyng's *Chronicle*, quoted by Malone, represents him as just and kind, but devoted to pleasure, particularly to that of the chase.

p. 170. "*As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last*": — This passage is obscure. But "As the last taste of sweets" must be regarded as parenthetical, and "sun" and "music" in the previous line must be taken as the nominative to 'is' in this and 'writ' in the next. The folio misprints "*is* the close;" the quarto of 1597 having "*at* the cloase."

" "*As praises of his state*," &c.: — The quartos of 1597 and 1598 give this line, "As prayses of whose taste [state, *apud* Steevens,] the wise are found." Mr. Collier thinks that this may be the true reading! — 'found' being a misprint for 'fond.'

" "*Then*, all too late": — So the quartos: the folio misprints "*that*;" the word having been caught from the line above.

" "Against *infection*": — So the folio and the quarto. It has been proposed to read '*invasion*,' and till recently most modern editions, on Farmer's suggestion, read *infestion*; why, it would be difficult to tell. England, "this other Eden, demi-paradise," is represented as protected by the sea against infection (of any and every kind) as well as against the hand of war. The following hitherto unnoticed lines in Daniel's *Civil Wars* seem quite decisive as to the correctness of the old reading: —

> "Neptune keepe out from thy imbraced ile
> This foul *contagion* of iniquitie;
> Drown all *corruptions* coming to defile
> Our faire proceedings ordred formally."
> Book IV. st. 90, Ed. 1595.

p. 171. "—— and famous *for* their birth": — The quartos and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 read "*by* their birth."

" "With inky *blots*": — Steevens plausibly suggested that we should read "with inky *bolts*."

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p. 171. "*Roos* and *Willoughby*": — These noblemen were William, Lord Roos of Hamlake, who was afterward Lord Treasurer to Henry IV., and William, Lord Willoughby, ancestor in the female line of the present Lord Willoughby d'Eresby. The name of the former has hitherto been printed in Shakespeare's text, *Ross*. It is spelled in the folio *Ros*, *Ross*, and *Rosse*. Holinshed spells it *Roos*, which seems to be the proper form of the name; it was probably pronounced *Rose*, and it is so spelled by the American descendants of the family.

" "—— being *rag'd*": — Ritson proposed 'rein'd,' and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*urg'd*;" but the sense of the old text is so clear, and the repetition so much in the manner of Shakespeare's day, that change is both needless and inadmissible.

p. 172. "—— flatter [*with*] those": — The folio omits the preposition; and I am not quite sure that it should be restored, though found in all the quartos.

" "—— than thy *head*": — The folio misprints "thy *hand*;" and a few lines below, "to let *his* land" for "*this* land."

p. 173. "Landlord of England art thou, *and* not king": — The quartos of 1597 and 1598 read "art thou *now not*, not king;" which Mr. Collier adopts, suppressing the repetition of 'not.'

"*And thou a lunatic*," &c.: — In the quartos this passage is given thus: —

> "And thou
> *King*. Ah, lunatick, leane-witted foole."

" "—— *chasing* the royal blood": — The folio has "*chafing*," a misprint hardly worth notice.

p. 174. "But only they *have* privilege to live": — So the original; but all modern editions hitherto read "*hath* privilege," &c. But the old reading conforms to the custom of Shakespeare's time.

p. 175. "—— no *kindred's* blood": — So the folio: the quartos, "*kindred*."

" "—— the *letters-patents*": — The double plural is required according to the phraseology of Shakespeare's day.

p. 176. "His *livery*": — Malone remarks, "On the death of every person who held by knight's service, the escheator of the court in [the jurisdiction of] which he died summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seized of, and of what age his next heir was. If he was under

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age, he became a ward of the king; but if he was found to be of full age, he then had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, that is, his *livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him." *Richard* did deny *Bolingbroke* this right.

p. 177. "'Gainst us, our *lives*": — Thus folio and quartos. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "our *wives*," &c., which seems a very plausible emendation, until we remember that a prosecution for treason would touch the life, the children, and the heirs of the traitor, but could not touch his wife; and then we see that the change is only ignorant.

" "And *lost their* hearts": — The folio and the quartos have "And *quite* lost," &c., making the line prose instead of verse; and I cannot but believe with Steevens, that "the compositor's eye caught the adverb *quite* from the following line." There it has emphatic force proper to a repetition, which is quite lost if it appear in this place.

" "*That which his ancestors*," &c.: — So the folio. The quartos superfluously, "That which his *noble* ancestors," &c.

p. 178. "Thy words are but *as* thoughts": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 speciously has "but *our* thoughts," thus entirely losing the force of *Roos's* reassurance. He tells *Northumberland* to speak freely, because his companions being but himself, he would but think aloud to himself.

" "*Reginald* Lord Cobham": — This name is spelled *Rainald* in the folio, *Raynold* in the quartos, showing that it had the French pronunciation *Regnald*. *Hereford*, it will be remembered, is used as a dissyllable. The rhythm is somewhat irregular in this enumeration of titles. After this line Malone added another,

"The son of Richard, Earl of Arundel,"

which he made from the list given by Holinshed, because none of the persons enumerated in the text had "broke from the Duke of Exeter." I cannot but think with Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight that, although the omission and the disagreement are noteworthy, such an interpolation was presumptuous.

p. 179. "*Imp* out," &c.: — To imp a wing was either to supply lost feathers or add others to increase its sweep. See, —

"Edward named fourth, as first in praise I name,
Not for his fair outside, nor well lined brain,
Although less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame."
Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, St. 75.

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SCENE II.

p. 179. "—— *life-harming* heaviness": — So the quartos of 1597 and 1598. In the succeeding quartos the word was misprinted "*half*-harming," the absurdity of which being noticed, it was bettered in the folio, not improbably by the compositor himself, by a change to "*self*-harming."

p. 180. "Like *perspectives*": — These perspectives were like the signs sometimes seen now, from the face of which slats project, and which, rightly looked upon from three different positions, show three sets of words; but which, seen from any other position, present "nothing but confusion." 'Rightly' means, of course, directly, at a right angle, and is opposed to 'awry.'

" "*As, — though on thinking, on no thought I think*": — So the folio. Dr. Johnson needlessly read, "As, though *in* thinking," &c., and has been very generally followed. The quarto of 1597 has, "As *thought* on, thinking," &c., and is possibly right; the *t* which makes 'thought' of 'though' having been first dropped in the quarto of 1598, and perhaps accidentally.

" "'*Tis nothing less*": — Not, nothing less than conceit, but, it is nothing less than it is conceit; i. e., any thing rather than conceit.

p. 181. "—— *repeals* himself": — i. e., calls back himself; the word being used in its radical sense.

" "—— and *what* is worse": — Folio and quartos read "and *that* is worse;" an obvious misprint, hardly worth notice in the correcting, and which has yet remained uncorrected hitherto.

" "—— his *son, young* Henry Percy": — So the quartos. The folio has "*young* son," which, as *Henry Percy* was known, and is elsewhere spoken of as young *Henry Percy*, and as this arrangement mars the rhythm and the music of the line, may be confidently regarded as an accidental transposition.

p. 182. "[*Should I do so*," &c.: — This line, found in the quartos, is omitted in the folio. I am of opinion that it was dropped, not by accident, and certainly not for the sake of curtailment, but by the author, with the design that *York*, when entreated to speak comfort, might instantly reply, "Comfort's in Heaven." Since, however, the line was originally placed here, and may possibly have been omitted by accident, I have allowed it to remain, although it somewhat enfeebles the effect of that which follows it.

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p. 182. "—— the Commons *they are* cold": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 strikes out the repetition of 'they are;' — a sort of correction which it requires no ingenuity to think of, but much presumption to make.

p. 183. "*What! are there posts,*" &c.: — In this line 'Ireland' is a trisyllable, as it often is in old poetry. The quarto of 1597 reads "*no* ports," and the other quartos "two ports."

"*Gentlemen, will you go*": — The rhythm and versification of this and the two following lines are very irregular. The arrangement in the text is that of all the old copies, (except the reading "thrust disorderly" for "disorderly thrust," first given by Mr. Dyce,) and seems incapable of farther improvement. The irregularity is doubtless due to accident or carelessness.

" "Is my [*near*] kinsman," &c.: — The word in brackets is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. It is appropriate, and without it the line is not verse, but such a halting semblance of it as Shakespeare could not possibly have written, and which, in the absence of authoritative, demands conjectural emendation.

p. 184. "*The hateful Commons will,*" &c.: — The old copies have, "*Will the hateful Commons.*" The transposition, first made by Mr. Dyce, is justifiable on the ground stated in the preceding Note.

" "*Farewell at once*": — This line, which in the quartos is given to *Green*, is in the folio given to *Bushy;* a patent error, because he immediately adds, "Well, we may meet again." Therefore modern editors (except Mr. Collier, who reads with the quarto,) have hitherto given this line to *Bushy*, and *Bushy's* reply to *Green*. But it should have been observed that it is *Bagot*, (see his previous speech,) who has the presentiment that they part not to meet again. The error in the folio quite surely arose from the putting of a B. only, as was the custom, before the line "Farewell," &c.; which was taken by the compositor to mean *Bushy* instead of *Bagot*.

Scene III.

p. 185. "And yet *your* fair discourse": — So the quartos. The folio has "*our* fair discourse" — a palpable misprint.

p. 186. "How far is it to *Berkley?*" — The folio here and elsewhere prints *Barkeley;* following the pronunciation of this name.

p. 187. "—— *my answer is — to Lancaster*": — i. e., I claim that you should address me as *Lancaster*, as, it would seem, the context sufficiently shows.

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p. 187. "—— the most *gracious Regent*": — This reading is from the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1598 has "the most *glorious* of this land;" and the misprint remained uncorrected until the appearance of Capell's edition in 1768.

p. 188. "—— uncle me [*no uncle*]": — The folio alone omits 'no uncle;' it is barely possible, with intent.

p. 189. "—— an *indifferent* eye": — i. e., not an uncaring, but an impartial eye.

p. 190. "To find out right with *wrong*": — So the quartos: the folio "with *wrongs*" — doubtless an accidental variation.

" "*So, fare you well*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads "So fare *well my lords*."

Scene IV.

Johnson remarks that this Scene is "inartfully and irregularly thrust into an improper place," and suggests that it was probably intended for "the Second Scene in the ensuing Act." The remark seems just and the conjecture probable.

p. 191. "—— the death [*or fall*] of kings": — The words in brackets are found only in the quarto of 1597; the omission in subsequent copies being doubtless due to the perpetuation of a typographical error in the quarto of 1598. They are inserted in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— with *the* eyes of heavy mind": — The folio accidentally omits the article, which was first restored by Capell from the quarto of 1597.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 193. "*Than Bolingbroke to England*": — To this hemistich the quartos add, "Lords, farewell." I believe the omission in the folio to have been intentional, and think it more than probable that the words were originally the interpolation of an actor. They are inappropriate and weaken the passage.

"—— fairly let her be *entreated*": — 'Entreat' was commonly used of old for 'treat.'

" "—— Come [*my*] lords, away": — 'My,' necessary to the rhythm, not to say the perfection of the verse, is omitted in the old copies, accidentally, without a doubt. It is found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

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Scene II.

p. 193. "—— call *you* this at hand": — The quarto of 1597 has "call *they*."

" "*Yea, my lord,*" &c.: — This speech is hardly verse. Perhaps it was originally written thus; 'good' having been mistaken for 'your,' and placed in the second line:

"Yea *good* my lord. How brooks your Grace the air
After late tossing on the breaking seas?"

" "—— foul *rebellious* arms": — The quartos of 1597 and 1598 have "*rebellions* arms." A turned letter makes the difference between the readings, either of which is appropriate, and either of which may be what the author wrote. To my taste 'rebellious' is better than 'rebellion's.'

" "[*The means that Heavens yield,*" &c.: — These four lines are not found in the folio; their omission from which cannot but have been accidental, as they are necessary to the pertinence of *Aumerle's* next speech. Some editors read, "that *Heaven yields,*" which is possibly right; but there are many instances in these plays, and numberless in contemporary literature, of the promiscuous use of the plural and singular forms.

p. 195. "—— and in *friends*": — The quartos have "*power.*"

" "—— *that* lights the lower world": — So all the old copies; upon which Talbot well remarks, — "'that' does not relate to the nearest antecedent, 'globe,' but to 'the eye of heaven.' Nothing is more common in Shakespeare and the writers of his day than this manner of disposing of the relative."

" "—— *boldly* here": — The quarto of 1597 has "*bouldly,*" and the subsequent quartos and folio "*bloody.*" There can be no doubt that in both cases there was a misprint of 'boldly,' which is used antithetically with 'trembling' in the last line of the sentence.

" "And darts his *light*": — The folio misprints, "his *lightning.*"

" "[*Whilst we were wand'ring,*" &c.: — This line, found in all the quartos, is omitted in the folio, and perhaps intentionally; for it is not essential to the sense, and Shakespeare may have thought that to call the inhabitants of Ireland the antipodes, was a hyperbole unwarranted by the occasion.

" "To lift *shrewd* steel": — i. e., sharp steel. See Notes on *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 253.

p. 196. "—— all *thy* happy days": — The folio misprints "*my.*"

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p. 196. "Awake, thou *sluggard* Majesty": — The quartos, less appropriately, have "*coward*;" and in the next line "*twenty*" for "forty."

p. 197. "*White beards have arm'd*": — The first and second folios have the ludicrous misprint "White *Beares* have arm'd," &c.

" "—— and *clap* their *female* joints": — Among the eminent commentators of the last century, four learned men, (one of them a distinguished poet,) were unable to apprehend the graphic colloquialism of *Scroop's* relation, that boys ("with women's voices") were clapping their womanish limbs into armor, to fight against the King: so the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 may be pardoned for reading, "and *clasp* their *feeble* joints."

" "Of *double-fatal yew*": — Called so, says Warburton, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death.

" "—— their *heads* shall pay for it": — The folio misprints "their *hands*."

p. 198. "—— Death's destroying *hand*": — The quartos poorly read "*wound*," and thus obtain an unwelcome rhyme.

" "—— at *Bristol*": — The old copies, here and elsewhere, print "*Bristow*;" the old pronunciation.

p. 199. "*Keeps Death his Court*": — It is not improbable that, as Douce suggested, there is an allusion here to the seventh of the *Imagnies Mortis*, or series of wood cuts known as *Holbein's Dance of Death*.

" "—— ne'er wail their *present* woes": — Thus the folio: the quartos read, "ne'er *sit and wail* their woes," and are followed by Mr. Collier, Mr. Dyce, and others. But, aside from the authority of the folio, who, familiar with Shakespeare's style, can fail to recognize his pen in the conceit of these correspondent lines? —

"My lord, wise men ne'er *wail* their *present* woes,
But *presently* prevent the ways to *wail*."

" "[*And so, your follies*," &c.: This line, found in the quartos, is omitted in the folio; and I am not quite sure that it is so by accident.

p. 200. "Upon his *faction*": — The quartos have "his *party*."

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SCENE III.

p. 201. "Your Grace mistakes [*me*]": — The pronoun is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. It would have been impossible for Shakespeare to omit it intentionally: no pause compensates the rhythm for its absence.

p. 203. "—— *tatter'd* battlements": — The quartos of 1597 and 1598 have "*tottered*," anciently a not uncommon spelling of 'tattered;' but which some modern editors have printed "*totter'd*," in the sense of 'tottering.' See the Note on "our tattering colours." *King John*, Act V. Sc. 5, p. 133.

" "—— their thundering *shock*": — Thus the quarto of 1597. The subsequent quartos and the folio misprint "thundring *smoke*."

" "*Enter . . . the Bishop of Carlisle*": — This bishop was Thomas Merkes, called "of Newmarket," who was consecrated A. D. 1397, and deposed on Richard's dethronement, 1399.

" "*See, see! King Richard*": — Warburton first pointed out that this and the five following lines are, in the old copies, "absurdly given to *Bolingbroke*, who is made to condemn his own conduct and disculp the king's." There is yet a better reason for the conclusion that they are part of *York's* speech; — *Bolingbroke*, as will be seen by the last twelve lines previous to the appearance of *Richard*, has marched away with his army from the castle, to which he afterward returns and asks *Northumberland*, "What says the King?"

p. 205. "—— as he is a prince, *is just*": — Thus the folio only, — making a minute but important and noteworthy emendation. The quarto of 1615 has, "as he is a *prince just;*" that of 1597, by a mistake of the ear, "as he is a *princesse* just."

" "And, as *I am* a gentleman": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads, "*As a gentleman*."

p. 206. "*My gay apparel*": — Richard was noted for his foppishness and the splendor of his wardrobe. Holinshed says, "He was in his time exceeding sumptuous in apparell, insomuch as he had one cote, which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks." Vol. III. p. 501. Ed. 1587.

" "—— shall *lodge* the summer corn": — i. e., beat it down, cause it to lie or lodge upon the ground.

p. 208. "Well you *deserve*": — The folio misprints, "*deserv'd*."

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SCENE IV.

p. 208. "Of sorrow or of *joy*": — The quartos and the folio read, "or of *grief*." The correction required by the context was made by Pope.

p. 209. "*And I could sing*," &c.: — The confusing comment that has been made upon this passage, perhaps warrants an explanation of it. The *Queen* says that, if weeping would do her any good, she has shed tears enough herself to be able to sing; — the emphasis being, "And I could *sing*," &c. Pope first gave the common reading, "And I could *weep*;" which, though needless, is plausible enough as to its sense, but is based upon a very improbable typographical error.

" "Yond' dangling *apricocks*": — The old form of the word; from *bricoc*, the Persian name of the fruit.

p. 210. "Her *knots* disorder'd": — i. e., intricate walks. See note on "Curious knotted garden," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 448.

" "—— the *fall* of leaf": — This poetical name for Autumn — exactly correspondent to Spring — was common in England two hundred and fifty years ago, and is in general use in America.

" "[*We*] at time of year": — 'We,' not found in any old copy, and which, or some other monosyllable, is necessary to sense as well as to rhythm, was supplied by Malone. The folio reads, "*And* wound" instead of "*Do* wound," which is found in the quartos at the beginning of the next line. Mr. Collier's folio has —

"At *the* time of year
We wound the bark," &c.

It has occurred to me that the whole trouble in this singular and harshly constructed sentence, is the result of an error of the ear in the quarto, bunglingly corrected in the folio, and that Shakespeare, instead of writing, as Malone supposed, —

"[*We*] at time of year
Do wound the bark," &c.,

may have written, —

"At *due* time of year
We wound the bark," &c.;

and indeed it is only on principle that I do not give this reading in the text.

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p. 210. "*Superfluous branches*": — The folio of 1632, for the sake of rhythm, reads, "*All* superfluous branches;" and Mr. Collier suggests that a pause after 'duty' makes the addition useless. I am not sure that Shakespeare did not mean to accent 'superfluous' on the penultimate; in which case no change is needed, and we have a heroic line instead of an alexandrine.

" "Which waste *and* idle hours": — The quartos read, "*of* idle hours."

p. 212. "Here did she *drop* a tear": — The quarto of 1597 has "*fall* a tear." The two words were used interchangeably.

" "—— *rue, sour herb of grace*": — Rue was known as herb grace. Why it was so distinguished has not been stated. But Coghan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1584, says, that its four qualities are, that "it sharpeneth the sight," "abateth carnall lust," "maketh a man quicke, subtile, and inventive," and "riddeth away fleas and killeth them" — properties which might well have won it such distinction, had not powers as various and as benign been attributed to many other herbs. It was also used as a token of remembrance, to which the last line of this Scene alludes.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 213. "—— stand on sympathies": — The folio, "on *sympathize;*" the quartos, "on *sympathie.*"

" "—— my *rapier's* point": — An unimportant anachronism. The rapier was not known until nearly two hundred years after the death of Richard II.

p. 214. "—— live to see *the* day": — So the folio and the quarto of 1598. The other quartos, "live *I* to see the day." Malone introduced the common reading, "*that* day."

' "*I task the Earth,*" &c.: — This and the seven following lines were omitted in the folio; I believe, because they were considered superfluous, and because this expression, "I *task* the earth," in the quarto of 1598, or "I *take* the earth," in that of 1598 and its successors, was found inexplicable. I admit, with Malone, that either reading is incomprehensible to me. Dr. Johnson proposed to read, "I task *thy oath:*" Steevens explained, "I *task* the earth," as meaning, I lay upon the earth the burden of my gage: Talbot would read, "I *take* the earth," in the sense, I take to witness.

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p. 214. "*My lord, tis very true*": — Thus the folio; the quartos omit 'my lord,' which seems to have been added as a proper mark of respect from Fitzwater to a prince of the blood royal, and one much his senior.

p. 215. "[*Throws down his hood*": — No stage direction has hitherto been given here. But Holinshed says, that Lord Fitzwater "appealed him [Aumerle] of treason, offering, by throwing downe his hood as a gage, to prove t with his bodie. . . . The duke of Aumarle threw downe his hood to trie it against the lord Fitzwater." Vol. III. p. 512. Ed. 1587. Although Holinshed makes them all throw down their hoods, Shakespeare evidently means that Aumerle only shall throw down his; he having, before Surry's insult, thrown down both gloves, one to *Bagot* and one to *Fitzwater*. See this speech and the previous part of the Scene.

p. 216. "*As surely as I live*": — The quartos, except that of 1597, misprint "*sure*," which is copied by the folio.

" "—— true *nobless* would": — The quarto of 1598 misprints "*nobleness*," which error remained uncorrected in the subsequent old impressions.

" "O, *forbid* it God": — Thus the folio; "in opposition," as Mr. Collier says, "to all the quartos." This is the very strongest reason why (the difference not being a misprint) the folio should be followed; the change (from "*forefend*," the reading of the quartos) being evidently intentional, and not copied from any previous edition. Shakespeare nowhere uses 'forefend.'

p. 217. "O, if you *rear* this house": — The quartos have, "if *you raise*," &c.

" "*Prevent, resist it*," &c.: — There is not a little corruption here in the old copies. The folio has, —

> "Prevent *it*, resist it, *and* let it not be so
> Lest *child child's* children cry against you woe."

So also the quartos, except the omission of '*and*' in the first line. The first 'it' seems plainly the result of an anticipatory glance at the second; and 'child's' is plainly a mere repetition. The nonsense, however, has, hitherto, been almost uniformly retained, and is now first entirely corrected.

"*May it please you lords*," &c.: — From this line to *Bolingbroke's* speech after the exit of *Richard*, p. 223, first appeared in the quarto of 1608.

p. 218. "—— bend my *knee*": — The quartos, poorly, have "my *limbs*."

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p. 218. "*Give me the crown*," &c.: — These two lines appear in the old copies in a state which justifies an unusual latitude of judgment in determining the text. The quartos have, —

"*Rich.* Seaze the crowne.
Heere coofin on this side my hand and on that side *yours*."

The folio, —

"*Ric.* Give me the crown. Here Cousin, seize the Crown:
Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, and on that side thine."

Hitherto the text of the folio has been given, except by Capell, who read, "*Here* on this side," &c., Malone and Dyce, whose text is that of this edition, and Mr. Singer, who considers "Seize the crown," as a stage direction, and so prints it, giving the second line as in the folio. It is plain to me that on the revision of the manifestly corrupt text of the quartos, the 'here, cousin' of the second line, which belongs to the first, and was restored to it, escaped erasure, or was so imperfectly erased as to be put in type, thus leaving superfluous syllables in the second line, which destroy its rhythm by a needless and in fact exceedingly awkward repetition. The change from 'yours' to 'thine' in the folio will also be noticed.

p. 219. "*Ay* no; — no *ay*; — for *I* must nothing be": — The conceit of this line will be lost to those who do not remember that 'Ay' was formerly printed, and should be pronounced, *I*.

" "—— all *duteous oaths*": — The quartos, "all *duties*, *rites*."

p. 220. "—— a *sort* of traitors": — i. e., a company of traitors. Those whose lot (*sors*) was cast together. See the Note on "few of any sort," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 319.

" "—— *and* sovereignty a slave": — So the quartos: the folio misprints "*a* sovereignty."

p. 221. "An if my *word* be sterling": — The quartos "my *name*," &c.

" "Since *it* is bankrupt of *his* majesty": — See Note on "it's folly," &c. *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. II. p. 385.

" "*Give me the glass*," &c.: — It is noteworthy that in this passage all the quartos omit, "and therein will I read," "Thou dost beguile me," the repetition of 'face' five lines below, and "was this the face that like the sun did make beholders wink?" eight lines below. The arrangement of the verse is also quite different. The text of the

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folio, although it was printed from that of the quarto of 1615, shows, here and elsewhere, the results of careful and authoritative revision.

p. 221. "Did keep *ten thousand* men": — Holinshed says that "there resorted dailie to his [Richard's] court aboue ten thousand persons that had meat and drinke there allowed them. In his kitchen were three hundred seruitors, and everie other office and furnished after the like rate. Of ladies, chamberers, and landerers there were aboue three hundred at the least." Vol. III. p. 508, Ed. 1587.

p. 222. "*There lies the substance*": — These words, and "For thy great bounty," in the next line, are not found in the quartos, in which the disarrangement of the verse is very great.

" "*Shall I obtain it?*" — These words are also found only in the folio.

p. 223. "*Conveyers* are you all": — So *Pistol*, "Convey the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase!" *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 3.

" "—— I *will* lay": — The old copies, "*Ile* lay." The editors before Malone read "*and* I'll lay."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 224. "To *Julius Cæsar's ill*-erected tower": — Tradition, generally credited in Shakespeare's time, (though not by antiquarians and students of history,) assigned the first building of the Tower to Julius Cæsar. (See *Richard the Third*, Act III. Sc. 1.) But the only foundation for the story is, that there was probably a Roman fortress upon the spot, of later days than those of the first Cæsar. "Ill erected" must, of course, be understood as an exponent of the *Queen's* feelings.

" "—— *the model where old Troy did stand*": — i. e., thou pattern of ruined majesty. Troy was used of old as the type of regal grandeur. The language here is highly figurative and absolute.

" "—— thou most beauteous *inn*": — Originally 'inn' meant merely a house, and not especially a house of entertainment. The noble English manor house now known as Audley-End retained as late as a hundred years ago its first name, Audley Inn. Steevens supposed that the comparison here is to such an inn; but that use of the word in ordinary conversation or writing was obsolete

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long before Shakespeare's time; and Monck Mason more correctly considered 'inn' to be in opposition to 'ale-house' in the next line but one. See these passages: —

"His comely body is a beauteous Inne
Built fairely to the owner's princely minde,
Where wandring virtues lodge, oft lodg'd with sin;
Such pilgrims kindest entertainment finde.
An Inne said I? O no, that name's unfit,
Sith they stay not a night, but dwell in it."
Optick Glasse of Humors. "The Close." 1607.

"And thou pure soule, within that Coarse what sinne didst thou commit,
That thou so soone from that faire Inne away shouldst passe and flit?"
Honours Academie. Part I. p. 22, 1610.

p. 225. "—— the lamentable *fall* of me": — Thus the folio. Every quarto, the inferior reading, "*tale* of me."

p. 226. "[*And*] he shall think," &c.: — The old copies omit 'and,' accidentally I am sure, as they contract 'know'st,' and the conjunction is required as well to complete the verse as by the natural construction of the sentence. It was added by Rowe and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 227. "—— than near be, — *ne'er the near*": — i. e., never the nearer, a proverbial expression. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, somewhat plausibly, "*being* ne'er the near;" 'near' is used for 'nearer' for the sake of rhyme.

Scene II.

" "*Enter York and the Duchess*": — Edward, Duke of York, married Isabella, daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon. She died in 1394, some five years before the occurrence of the events with which this play opens. If the use which Shakespeare makes of her has not justified his bringing her to life, he stands a convicted culprit before the world. Courtenay supposes that Shakespeare meant to introduce the Duke's second wife, Joan, daughter of the Earl of Kent; but in the next Scene there is unmistakable evidence that he meant *Aumerle's* own mother.

p. 228. "—— where *rides* he the whilst?" — The quarto of 1597 has "where *rode* he," &c.

" "*Did scowl on Richard*": — Thus the folio; the quartos, "Did scowl on *gentle* Richard." In my judgment the gain of a regular line does not compensate for the loss of the epithet; but we have no right, in such a case, to assume that the omission was accidental. Besides the same

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adjective is applied to 'sorrow,' three lines below; a kind of repetition quite different from that which Shakespeare sometimes affected; and hence, probably, the change.

p. 229. "If God prevent [*it*] not": — 'It' is not found either in the folio or the quartos; and some word has evidently dropped out of the line. 'It' is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632; but we might as well read, "If God prevent *me* not, I purpose so," or better, perhaps, "If God prevent not, I *do* purpose so."

p. 230. "—— some bond *that he is* enter'd into": — Pope arbitrarily read "some bond *he's* enter'd into;" and so Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. In the folio 'day' dropped from the end of the next line; it is found in the quartos, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— [*by*] my life": — The old copies omit 'by,' which was supplied by Rowe, who has been silently followed. It also appears in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

Scene III.

p. 232. "And *beat* our watch," &c.: — The folio accidentally transposes 'beat' and 'rob.'

" "*While* he," &c.: — The old copies read, "*Which* he;" and I am not quite sure that the correction — made by Pope — is entirely justifiable. This use of 'which' was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time; but it may even then have been the result of pure carelessness. [Since this note was written Mr. Dyce's edition has appeared, with 'which' retained in the text, and the remark that "our old writers use the relative '*which*' so ungrammatically that any alteration here is very questionable."]

p. 233. "*I see some sparks of better hope*": — Some of the quartos have "I see some *sparkles*," &c., and perhaps the reading, "I see some *sparkles* of *a* better hope," which Steevens first gave, and which is adopted by Mr. Knight and others, is the correct one.

p. 234. "Thou *sheer*, immaculate," &c.: — 'Sheer,' which usually means mere or only, has here the cognate signification, pure.

p. 235. "*The Beggar and the King*": — The old ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, already alluded to in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and to be found in Child's *British Ballads*, Vol. IV. p. 195.

" "For ever will I *kneel*," &c.: — The quartos poorly have "will I *walk* upon my knees."

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p. 236. "[*Ill may'st thou thrive,*" &c.: — This line, found in all the quartos, is omitted in the folio; accidentally, as the rhyme shows.

p. 237. "*With all my heart, I pardon him*": — The old copies destroy the couplet by printing as one line, "*I pardon him with all my heart.*" The error, clearly accidental in the first instance, was copied from one old edition into another.

"—— and, cousin *mine*, adieu": — Folio and quartos have, "and cousin adieu," which is clearly corrupt. For, as it has been before remarked in these Notes, Shakespeare and his contemporaries, although they often left their line deficient in one or more feet, never omitted a single unaccented syllable. Theobald read, "and cousin, *too*, adieu," but the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 is much better.

Scene IV.

No new Scene is here indicated in the folio.

Scene V.

p. 238. "—— how [*I may*] compare": — "I may" was omitted in the quarto of 1598, and in subsequent old reprints; accidentally, it is plain.

" "—— the *word* itself against the *word*": — The folio reads the "*faith*" in both instances; but the context makes it clear that this change, like that of 'God' to 'Heaven,' so often noticed, was made after the puritans rose into power, and to satisfy their scruples.

" "—— of a *needle's* eye": — The quartos have "*small* needle's;" but neither in the gospel nor in the folio is there any allusion to the size of the needle. Till about 1600 'needle' was pronounced and often written *neeld*, which made the line rhythmical, as it appears in the quartos.

p. 239. "—— in one *person*": — The folio, and all the quartos but that of 1597, have the easy misprint "in one *prison*."

' "To *hear* time broke": — The quartos have "to *check*" — a manifest error, as the context shows, two lines below.

p. 240. "Now, *for* the *sounds* that *tell*," &c.: — The old copies have the plain and easy misprints, "Now *sir* the *sound* that *tells*," &c.: — The King says, "Now *for* [i. e., as] the sounds are groans," &c.; "*so* sighs and tears and groans shew," &c. This almost obvious correction was discovered in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, after having

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been suggested partly by Ritson, and partly by Mr. Collier himself.

p. 240. "—— his *Jack o' th' clock*": — This was the name given to the automaton figures which struck the hour on the old clocks.

" "Is a *strange brooch*": — i. e., says Malone, "is as strange as a brooch, which is now no longer worn;" and we have already seen, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, that in Shakespeare's day brooches were out of fashion, — "just like the brooch and tooth-pick, *which wear not now*."

" "*Thanks, noble peer*": — See Notes on "what would my lord," *Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 9, p. 248.

" "—— my *sometimes* royal": — 'Sometime,' in the sense of formerly, had sometimes, like 'beside,' an *s* added to it. This letter was frequently added to words from mere caprice, it seems.

" "So *proud*, as if," &c.: — The folio has "So proudly;" the adverbial form having been accidentally retained from the quartos, which read, "So *proudlie* as if *he disdained* the ground." But there is an evident intention that the King shall echo the Groom; and it seems that in making the required correction in the folio, while 'had' was added, the 'lie' was neglected or imperfectly erased. The correction is made in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 241. "*My lord*, will't please you," &c.: — This speech has the look of verse in the folio, it being printed in two lines, the first closing with 'Exton;' but it is plainly prose.

Scene VI.

p. 242. "Our town of *Ciceter*": — Now called Chichester.

p. 243. "Richard of *Bourdeaux*": — Richard was so called from the place of his birth.

p. 244. "A deed of *slander*": — So the quarto, of 1597. The quarto of 1598 has "of *slaughter*," which, as Mr. Hudson remarks, "makes odd work with 'upon my head.'" The misprint is manifest; but it was copied by all the later editions, and by the folio. It was corrected in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, doubtless from the first quarto.

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THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

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"THE HISTORY OF HENRIE THE FOVRTH; With the battell at Shrewsburie, *betweene the King and Lord* Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. *With the humorous conceits of Sir* Iohn Falstalffe. AT LONDON, Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." 4to. 40 leaves.

The same with the addition, "Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. 1599." 4to. 40 leaves.

The same: "London Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Mathew Law, and are to be solde at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Fox. 1604." 4to. 40 leaves.

The same: "London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, neere unto S. Augustines gate, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608." 4to. 40 leaves.

The same: "London, 1613. Printed by W. W."

"*The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Sirnamed Hot-spvrre*," occupies twenty-six pages, in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 46 to p. 73 inclusive, in the division of Histories. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes, but is without a list of Dramatis Personæ. This was supplied by Rowe.

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KING HENRY IV. PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

EDITORS of Shakespeare who faithfully perform their duty have one claim upon the gratitude of his readers which is very great in proportion to the show of it that can properly appear in editorial notes and essays. Their approach to him lies not over a beaten track, or through the inviting luxuriance of healthful though uncultivated nature. The arid wastes and fetid sloughs of an effete and long-abandoned literature stretch round the base of the eternal hills kept ever green and beautiful by his perennial genius; and these must be explored by all who would worthily assume the office of guide to those invigorating heights on which the world finds mental health and happiness. But of this weary pioneer-work, the visible results are comparatively very small, — a clearer view here, a firmer foothold there, a new beauty revealed, the path to an old one disencumbered, or a source of pure and ever-springing pleasure discovered in a foul morass or a stony barren: it is only to such results of his toil that the editor of Shakespeare has the right to direct attention. The present occasion is one on which these editorial sacrifices are brought vividly to mind; for of all the remaining works of writers contemporary with Shakespeare, or immediately antecedent to him, an examination of which is necessary to the proper setting forth of his text, hardly one is so utterly deficient in merit of any kind as that which contains the germ of three of his greatest plays — the two Parts of *Henry the Fourth* and *Henry the Fifth*, one of which — the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth* — is an exhibition of his powers as poet, dramatist, and humorist, unsurpassed in its combination of variety and perfection by any other production of his pen.

The old play which suggested to him the writing of the three

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just mentioned is *The Famous Victories of King Henry the Fifth.** It has reached the present time in three editions, two of which are without date, the third having been printed in 1598; but that it was at least ten years older, is known from the fact that Tarlton, the great comic actor of his day, played the clown in it; and he died in 1588. Its subject made it a favorite, as we know from a passage in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication*, published in 1592 by Thomas Nashe,† where the author exclaims, — "And if you tell them [the puritanic usurers] what a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to sweare fealty. I, but (will they say) what doo we get by it?" This clearly refers to the last Scene of the *Famous Victories*, although in that the Dauphin only is made to swear fealty; but in such a description we must not look for literal accuracy.

Between the *Famous Victories* and the plays of Shakespeare in which Henry V. appears as Prince or King, there is not the least resemblance, verbal or constructive; and yet the evidence that Shakespeare took his hint from that wretched compound of coarseness and stupidity, establishes the point beyond a cavil. And it does so in my judgment, with regard to a much more important element of Shakespeare's productions than it has hitherto been supposed to touch. For as the complex structure of the highest type of animal life has its embryo in a shapeless cell, so, it seems to me, a single line in the *Famous Victories* is the germ of no less splendid a creation of Shakespeare's genius than *Sir John Falstaff* himself. In one or two other points, also, hitherto unnoticed, we trace Shakespeare in this worthless old play; and yet the evidence of such an origin of Shakespeare's three Histories is so slight in itself, and refers to such trivial matters, that were it not unmistakable, an editor should be ashamed to refer to it. For aside from the question of merit, as to which it is needful to remark nothing farther, *The Famous Victories*, which is a short play, takes in the entire period which is occupied by the two Parts of *Henry the Fourth* and *Henry the Fifth*. It opens with an allusion to the robbery, and closes

* The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth containing The Honourable Battell of Agin-court. As it was acted by the Kinges Majesties Servants. London. n. d. Reprinted in Nichol's Six Old Plays, &c.

† Reprinted by the Shakespeare Society.

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with the betrothal of King Henry, who is called "*Henry V.*" from beginning to end, although *Henry IV.* is brought upon the stage. The points in common between the works of Shakespeare and that of his predecessor are merely these: — The Prince's chief companion is *Ned*, [*Pointz*;] the exploit of the robbery is upon Gadshill, and the name *Gadshill* is also that of one of the agents in the adventure; the rendezvous of the Prince and his companions is a tavern in Eastcheap; the Scene in which *Falstaff* plays King in *Henry the Fourth* has a strange counterpart in the *Famous Victories*, where "*Henry V.*" having struck the Lord Chief Justice and been sent to the Fleet, two other characters travestie the occurrence, one playing the Judge, the other the Prince. These are, with one exception, the only points of resemblance between Shakespeare's work and that of his predecessor, other than those that depend entirely upon historical events common to the plan of both authors; and for those both went to Hall or Holinshed, whose descriptions they may have amplified and embellished from traditions that must have existed in their day with regard to so famous an English hero as Henry V.

The exception just alluded to is an important one, and relates to the personage who, in the *Famous Victories*, as well as in *Henry the Fourth*, fulfils the functions of "abominable misleader of youth" to Prince Hal. In the former play this character is called *Sir John Oldcastle;* and in the latter also that was originally his name, though it was afterwards changed to *Sir John Falstaff*. It is not necessary to have been a very critical student of Shakespeare's text to conjecture with some confidence that this change was made in the name of the portly humorist. An observant reader of *Henry the Fourth* can hardly fail to notice the remarkable passage in the Epilogue to that play, in which the speaker, after promising that the story shall be continued "with *Sir John* in it" and "fair *Katherine* of France," adds, — "where, for any thing that I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; *for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.*" Here is evident an apology, and an endeavor to do away with an impression that *Falstaff* and *Oldcastle*, the Wickliffite martyr, were the same personage; and when to this is added the *Prince's* speech — (Part I. Act I. Sc. 2,) "as the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle," the probability that *Falstaff* was originally called *Oldcastle* ap-

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proaches certainty. And it is made certainty by various other striking proofs. In the first quarto impression of the Second Part, *Falstaff's* speech, "Very wel my lord, very wel, rather and't please you it is the disease of not listning," &c., (Act I. Sc. 2,) has the prefix "*Old*" — plainly a remnant of the original *Old-castle*. Nat. Field, who, it should be remarked, was a member of Shakespeare's company, (See *Remarks on the Preliminary Matter*, &c., Vol. II. p. liii.,) in his comedy, *Amends for Ladies*, makes a citizen say to a nobleman, —

> "—— I doe heare
> Your Lordship this faire morning is to fight,
> And for your honor. Did you never see
> The play wheere the fat knight, hight Oldcastle,
> Did tell you truely what this honor was?"

The allusion to *Falstaff's* famous soliloquy upon honor (Part I. Act V. Sc. 1,) is unmistakable. Fuller, in his *Church History of Britain*, has this passage: "Stage poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and yet a coward to boot, contrary to the credit of all chronicles, owning him a martial man of merit. The best is, Sir John Falstaffe hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoone in his place." Ed. 1655, p. 168. Finally, Justice *Shallow* says, (Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, Act III. Sc. 2,) "Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk." The office here assigned to the fictitious *Falstaff* was actually borne by the real Oldcastle, as any one may see who consults the Chronicles.

A letter from Richard James, librarian to Sir Robert Cotton, and a contemporary of Shakespeare, to Sir Richard Bourchier, discovered by the Rev. Dr. Bliss at Oxford, in which the change from *Falstaff* to Oldcastle in "Shakespeare's first shewe of Harrie the Fifth" is mentioned, attributes that change to remonstrances on the part of Oldcastle's descendants.

There is thus abundant evidence to show that the tradition mentioned by Rowe in the following passage in his Life of Shakespeare, published in 1709, was well founded: "It may not be improper to observe that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some

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of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff." The motive assigned in this tradition, and by Dr. James, for the change of name, accords well with the early period at which it was made. Such an objection would be urged immediately upon the performance of the play, or soon after; and so we find that in the first quarto impression of The First Part of *Henry the Fourth*, printed in 1598, within about a year of the production of the play, the name '*Falstaff*' has already taken the place of '*Oldcastle*.' *

The dreary dulness of *The Famous Victories* is but once enlivened by a faint gleam of wit; and it is remarkable that although *Sir John Oldcastle* has but thirty lines to speak in the whole play, this solitary scintillation emanates from him. He has been universally, and very justly, condemned as merely a low, worthless fellow; and it has also been the unanimous opinion that, in the words of Mr. Knight, he is "without a single spark of wit or humour to relieve his grovelling profligacy." This is not literally true; he has the single spark. When *Henry V.* says, "My lads, if the olde King my father were dead, we would be all Kings," *Oldcastle* replies, "He is a good olde man, God take him to his mercie the sooner." In degree, the wit of this answer is as unlike *Falstaff's* best sallies as the spark from a leyden-jar, that can hardly be perceived in a dark room, is unlike the playful flashes of heat lightning that illuminate all the heavens with their harmless blaze; but in kind it is purely Falstaffian. Its easy impudence, its light and careless treatment of a serious subject, its jocular masking of an utter and inherent selfishness, its delicious non sequitur which yet seems a sequitur, its "manner of wrenching the true cause the false way," are the characteristic traits of the fat knight's humor; and I have little doubt that this single line is the germ which, impregnated, unconsciously perhaps, by Shakespeare's life-giving genius, became in its final development the most mirthful creation of all imaginative literature.†

* This evidence, with some other, merely cumulative, has been very ingeniously marshalled by Mr. Halliwell in a little tract *On the Character of Sir John Fulstaff as originally exhibited by Shakespeare*, &c. London. 1841. But it had all been previously set forth by Theobald, Warburton, Ritson, and Reed. See the Variorum of 1821, pp. 410 to 418.

† Just after this speech of *Oldcastle's*, *Henry V.* says to *Ned*, (*Pointz.*) "Thou shalt be my Lord Chief Justice of England;" and *Ned* replies, "Ile be the

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The First Part of *Henry the Fourth* having been published in 1598, the mention of it by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, which also appeared in that year, does nothing to determine the hither limit of the period when the play was produced. And as it was entered upon the Stationers' books for publication as early as the 28th of February, 1598, and with "the conceipted mirth of Sir John Falstaffe" instead of Sir John Oldcastle, included in its title, and, therefore, after it had been performed, the latter name objected to, and the former substituted, we may be sure that it was written as early as the summer of 1597. Finally, as we have seen by the appearance of the prefix *Old* in the first quarto edition, that the Second Part was written and performed before this change was made in the patronymic of Sir John, we must again put back the production of the First Part as far as the latter half of 1596; which is as remote a date as its style would allow us to assign to it, were we compelled to form an opinion upon the subject merely by a critical comparison of this play with others.

The text of the First Part of *Henry the Fourth* exists in essential purity in the folio of 1623. It is there deformed with many typographical errors; but these rarely create any obscurity; for they are generally of such an obvious nature as to be very easy of correction, especially with the aid of the quarto of 1598, which seems to have been printed with unusual care for a dramatic publication of the period. That the folio impression of this play was printed from a copy of the quarto of 1613 is shown by typographical errors common to them both, as Mr. Collier has already remarked; but that copy had received the benefit of some not unimportant erasures, omissions, and alterations before it was put into the hands of the printers of the folio; and in every instance in which the text of the latter edition differs purposely and materially from either of its predecessors, it differs to advantage.* These variations, some of

bravest Lord Chief Justice that ever was in England." This probably furnished the hint for *Falstaff*'s reply, (Act I. Sc. 2,) "Shall I? O rare! By the Lord I'll be a brave judge."

* The contrary has been asserted by Mr. Collier, who thinks that the quarto of 1598 gives the purest text of this play. His opinion, apparently based upon the reproduction in the folio of mere errors of the press in the quartos, has been generally adopted without a question. But the reader is referred to the passages, "Although it be with hazard of my head," (Act I. Sc. 3,) "The which if I perform and do survive," (Act III. Sc. 2,) "I was not born to yield,

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which have hitherto remained unnoticed, are mentioned and their character examined in the Notes to this edition.

It has been already observed, in the Introductory Remarks to *King John*, that there can of course be no doubt as to the period of action or costume of any of Shakespeare's historical plays; but with regard to the wonted habit of one of the characters of this play in Shakespeare's time, Mr. Collier, I believe, discovered the following interesting paragraph in a memorandum by Inigo Jones, for the costume of a personage in a court masque, performed early in the reign of James I.: "Like a Sir John Falstaff, in a robe of russet, quite low, with a great belly, like a swollen man, long moustachios, the shoes short, and out of them great toes, like naked feet: buskins, to show a great swollen leg."

thou haughty Scot," (Act V. Sc. 3,) and others of a similar nature, in support of the position assumed above.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Fourth.
HENRY, *Prince of* Wales,
PRINCE JOHN *of* Lancaster, } *Sons to the* King.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
Sir WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of* Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of* Northumberland:
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR, *his Son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of* March.
SCROOP, *Archbishop of* York.
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of* Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
Sir RICHARD VERNON.
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
Sir MICHAEL, *a Friend to the Archbishop of* York.
POINTZ.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *Wife to* HOTSPUR, *and Sister to* MORTIMER.
LADY MORTIMER, *Daughter to* GLENDOWER.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in* Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE: England.

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THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH,

WITH THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HENRY, SURNAMED HOTSPUR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

KING HENRY.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces; those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,

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March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross,
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. — Then, let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

Westmoreland. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

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West. This, match'd with other like, my gracious lord;
Far more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met;
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains; of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake, Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith;
And is not this an honorable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:

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A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. — What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our Council we
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. An Apartment of Prince HENRY's.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* FALSTAFF.

Falstaff. Now, Hal; what time of day is it, lad?

Prince Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldest be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, — he, "that wandering knight so fair." And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king, — as, God save thy Grace, — Majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are squires of the night's body be call'd thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our

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noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'lay by'; and spent with crying 'bring in'; now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my Hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench.

P. Hen. As the honey [of Hybla,] my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No: I'll give thee thy due; thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent, — But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art King, and resolution thus fobb'd, as it is, with the rusty curb of old father

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antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugg'd bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascallest, sweet young prince. — But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal: — God forgive thee for

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it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; [by the Lord,] an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. ['Zounds!] where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. [*Sees* POINTZ *approaching.*] Pointz! — Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. — O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried, 'Stand' to a true man.

Enter POINTZ.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Pointz. Good morrow, sweet Hal. — What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the Devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him, on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word: the Devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the Devil his due.

Pointz. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Pointz. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morn-

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ing, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses; I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Pointz. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Hen. I care not.

Pointz. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

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P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter Spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Pointz. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

P. Hen. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Pointz. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Yea, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Pointz. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood: our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Pointz. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

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P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap: there I'll sup. Farewell.

Pointz. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit* POINTZ.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit*

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Scene III.

The Same. Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience; but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Worcester. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

Northumberland. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and council, we shall send for you.—
[*Exit* Worcester.
You were about to speak. [*To* North.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy, here, at Holmedon took,

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Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your Majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hotspur. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: — and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
I, then all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, — I know not what, —
He should, or he should not; — for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds, God save the mark!
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,

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This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
Made me to answer indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No; on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

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But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds:
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then, let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou do'st belie him, Percy, thou do'st belie him:
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the Devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease ye. — My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son. —
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt* King HENRY, BLUNT, *and train.*

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. — I will after, straight,

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And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What! drunk with choler? stay, and pause a while:
Here comes your uncle.

Enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy if I do not join with him:
In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' th' dust,
But I will lift the down-fall'n Mortimer
As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, [*to* WORCESTER.] the King hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaim'd
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

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Hot. But, soft! I pray you, did King Richard, then,
Proclaim my brother [Edmund] Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did: myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then, I cannot blame his cousin King
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation, shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? —
O, pardon, if that I descend so low
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King!
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf, —
(As both of you, God pardon it! have done,) —
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be farther spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No: yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say, —
Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more.

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And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! — or sink or swim,
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So honour cross it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: — O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fadom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend. —
Good cousin, give me audience for a while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners, —

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand!

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

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Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla — 'Mortimer'!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time, — what do ye call the place? —
A plague upon't — it is in Gloucestershire; —
'Twas where the madcap Duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York, — where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood! when you and he came back from Ravenspurg.
North. At Berkley castle.
Hot. You say true. —
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

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This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, — "when his infant fortune came to age,"
And, — "gentle Harry Percy," — and, "kind cousin," —
O, the Devil take such cozeners! — God forgive me! —
Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you. — My lord,
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The Archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is it not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it:
Upon my life, it will do wond'rous well.
North. Before the game's afoot, thou still lett'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot. —

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And then the power of Scotland, and of York, —
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd,

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he hath begun
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. — No farther go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our pow'rs at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu. — O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

Scene I. — Rochester. An Inn-Yard.

Enter a Carrier, *with a lanthorn in his hand.*

1 *Carrier.*

HEIGH ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' Wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ostler. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin the ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this is the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hang'd; come away.

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2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* ['Odsbody!] the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. — What, ostler! — A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. — Come, and be hang'd: — hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gadshill. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? — Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth 'a? — marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. — Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! Chamberlain!

Chamberlain. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as — at hand, quoth the Chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds

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current, that I told you yesternight; there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, — God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worshipp'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers; none of these mad-mustachio purple-hu'd malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great-oneyers; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will: Justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure: we have the receipt of fern-seed; we walk invisible.

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Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at some distance.*

Pointz. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Pointz! Pointz, and be hang'd! Pointz!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Pointz, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINTZ.

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire farther afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have

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forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd: it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. — Pointz! — Hal! — a plague upon you both! — Bardolph! — Peto! — I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot farther. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! — A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues: give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down: lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? ['Sblood!] I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou li'st: thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too, — I hate it.

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Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Pointz. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bardolph. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue: 'tis going to the King's Tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. —to be hang'd.

P. Hen. You four shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. ['Zounds!] will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. We'll leave that to the proof.

Pointz. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, [*aside to* POINTZ.] where are our disguises?

Pointz. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt* P. HENRY *and* POINTZ.

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Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Traveller.* Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike: down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves. Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith!

[*Here the* Thieves *rob and bind the* Travellers; *after which they all go out.*

Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ *return in buckram suits.*

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Pointz. Stand close; I hear them coming.

[*They retire.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and the rest.*

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Pointz be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring:

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there's no more valour in that Pointz, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money! [*Rushing out upon them.*

Pointz. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the* Prince *and* POINTZ *set upon them. They all run away,* (FALSTAFF *making a blow or two,*) *leaving the booty behind them.*

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Pointz. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.*

—"*But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*" — He could be contented, — why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house: — he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "*The purpose you undertake is dangerous,*" — Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends*

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you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." — Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him! let him tell the King: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord! why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

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Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, "Courage!—to the field!" And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Servant. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

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Well, I will back him straight: — O, *esperance!* —
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.
[*Exit* Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse,
My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprise; but if you go —

Hot. — So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away!
Away, you trifler! — Love? — I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. — Gods me, my horse! —
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? do ye not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

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I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch farther. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINTZ.

Pointz. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four-score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as — Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the

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King of courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me,) and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. — To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penny-worth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an underskinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than — "Eight shillings and sixpence," and — "You are welcome;" with this shrill addition, — "Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," — or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling — Francis! that his tale to me may be nothing but — anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent. [*Exit* POINTZ.

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Anon, anon, sir. — Look down into the Pomegarnet, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

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Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r Lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord! sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, — about Michaelmas next I shall be —

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. — Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me, — 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord! sir, I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis! No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis, —

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

Fran. O Lord! sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white can-

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vas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Pointz. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; he stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vintner. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRANCIS.] My lord, old Sir John with half a dozen more are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit* Vintner.] Pointz!

Enter POINTZ.

Pointz. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Pointz. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Enter* FRANCIS, *with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is — up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that

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kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, — "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou kill'd to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle." — I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Pointz. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Did'st thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou did'st, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack: die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the Earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

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P. Hen. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You, Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that? — and Pointz there?

Pointz. 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut

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through and through; my sword hack'd like a handsaw: *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! — Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs: how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen, —

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, —

Fal. And unbound the rest; and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murthered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, — if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: — here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me, —

P. Hen. What four? thou said'st but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Pointz. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly

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thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Pointz. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. [*Aside.*] Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of, —

P. Hen. [*Aside.*] So, two more already.

Fal. — their points being broken, —

Pointz. Down fell their hose.

Fal. — began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. [*Aside.*] O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back, and let drive at me; — for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou nott-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech, —

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

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Pointz. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh; —

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish, — O, for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck; —

P. Hen. Well, breathe a-while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Pointz. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four, and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. — Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. — Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house. — And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Pointz. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. [By the Lord,] I knew ye, as well as he

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that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, [by the Lord,] lads, I am glad you have the money. — Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content; — and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. O Jesu! My Lord the prince, —

P. Hen. How now, my Lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? — Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; [by'r Lady,] you fought fair; — so did you, Peto; — so did you, Bardolph: you

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are lions too; you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no; — fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest: how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No; if rightly taken, halter.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a blad-

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der. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the Devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook, — what, a plague, call you him? —

Pointz. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; — and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A-horseback, ye cuckoo! but, a-foot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there, too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stol'n away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot sun, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. — But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afear'd? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such

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enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. — This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a join'd-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. — Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the Father! how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain!

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— Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my [own] opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point — why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? — a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? — a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. — And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company; but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me, now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

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P. Hen. Do'st thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou do'st it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: — nay, I'll tickle thee for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why do'st thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree-ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend Vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou do'st.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than

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in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, — and, therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, — banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Bardolph.

Enter Bardolph, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the Sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Enter Hostess, *hastily.*

Host. O Jesu! my lord, my lord! —

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the Devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Do'st thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

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Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras: — the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the* Prince *and* POINTZ.

P. Hen. Call in the Sheriff.

Enter Sheriff *and* Carrier.

Now, Master Sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sheriff. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, Sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

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Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exeunt* Sheriff *and* Carrier.

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Pointz. Falstaff! — Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [POINTZ *searches.*] What hast thou found?

Pointz. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see, what be they. Read them.

Pointz. "*Item, A capon*, ... 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce, ... 4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, ... 5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, . 2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread, ... *ob.*"

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! — What there is else keep close: we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the Court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be pay'd back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Pointz.

Pointz. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. — Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

MORTIMER.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down? —
And, uncle Worcester. — A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glendower. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur, —
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you,
His cheeks look pale, and with a rising sigh
He wisheth you in Heaven.

Hot. And you in Hell as oft[en] as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him; at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth,
The frame and [huge] foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say, the Earth did shake when I was born.

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Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.
Glend. The heavens were all on fire; the Earth did tremble.
Hot. O, then the Earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.
Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, — that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, — clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, —
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me;
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.

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Mort. Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the Devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the Devil
By telling truth. 'Tell truth, and shame the Devil.' —
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come;
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scaped he agues, in the Devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By South and East is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: — and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

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And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. —
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave:
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall; it must: you see, it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent, as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

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Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land:
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you then:
Speak it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speak English, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen can'stick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care.
I'll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:

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I'll haste the writer, and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father.

Hot. I cannot choose; sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what, —
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devil's names
That were his lackeys: I cried, "humph," and "well," "go to,"
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humour: 'faith, he does.
I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

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Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shews greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter GLENDOWER, *with* Lady MORTIMER *and* Lady PERCY.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me:
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too; she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to* Lady MORTIMER *in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[Lady MORTIMER *speaks to* MORTIMER *in Welsh.*

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Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty
Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heav-
ens,
I am too perfect in: and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.
[Lady MORTIMER *speaks again.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[Lady MORTIMER *speaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay
you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the East.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her
sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so:
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here. Sit and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:

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Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the Devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he is so humorous.
By'r Lady he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical,
For you are altogether governed by humours.
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing
In Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither: 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now, God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*A Welsh song by Lady M.*

Hot. Come, [Kate,] I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! ['Heart!] you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. Not yours, 'in good sooth;' and, 'as true as I live;' and, 'as God shall mend me;' and, 'as sure as day:'
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths
As if thou never walk'dst farther than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good-mouth-filling oath; and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,

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To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Prince *of* Wales, *and* Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave. The Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. —
[*Exeunt* Lords.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou do'st, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,

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Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee! — yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is suppli'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically do fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,

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But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, 'This is he:'
Others would say, — 'Where? which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And wan by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burn'd; discarded state;
Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;

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But rather drowz'd and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State
Than thou the shadow of succession:
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,

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Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and court'sy at his frowns,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head;
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favour in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;

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And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperature:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!

Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth today,

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old. —
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth; and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence

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Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it. — Come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; dic'd not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money that I borrowed three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my

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life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, — but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn: I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be, By this fire, [that's God's angel]: but thou art altogether given over, and wert, indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years: God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood! I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen? have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John?

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Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, Hostess: Bardolph was shav'd, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman; go.

Host. Who, I? No. I defy thee: God's light! I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to; I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it: let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; ['Sblood!] an if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

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Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the* Prince, *playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well: he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here, behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not.

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the Deputy's wife of the Ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

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Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it: I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, Hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say 'tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the lion. Do'st thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break!

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P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Do'st thou hear, Hal? thou know'st in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified. — Still? — Nay, pr'ythee, begone. [*Exit* Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at Court: for the robbery, lad, — how is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. — The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

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P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief of the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels! they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. — [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Go, Pointz, to horse, to horse! for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. — [*Exit* POINTZ.] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall at two o'clock in the afternoon: there shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,
And either they or we must lower lie.

[*Exit* Prince.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! — Hostess, my breakfast; come. —

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

HOTSPUR.

WELL said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Douglas. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. —

Enter a Messenger, *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.

Messenger. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

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Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise:
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness —
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off: —
And yet, in faith, 'tis not: his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. — Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,

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The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. 'Faith, and so we should:
Where now remains a sweet reversion,
We may [thus] boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the off'ring side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use: —
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the Earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down. —
Yet all goes well: yet all our joints are whole.

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Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Vernon. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, Prince John.
Hot. No harm; what more?
Ver. And farther, I have learn'd,
The King himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff the world aside,
And bid it pass?
Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, — with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd, —
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,

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This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. — Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse. —
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

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Scene II.

A public Road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry: fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, Captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, Captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet. I have misus'd the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the Devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger broth-

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ers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old fac'd ancient; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: — nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stol'n from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? — My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all, to-night.

Fal. Tut! never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy

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theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him, then, advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

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Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well.
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow, in the battle,
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

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Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty.
But, to my charge. — The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty? If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind; and, well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And, when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,

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Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded farther; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.
In short time after he depos'd the King;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole State;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;

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Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the Court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray God you do!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop *of* York, *and* Sir MICHAEL.

Archbishop. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste, to the Lord Marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Michael. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men

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Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the King.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there's my Lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less; yet needful 'tis to fear:
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;
For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore, make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN *of* Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, *and* Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

KING HENRY.

HOW bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yond' bosky hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day.

K. Hen. Then, with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —

[*Trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel;
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times

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Wor. Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claim no farther than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we sware our aid; but, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune, show'ring on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages

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You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; — did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
(This present enterprise set off his head,)
I do not think a braver gentleman,

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More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty:
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee.
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. — No, good Worcester, no;
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man,
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do; but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone.
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* King, BLUNT, *and* Prince JOHN.

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Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou ow'st God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter: honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, 'honour'? Air. A trim reckoning. — Who hath it? He that di'd o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Rebel Camp.

Enter Worcester *and* Vernon.

Wor. O, no; my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King should keep his word in loving us;

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He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege, —
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS; Officers *and* Soldiers, *behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd: — Deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland. — Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,

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Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath today
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you;
And — which became him like a prince indeed —
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world, —
If he outlive the envy of this day,

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England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.
Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
[Up]on his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy. —
Arm, arm, with speed! — And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now. —
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, — the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking. Only this, —
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose worthy temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal

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In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, — *Esperance!* — Percy! — and set on! —
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, Heaven to Earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

Scene III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas *and* Blunt, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in [the] battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas:
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and* Blunt *is slain.*

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Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate. — Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt: — there's honour for you; here's no vanity. — I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. — I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

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Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. — Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, [before God,] Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city.

[*The* Prince *draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Hen. What! is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

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SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much. —
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I [do] beseech your Majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so. — My Lord of Westmoreland,
Lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And Heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long. — Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt* Prince JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. By God thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

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P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: — what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The King himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight: the* King *being in danger, enter* P. HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay. —
[*They fight:* DOUGLAS *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your Grace? —
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,

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And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O God! they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit* King HENRY.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fight.*

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Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! — Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS: *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh: —
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. — No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for — [*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart! —
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a shew of zeal: —
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven:
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,

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But not remember'd in thy epitaph! —
[*He sees* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray. —
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion: in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? [By my faith,] I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Enter Prince HENRY *and* Prince JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

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P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and bleeding
On the ground. —
Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears.
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain: I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? — Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! — I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, ['zounds!] I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. —
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do the grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
[*A retreat is sounded.*
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

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Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt* Prince Henry *and* Prince John.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great again, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*

Scene V.

Another Part of the Field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John, Westmoreland, *and others, with* Worcester *and* Vernon, *prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. —
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon. —

[*Exeunt* Worcester *and* Vernon, *guarded.*

How goes the field?

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P. Hen. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains, — that we divide our power. —
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 281. "—— the thirsty *entrance* of this soil": — This passage has given much trouble to the editors and critics, who perpetrate three pages of comment and conjecture upon it, in the *Variorum* edition. But the line, "Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk," (Third Part of *Henry VI.* Act II. Sc. 3,) and the verse "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand," (*Genesis* iv. 11,) quoted by Malone, furnish the only explanation which the passage requires, if, indeed, it require any.

p. 282. "*And* a thousand," &c.: — The quartos omit the conjunction.

p. 283. "This match'd with other *like*," &c.: — The quartos of 1598 and 1599 read "other *did*."

" "*Far* more uneven": — The first four quartos read, "*For* more," &c. As either word is appropriate, that given in the authentic edition is retained.

" "—— the gallant *Hotspur* there": — Holinshed says, "This Harry Percy was surnamed for his often pricking Henry Hotspur, as one that seldom times rested if there were anie service to be done abroad." The brave Archibald, mentioned in the next line, was Archibald Douglas, Earl of that ilk.

" "*Balk'd* in their own blood": — A 'balk' is defined by many old authorities as a mound, hillock, or heap, and therefore the text must stand. But the expression is not

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particularly happy or natural, and Shakespeare probably wrote either 'bath'd,' or, more probably, 'bark'd' — an expressive word still used in the rural districts of England, and very appropriate here. See *Guy Mannering*, Chap. xiii., "the best way's to let the blood barken upon the wound." P. 202, Ed. 1857.

p. 283. "*In faith it is*," &c.: — By a palpable mistake in the old copies, this speech is made a part of the King's.

" "—— *of* so blest a son": — The quartos of 1598 and 1599 have "*to* so blest," &c.

p. 284. "—— *the prisoners . . . to his own use he keeps*": — It appears that *Hotspur* was quite right in keeping all the prisoners but the Earl of Fife. For, as Tollet remarks, "By the law of arms every man who had taken a captive whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns had him clearly for himself, to acquit or ransom at pleasure." According to Camden, Pounony Castle in Scotland was built with *Hotspur's* own ransom; he having been taken prisoner at the battle of Otterbourne. The Earl of Fife, being nephew to King Robert III. of Scotland, and so of the blood royal, *Percy* could not deny him to *Henry*.

" "*Mordake Earl of Fife*": — This person was not son to beaten Douglas. Holinshed, in the passage which Shakespeare followed, speaks of "Mordacke earl of Fife, son to the gouvernour, Archembald earle Douglas," &c. But, as Steevens pointed out, the omission of a comma after "gouvernour" in the old copy caused Shakespeare to consider Douglas and the governor the same person. In consequence also of a mistake of the same author in his English Chronicles, the Earl of Fife and Menteith appears in the text as two individuals.

Scene II.

p. 285. "*An Apartment of Prince Henry's*": — There is no direction as to the locality of this Scene in the old copies, and the text gives no hint upon the subject. This judicious direction was supplied by Theobald in 1738, but was displaced by Malone in 1790 for "*Another Apartment in the Palace*:" — why, it is difficult to conjecture; for it is very clear both that King *Henry* would not allow *Falstaff* and *Pointz* to be about the palace, and that the Prince dare not bring his roystering companions there in violation of his royal father's wishes. The Scene is plainly laid in some haunt out of palace bounds.

" "—— which thou *wouldest* truly know": — So the original and below, "should*est*" and throughout this

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Scene *shold* and *wold*. Modern editions, hitherto, *wouldst* and *shouldst*. See the Note on "I'd not do it," *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 387.

p. 285. "—— *the seven stars*":—The folio accidentally omits "the." The moon and the seven stars, i. e., planets, was a well-known symbol in Shakespeare's time, and was used as a sign for inns.

" "—— Phœbus he *that wandering knight so fair*":—Steevens conjectured that this is an allusion to *El Donzel del Febo*, i. e., the knight of the sun, in a Spanish romance translated into English by Margaret Tyler in 1585, under the title of *The Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood*.

" "—— be called *thieves of the day's beauty*":—Much has been written in explanation of this speech. Malone correctly supposed that there was a pun upon 'beauty' and 'booty,' which, he says, in the western counties of England are pronounced nearly in the same manner; and Theobald had previously given the latter word a place in the text. But the point of the passage, which depends upon the relation (both of sound and idea) between "the night's body" and "the day's beauty," seems, hitherto, to have escaped all commentators, from their failure to observe that here at least, and, I believe, quite generally in Shakespeare's day, 'body' and 'beauty' were in their vowel sounds pronounced alike,—both of them having in the first syllable the pure or name sound of *o*, and 'booty' having also that sound. To preserve the French pronunciation, in words derived from that language, seems to have been a common affectation between two and three hundred years ago; (See the Note on "as well as Pauls," Act II. Sc. 4;) while, as has been before remarked in these Notes, the vowels in English words had their name sound oftener then than they now have.

p. 286. "—— *my old lad of the castle*":—See the Introduction to this Play as to the value of this speech in showing that *Falstaff* was originally called *Sir John Oldcastle*. The folio omits 'of Hybla;' accidentally without a doubt. The words are found in all the earlier editions. I remember, however, having heard my grandfather suggest that perhaps the omission was intentional, and that we might read "as the honey, my old lad, of the castle," meaning of an inn called the Castle. I do not know whether this not very happy conjecture was original with him.

" "And is not a *buff jerkin a most sweet robe of aurance?*"—A buff jerkin (See *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. Sc. 2.) was

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the dress of a sergeant or bailiff whose office it was to make arrests; and the *Prince* thus alludes to the possible consequences of *Falstaff's* indebtedness to *Mistress Quickly*, upon which subject the fat knight may have supposed that his royal companion had been kept in ignorance.

p. 286. "—— that were it *not* here apparent": — The folio omits 'not.'

p. 287. "—— *as melancholy as a gib-cat . . . a Lincolnshire bagpipe . . . a hare . . . Moor-ditch*": — In Ray's Proverbs, 1672, we have "as melancholy as a *gibd* cat." 'Gib' seems to have been a common name for a male cat; but why should a male cat be melancholy? I surmise that 'gib' or 'gibd' is a corruption of 'glib'd;' 'glib' meaning to castrate, (See Notes on *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 390,) and the loss of spirit. It is impossible to believe that the drone of any one bagpipe could be more melancholy than that of any other; but the Lincolnshire folk seem to have especially affected the bagpipe of old. The hare was thought to be a melancholy beast by our ancestors: why, does not appear. Moor-ditch was full of stagnant water, and according to Stowe "seperated Bedlam Hospital from the fields."

" "—— *for wisdom cries* out," &c.: — This quotation from *Proverbs*, Chap. i. 20–24, was omitted from the folio, doubtless to satisfy the Puritans. Many of the expletives used by *Falstaff* and other personages are also not to be found in the folio. They have been restored, as in *Falstaff's* two following speeches, within brackets, and without remark.

" "—— much harm *unto* me": — The quarto of 1598 has "*upon* me."

p. 288. ["*Sees* POINTZ *approaching*": — The compositor, in putting this passage in type for the old quarto, mistook *Falstaff's* exclamation "Pointz," for a prefix to a speech by that character, (who plainly enters about this time,) and so printed it, with "*Enter* POINES" before it. The mistake was allowed to remain uncorrected in the folio; although the stage direction was omitted. The speech, however, is plainly *Falstaff's*, and *Pointz* does not come on the stage until just as the *Prince* greets him.

" "—— have *set a match*": — The folio has the very easy misprint "Set a *watch*." To set a match, as Farmer showed, meant to make an appointment; and, as it appears by the conversation between *Gadshill* and the

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Chamberlain, (Act II. Sc. 1,) the former had set a match.

p. 288. "—— how *agrees* the Devil *and thee*": — i. e., as if, 'how agrees the Devil *with* thee?'

p. 289. "—— at *Gadshill*": — Gadshill was a place on the road to Rochester in Kent, a few hours' ride from London. It was notorious for robberies.

" "Hear ye, *Yedward*": — A familiar corruption of Edward, says Mr. Dyce, and still retained in Cheshire and Lancashire.

" "—— thou cam'st not of the *blood royal*," &c.: — The coin called a 'royal' was ten shillings in value.

p. 290. "—— *thou latter Spring*": — *Falstaff* has just been mimicking the Puritan cant, and the *Prince* replies to him in the same strain. 'Latter Spring' was a favorite phrase with them. "All hallown Summer" is a burlesque of "latter Spring," as All hallows or All Saints day is the first of November. The old copies have "*the* latter Spring" 'yᵘ' having been mistaken for 'yᵉ.'

" "Falstaff, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and Gadshill": — The old copies have "Falstaff, *Harvey*, *Rossill*, and Gadshill; the names of actors having doubtless been given instead of those of the characters which they assumed, as Theobald first suggested.

" "—— *for the nonce*": — i. e., plainly enough, for the once, for the occasion; in Anglo-Saxon, *for than anes*. Much needless comment has been made upon the phrase, which, however, is noteworthy as an indication of the manner in which 'one' was pronounced, and which, oddly enough, is the only point in regard to it that has been hitherto unnoticed. For the *n* is introduced, in this and similar cases, to prevent the elision of a vowel; and such an elision could not take place if the pronunciation were 'for the *wonce*:' it was plainly 'for the *owns*,' and thus the *n* was introduced to supply the place which now-a-days is filled by a potential *w*. This is the more apparent from the passage in Jonson's works, which is the subject of Gifford's comment upon the phrase, where the rhyme, as in countless other cases, requires the open *o*.

> "Yet fright all aches from your *bones*?
> Here's a med'cine, for the *nones*."
>
> *Volpone*, Act II. Sc. 2.

Another relic of this by-gone pronunciation is found in the old phonetic spelling of the contracted form of 'the one,' which, representing the common speech, was not *twun*, but *tone*, or *toon*. See the Notes on "my gloves

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are on," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 1, and "o' the to side," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 1; and Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrimage*, Prol., lines 381 and 547.

SCENE III.

p. 292. "The moody *frontier*," &c.: — i. e., the moody fronting or confronting; which it would seem unnecessary to remark, were it not for the various and confusing attempts to show that there is something to explain.

p. 293. "*Either envy*," &c.: — Thus the quartos. The folio unaccountably garbles the line thus: "Who either through envy or misprision," to the entire destruction of sense and rhythm.

" "*A pouncet box*": — So called from being pierced with holes: — from *poinsoner*.

" "—— *bare* dead bodies by": — So the original; this form of the preterite being characteristic of the period; and yet all modern editions hitherto have 'bore.'

"*To be so pestered*," &c.: — Edwards and Dr. Johnson, independently and with great plausibility, proposed to transpose this line and the next, and to read, —

"I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answered," &c.

But it is in the manner of Shakespeare's time to enumerate together the causes which severally produced *Hotspur's* grief and impatience, and to use 'to be so pestered' as we would use 'and being so pestered.' Here 'impatience' is a quadrisyllable.

p. 294. "*His brother-in-law*," &c.: — *Mortimer* was nephew, not brother, to *Lady Percy*, as Steevens pointed out, and as Shakespeare himself seems to have known, by his making the Earl call the lady 'aunt' in Act III. Sc. 1. The mistake was caused by the fact that there were two Mortimers taken prisoners by *Glendower*, the one nephew, the other brother, to *Lady Percy*.

p. 296. "*Although it be with* hazard," &c.: — The quartos poorly have, "*Albeit I make a* hazard," &c. In *Hotspur's* next speech the folio has 'yes' for 'zounds' of the quartos.

" "In his *behalf*": — The quartos, "*Yea on* his *part*."

" "—— the down-*fall'n* Mortimer": — The quartos, "the down-*trod* Mortimer."

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p. 296. "—— *the next of blood*": — This declaration was made in regard to Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, the father of this Edmund Mortimer. It was correct in regard to the first, and of course as to the second; the father of Roger having married Philippa, daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III. It was through the Mortimers that the House of York derived its unquestionable right to the throne.

p. 297. "[*Edmund*] Mortimer": — The folio omits Edmund; accidentally, without a doubt.

" "O pardon, *if* that I descend," &c.: — So the folio even to the punctuation: the quartos, "O pardon *me*, that I," &c.

" "—— this *canker*": — A dog rose. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 3, p. 240.

" "Your *banish'd* honours": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, somewhat plausibly, "*tarnish'd* honours;" but the context shows that the original text gives the correct reading.

p. 298. "*And list to me*": — These appropriate and impressive words, which are found in the authentic folio, are omitted in all modern editions but Mr. Knight's, because they are not found in the unauthentic quartos.

p. 299. "Why, what a *wasp-stung* and impatient fool": — This, the reading of the first quarto, seems to me the true one. The later editions, instead of 'wasp-stung,' give "wasp-*tongue*" and "wasp-*tongu'd*." It is needless to point out the particular parts of Hotspur's conduct in this Scene which justify his father's likening him to one stung by a wasp; and he himself in his reply says that he is "whipped and scourged," "nettled and stung." It is difficult to discriminate in speech between 'wasp-stung' and 'wasp-tongue,' and they might easily be mistaken for each other in MS. Believing that such a confusion or mistake led to the introduction of the latter reading, I have adopted the reading of the first quarto, in preference to that of the folio, "wasp-*tongue*."

" "*Why, what a candy deal of courtesy*," &c.: — See the interview of *Hotspur* and *Bolingbroke*, *King Richard the Second*, Act II. Sc. 3.

p. 300. "I have done, *i' faith*": — The folio has "*in sooth*;" but *Hotspur's* tasking of *Lady Percy* for using this asseveration (Act III. Sc. 1) shows that here we have another of the alterations made to please the Puritans.

p. 301. "—— and *Lord* Mortimer": — The folio has "*loe* Mortimer," copying the error of the quarto of 1613 and

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the preceding quartos, except that of 1598, which has "*Lo:* Mortimer," — 'Lo.' being a common abbreviation of 'Lord.' It was however mistaken for the exclamation by the compositor who put the passage in type for the quarto of 1599.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

p. 302. "*Charles' wain*": — Few readers of Shakespeare, if any, need be told that this is a name of the constellation of the Great Bear. It is a corruption of '*churl's* wain,' i. e., the rustic's wain.

" "—— *Cut's* saddle": — 'Cut' was a common name for a horse.

" "—— *out of all cess*": — "From a cess, tax, or subsidy," says Warburton, "which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be out of all cess."

" "—— *as dank as a dog*": — It is hardly necessary to remark that the carrier compares the dank beans to a dog, only as his betters then compared, and now compare, many other things to dogs, devils, and what not.

" "—— Robin *the* Ostler": — So the folio: the quarto, "Robin Ostler." Either reading may be that of Shakespeare's MS.

" "—— this *is* the most villainous house": — So the folio, in accordance with the carrier's phraseology elsewhere: the quarto of 1598, "this *be*," &c.; that of 1613 and others, "this *to be*," &c.

" "—— *stung like a tench*": — Various kinds of fresh water fish are at certain seasons infested with parasitic vermin. This remark applies also to the comparison in this carrier's next speech; but it may be, as Mason suggested, that the likeness there intended is merely that to the fecundity of the loach; and finally, see the third Note above.

" "Why, *they* will allow us," &c.: — The quarto of 1613 misprinted "*you* will," &c., and the folio perpetuated the error.

p. 303. "—— two *razes* of ginger": — A raze of ginger, according to Theobald, was a package, and must be distinguished from a race, which was merely a root. See *Hacluyt*, Vol. III. p. 493.

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p. 303. *Charing Cross*, the site of which is now in mid-London, was erected by Richard and Roger de Arundale in 1291–4, on a spot in a little village, where the body of Eleanor, Queen to Edward I., last rested on its way to Westminster for burial. It was destroyed by the iconoclastic fury of the Puritans in 1643. The origin of the name is not certain. It is traditionally said to be a corruption of *chère reine*. Some suppose it to be derived from the village; but it is not certain that the village did not derive its name from the cross.

" "*At hand, quoth pick-purse*": — An old proverbial phrase. In the old copies there is a direction here for the entrance of the Chamberlain; but it is plainly a mere copy of a prompter's premonition.

p. 304. "—— there's *a franklin*": — A franklin was in rank between a yeoman and an esquire. They were generally of Saxon descent. But Scott's *Cedric* in *Ivanhoe* has made any comment upon the title superfluous. Whoever has read that most splendid of all romances need not be told how able a franklin of the time of *Henry IV.* might be to bring from the wild of Kent three hundred marks (equal to about three thousand dollars now) in gold, without being "a kind of auditor."

" "—— *Saint Nicholas' clerks*": — This was a cant name of old for highwaymen; why, no one, I believe, has been able to discover.

" "—— other *Trojans*": — 'Trojan' was used of old, as it is now, as a sort of slang epithet of very wide application.

" "—— burgomasters and *great-oneyers*": — There has been much comment on this passage; but 'great-oneyers' is the companion word to 'tranquillity,' and is doubtless, as Johnson suggested, a mere burlesque variation of great-ones. But 'one' being pronounced *own*, (See Note on "for the nonce," Act I. Sc. 2, p. 389, of this play,) there is a punning pertinence in the word not hitherto remarked. Theobald read '*moneyers*,' Hanmer, '*owners*,' and Capell, '*mynheers*.'

" "—— Justice *hath liquor'd her*": — Rubbing boots with oil or grease to "hold out water in a foul way," was called liquoring them.

" "—— we have the receipt of *fern seed*," &c.: — Anciently fern seed was supposed to be invisible, and to make those who carried it invisible also.

p. 305. "—— a share in our *purchase*": — i. e., a share in our thieving enterprise, our robbery. "Filchings, [privie

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thefts,] open robberies, taking away by force, stealing of things consecrated, pilling of anie common stock, man stealing, cattel stealing, or an indirect purchase of [wrongful comings by] a thing, are all alike forbidden by that commandment, Thou shalt not steal." *Janua Linguarum*, Chap. 88. The folio has the easy misprint, "our *purpose*."

SCENE II.

p. 305. "—— like *gumm'd velvet*": — Velvet that was dressed with gum in the manufacture fretted out by reason of its stiffness.

" "*Where's* Pointz": — The folio misprints "*What* Poines." It should be observed that this name is spelled indifferently *Pointz* and *Poines* in the old copies. The former seems to be the orthography of the name, the latter to represent colloquial pronunciation.

p. 306. "If the rascal have not *given me medicines*," &c.: — An allusion, it is hardly necessary to remark, to love philters; faith in which had not entirely gone out in Shakespeare's day.

" "—— a plague *light* upon you": — The quartos omit 'light,' and just above read "as good a deed *as drink*."

" "—— to *colt* me thus": — 'Colt' is an old cant equivalent for 'cheat.'

" "—— on *you* all": — 'You' is accidentally omitted in the folio.

p. 307. "*Enter Bardolph — What news?*" — The old copies have no direction for the entrance of *Bardolph*, and *Pointz's* speech is printed, "O 'tis our setter, I know his voyce: *Bardol.* what newes?" and *Bardolph* replies, "Case ye, case ye," &c. Plainly this is an error, and '*Bardol.*' is a prefix of *Bardolph's* speech; for *Pointz* knew *Gadshill* to be the setter, and could not address him as *Bardolph*. Nor should *Bardolph* enter with *Gadshill;* for the former was posted at a distance. Dr. Johnson first made the necessary correction.

" "*You four*," &c.: — The quartos have "*Sirs*, you four," &c.

" "But how many be *there* of them," &c.: — So the first quarto, with obvious correctness; the second, "how many be *they?*" &c.; and the folio, "how many be of them?"

" "*We'll* leave that," &c.: — So the folio: the quartos

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of 1598 and 1599, "*Well, we* leave," &c.; that of 1613, "*Well, weele* leave," &c.

p. 308. "—— *gorbellied* knaves . . . fat *chuffs*": — The exact meaning of 'gorbellied' is not known. In the Craven dialect 'gor' means rotten; and in Derbyshire 'gorrel-bellied' means pot-bellied. In an old drinking song, *Sack for my money*, of the time of James I., are these lines: —

> "But if you're drunk, your wits are sunk
> and gorrill'd guts will quarrel."

'Chuff' means chops, and was a general term of contempt. *Falstaff's* exclamation, "You are *grand jurors*, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith!" seems to be based on an intended whimsical misunderstanding of "we *and ours*" in the Traveller's outcry; — 'ours' having probably been pronounced *oors* in Shakespeare's day.

p. 309. "*Got with much ease*," &c.: — This speech, which is plainly verse, is printed as prose in the old copies.

SCENE III.

" "*Enter Hotspur, reading a letter*": — This letter, according to a MS. note of Edwards, author of the *Canons of Criticism*, was from George Dunbar, Earl of March in Scotland.

p. 310. "'*Zounds! an* I were," &c.: — The folio only reads "*By this hand, if* I were," &c. — a concession to the Puritanic feeling on the part of the Master of the Revels or the player editors.

" "How now, *Kate*": — An error: *Lady Percy's* name was Elizabeth. Shakespeare shows a strong predilection for this fine name, Kate.

p. 311. "In *thy* faint slumbers": — So the quartos of 1598 and 1599. The later quartos and the folio have "*my* faint slumbers" — a palpable error, resulting from the recurrence of 'my' in the previous lines.

" "—— *of* trenches, tents": — The later quartos omit 'of;' an error which the folio fails to correct.

" "Of palisadoes, *frontiers* . . . *basilisks*": — A frontier appears to have been some advanced outwork of a fortification. Harrison, in his *Description of England*, 1587, quoted by Mr. Knight, informs us that a basilisk was a piece of ordnance weighing nine thousand pounds, and carrying a ball of sixty pounds weight, and that a culverin weighed four thousand pounds, and carried an eighteen pound ball. Douce says that the basilisk car-

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ried a two hundred pound ball, and the figures in Harrison are probably a misprint; for the same sized ball is assigned by that work to the cannon which weighed only seven thousand pounds; and we know from Coryat's *Crudities* that a basilisk would sometimes admit the body of a very corpulent man.

p. 311. "—— the *current* of a heady fight": — So the quartos of 1608 and 1613. The folio gives the plural form, which I cannot but consider to be the result of that carelessness in the addition of the final *s*, frequently alluded to elsewhere in these Notes. But some editors print ''currents,' as if for 'oc-currents!'

" "That beads of sweat *have* stood": — The folio reads "*hath* stood," the compositor having made the verb agree with the immediately antecedent substantive — a mistake common enough among printers and writers now-a-days.

" "—— great sudden *hest*": — Thus the quarto of 1598. The other old editions have the easy misprint "sudden *hast*."

p. 312. "—— O *esperance*": — *Esperance* is the motto of the Northumberland Percies.

" "*Out, you mad-headed ape*": — This speech and one or two other passages in this Scene are mistakenly printed as prose in the old copies.

" "—— to. *line* his enterprise": — i. e., to strengthen, sustain his enterprise. See Note on "line his sin-bestained cloak." *King John*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

" "*Directly* unto this question *that I ask*": — So the quarto of 1598. The quarto of 1599 has "that I *shall* aske," in which it is followed by subsequent editions, the passage being printed as prose. That the word 'shall' is an accidental interpolation, appears from the fact that *Lady Percy* has already asked the question to which she entreats an answer. This reason, too, sustains the reading of the folio below, "if thou wilt not tell me true," instead of "*all things* true," as the quartos have it. *Hotspur's* wife had asked and wanted to know only one thing truly; and that was, what enterprise her husband was engaged in. This reading also obviates the necessity for making 'Away' a line by itself. I suspect that we should read, "*direct* unto this question," &c.

" "To play with *mammets*": — There is no doubt that 'mammet' was a name for a puppet or doll; but my own understanding of the passage, which I found to be

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sustained by the previous conjecture of Gifford, has always been that 'mammets' here means breasts, from *mamma;* and it seems that this signification is more appropriate to the context.

p. 312. "*Come, wilt thou see me ride?*" — This imperfect line Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 seeks to complete by reading, "Come *to the Park:* wilt thou see me ride?"

Scene IV.

p. 313. "*A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern*": — A boar's head appears to have been a favorite sign of old in London, as there are allusions to several taverns of that name in the literature of the Elizabethan period. Of the place which Shakespeare has celebrated, the earliest mention, according to Brayley's *Londiniana*, is in the will of a William Warden, who, in the time of Richard II., gave it "to a college of priests or chaplains founded by Sir William Walworth, Mayor of London." This house, which, according to Mr. Hunter, was kept by Thomas Wright, a Shrewsbury man, was burned down in the great fire of 1666; and one built upon its ruins near old London bridge was torn down in 1757, when the houses upon that venerable structure were removed. An oaken carving of a boar's head encircled by two large tusks, the whole being four inches in diameter, was recently dug from a mound in Whitechapel, London, traditionally said to have been formed of some of the rubbish of the great fire; and this relic is fondly believed by some Shakespearian devotees to have been an ornament of the old tavern. It is not absolutely impossible that it may have been so.

" "—— that *fat* room": — It does not appear why the *Prince* applies this epithet to the room. *Falstaff* was not in it, and this the *Prince* knew.

" "—— upon their *salvation*": — Thus the quartos: the folio, "their confidence;" a concession to the Puritans by the Master of the Revels. For the same reason the folio only omits "by the Lord, so they call me," below.

p. 314. "—— *a Corinthian*": — This word, unknown in America, was in the last generation, and may still be, used in England as a synonyme for a lad of mettle: witness Corinthian Tom in *Tom and Jerry*. The origin of this use of the phrase may perhaps be found in an allusion either to florid Corinthian architecture, to Corinthian brass, or to Corinthian morals, which were not of the strictest.

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p. 314. "—— *when you breathe in your watering*": — By a perhaps laudable, but certainly much overstrained, effort for delicacy, "breathe in your watering" is interpreted to mean to 'take breath in your drinking.' But in Shakespeare's day, as well as in Henry IV.'s, not much water was drunk, especially in taverns; and why should the drawers cry "hem!" in such a case, and commend the drinker to "play it off"? "Watering" evidently does not refer to the absorption of fluid, or "breathe" to the inspiration of air. The obvious signification of the passage seems the right one, and that which is most in keeping with the characters alluded to, particularly at the time of Shakespeare. In favor of the other interpretation we have the following quotation by Sir Walter Scott from Rowland's *Letting of Humour's Blood*, 1600.

> "Will is a right good fellow by this drink
> * * * * *
> Shall look into your water well enough
> And hath an eye that no man leaves a snuffe;
> A —— of piecemeal drinking, William sayes,
> Play it away, we'll have no stoppes and stayes."

" "—— an under-*skinker*": — 'Skinker,' from the A. S. *scænean*, a cup, meant a wine-server, cup-bearer, tapster; and so Prince Hal's under-skinker was, *Yankicè*, the gentlemanly assistant bar-keeper of that establishment.

" "—— and do *thou* never," &c.: — The quarto of 1613 omits "thou," and the folio fails to correct the error.

" "—— the *Pomegarnet*": — The old form of 'pomegranate.'

p. 315. "—— *nott-pated*, agate-ring, *puke-stocking*, *caddis garter*": — A nott head was a cropped or round head; puke is plainly the color we now call puce, a very dark, rich brown, the color of a flea — *puce*, (Fr.) flea; for 'caddis,' see Notes on *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3, p. 404.

" "—— your *brown bastard*": — Bastard was a sweet wine.

p. 317. "'*Rivo*,' says the drunkard": — 'Rivo' is a bacchanalian cry, the etymology and meaning of which are unknown. Mr. Collier suggests that it may be a corruption of *bibo*.

" "—— *nether-stocks*": — What we now call stockings.

" "—— pitiful-hearted *butter* that melted," &c.: — The allusion is to an old English saying, that a fat person in a heat looks 'like butter in the sun;' Titan being a

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mythological name of the sun. In the folio the passage is printed, "pitiful hearted *Titan* that melted at the sweet tale of the sunne," and so in the quartos, except "*sonnes*" for 'sunne' in that of 1594. Upon the passage in this form pages of fruitless comment have been expended; Warburton's suggestion, that 'pitiful hearted Titan' should be read in parenthesis, and the following 'that' be referred to 'butter' instead of 'Titan,' being the best. But 'bad is the best:' this is not the style of Shakespeare, or any other intelligible writer of English; and it seems quite certain that 'butter' and 'Titan,' both occurring in the previous clause of the sentence, the transcriber or compositor repeated the wrong word in the first quarto, and that his error was thoughtlessly perpetuated. Theobald first made the correction.

p. 317. "—— *a shotten herring*": — i. e., a herring that has cast its spawn.

" "—— I would I were *a weaver;* I could sing *psalms*," &c.: — Thus the quartos: the folio reads in the latter clause, "I could sing *all manner of songs*." This was doubtless another concession to the growing Puritanical influence of the day. The best comment upon this and similar passages is the title of the old Sternhold and Hopkins version of the Psalms. "The Whole Booke of Psalmes, collected into englishe meter by Thomas Sternh. Iohn Hopkins and others, conferred with the Hebrue, with apt Notes to sing them withall. Set forth and allowed to be song in all Churches, of all the people together before and after Morning and Evening prayer: as also before and after Sermons, & moreover in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all ungodly songs and ballades, which tend onely to the nourishing of vice and the corrupting of youth. James V. If any be afflicted let him pray, and if any be mery let him sing Psalmes." Since the days of Sternhold and Hopkins weavers have always been great psalm-singers.

" "—— a thousand pound *this morning*": — The quartos of 1598 and 1599 have, "this *day* morning," an expression used elsewhere once or twice by Shakespeare, and not uncommon in his time, though somewhat obsolete.

p. 319. "*We four set upon some dozen*": — There is some confusion in the prefixes here in the quartos; the *Prince's* previous speech being assigned to *Gadshill*, and this and *Gadshill's* two succeeding speeches to *Rossil*. (See the Notes on this play, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 290.) We do not know with certainty what part was assumed by the actor

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who bore this name. Mr. Collier assumes that it was *Bardolph*, and therefore assigns these speeches to him. But *Bardolph* was a man who never spoke when there were others to speak for him; and the folio is doubtless correct in giving these speeches to *Gadshill*, who was more talkative, and to whom had been committed the arrangement of the robbery. Just below the folio fails to correct the error of the later quartos in assigning the speech "*Pray God*," &c., to *Pointz* instead of the *Prince*.

p. 320. "—— *nott*-pated fool . . . *tallow keech*": — The old copies have "knotty pated fool;" but this is clearly an error of the copyist or compositor, as Douce pointed out. See the string of epithets which the *Prince* applies to *Falstaff* in his speech to the *Drawer*, in this Scene, p. 15: nott-pated means close shorn. A keech is that roll of the fat of an animal sometimes seen in butchers' shops prepared to be sent to the soap factory or fat-house.

p. 321. "—— the *strappado*": — "The strappado is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint; which punishment is better to be hanged than for a man to undergo." Holmes' *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, p. 310: *apud* Steevens. The victim was drawn up by a bandage passed around both wrists; his arms being turned behind him.

" "—— you *eel*-skin": — The old copies have "*elf*-skin." Hanmer corrected the easy and obvious error.

" "—— *and* bound them": — This phraseology was common in Shakespeare's day, although it does not run with the rest of the passage according to our stricter notions of construction. Pope read "*you* bound them," and has been very generally followed.

p. 322. "—— as will make him *a royal man*": — This could be done either by giving the *Hostess*' "noble-man" ten shillings, a royal, or by making him royally drunk.

p. 323. "—— *taken with the manner*": — "Maynour is when a theefe hath stollen and is followed with hue and crie, and taken having that found about him which he stole, that is called y^e^ maynour. And so we commonly use to saye, when wee finde one doing of an unlawfull acte, that we take him with the maynour, or manner." *Termes de la Ley*. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 448.

p. 324. "*That* same mad fellow": — The folio misprints "*The* same," &c.

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p. 324. "—— a *Welsh hook*": — This seems to have been a sort of union of the spear and the pruning hook, — something like a Lochaber axe or a bill; the hook, of course, making a cross with the handle and point.

" "—— a hot *sun*": — The quartos of 1598 and 1599 have "a hot *June*," and have been universally followed hitherto, without any reason given, or any that is sufficient existing, that I can discover.

p. 325. "—— for I must speak in *passion*": — Not in anger, but in grief; the word being used in its radical sense, suffering. He makes his "eyes look red" that he may seem to have wept. See below, "I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion;" and also the Note on "And others when the bagpipe sings," *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. Sc. 1. *King Cambyses* is a character in "A Lamentable Tragedy" of the same name, written by Thomas Preston, an elder contemporary of Shakespeare.

" "—— here is *my leg*": — To make a leg was to make a bow in a formal and deferential manner, — the legs being moved very much as ladies move theirs when they courtesy.

" "—— my *tristful* Queen": — The old copies have "*trustful*," which misprint was corrected by Rowe.

" "—— good *tickle-brain*": — There was a potation so called.

p. 326. "—— my [*own*] opinion": — The folio omits 'own,' accidentally without a doubt.

" "—— prove a *micher*," &c.: — "Moocher. A truant; 'a blackberry moucher' — a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries." Ackerman's *Wiltshire Glossary*.

" "—— he *deceiveth* me": — The folio has "deceives;" doubtless an accidental modernization by the compositor.

p. 327. "—— *a rabbit-sucker*": — A sucking rabbit. "I prefer an old coney to a rabbit-sucker." Lyly's *Endymion*: *apud* Steevens.

" "*'Sblood*": — Omitted in the folio: as before.

" "—— that roasted *Manning-tree ox*": — Manning-tree in Essex, England, is filled with grazing farms, and is famous for its cattle. There was an annual fair there, and on such occasions it was the custom to roast an ox whole.

" "—— that reverend *Vice*": — For a description of this character see the *Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage*, Vol. I.

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p. 328. "—— thou art essentially *mad*," &c.: — The old copies read "essentially *made*," which is palpably an error. *Falstaff*, endeavoring to play out the play, in spite of the interruption, attributes the *Prince's* undervaluation of himself — *Falstaff* — to madness.

p. 329. "—— and *a* good conscience": — The article is added to the old text in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 with manifest propriety.

" "*Exeunt all but the Prince and Pointz*": — There is no stage direction here in the old copies, and the quartos afterward make the *Prince* converse with *Peto* and bid him good morrow by name; the folio following them. Mr. Collier alone adopts this arrangement; but that it is erroneous appears from the fact, that *Pointz* is always the companion of the *Prince*, that *Peto* and *Bardolph* are brought in contact with him only about the robbery, and when in his company are never familiar with him, and that the *Prince*, on parting with his companion, bids him "be with me betimes in the morning," a request which he never would have made of *Peto*. The mistake doubtless arose from the use of *P.* only in the MS. first used.

p. 330. "—— as well as *Paul's*": — Here and in numberless instances in these and contemporary writings this word is spelled *Powles*, showing the pronunciation of the word and of *au* in other instances. See the Note on "thieves of the day's beauty," Act I. Sc. 2.

' "*Item, Bread . . . ob.*: — A halfpenny was of old indicated by *ob.* for *obolum*.

" "—— *a march of twelve score*": — i. e., of twelve score yards, that having been a commonly mentioned distance, as it was the usual length of the shot in archery matches. This led the compositor of this passage, in the quarto of 1608, to print 'match' for 'march,' which error was copied in the subsequent old impressions.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 331. "*Glendower*": — The name of this personage was Owen ap Griffith Vaughan; he took that of Glendower from the manor of Glendourdwy, of which he was lord. He claimed the principality of Wales, and was crowned Prince in 1402. Once a formidable adversary of the House of Lancaster, he died in great distress in 1415.

" "—— as *often*] as he hears": — The old copies have "as *oft* as," &c. The correction is Mr. Dyce's.

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p. 331. "—— and [*huge*] foundation": — 'Huge,' necessary to the rhythm, is found only in the quarto of 1598, from which, doubtless, it was transferred to his margins by the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, who appears to have consulted the first two quartos freely in this play.

p. 332. "—— the old *beldame* earth": — The prefix *bel*, meaning ancient, far removed, or venerable, was in common use of old, it having been adopted from the French. "They shew the graven and peyncted armes of theyr auncestours; they speak of theyr graundfathers, great graundfathers, bel-graundfathers and great bel-graundfathers, whereas they themselves stand like blockes, in a manner less worth than those peincted signes which they glorie in." *The Praise of Folie*, Englished by Sir Thomas Chaloner. 1549. Sig. I. 'Beldame' is the only remnant of this usage. It probably meant originally 'mother-in-law,' (Fr. *beau-père* = father-in-law, *belle-mère* = mother-in-law,) and hence the opprobrium which it finally came to convey.

p. 333. "How *scap'd* he agues": — The old copies read "*scapes*." The needful correction is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 334. "—— a monstrous *cantle* out": — A cantle is an obsolete word for a piece, portion, or parcel, meaning originally a corner. According to Lort, "a cant [i. e., a wedge,] of cheese" was in use in Pembrokeshire at the beginning of the present century.

p. 335. "*And then he runs*," &c.: — This line is not a defective verse: it is not verse at all. I believe that it is a corruption of "And then he run*neth* straight and even*ly*."

" "*A virtue that was never seen in you*": — *Hotspur* not only despised poetry and the graces of elocution, but seems to have had an impediment of some kind in his speech. See Part II. Act II. Sc. 3, "And speaking thick," &c.

" "—— a brazen *can'stick*": — The folio only has "*candlestick*" — in my judgment an accidental or presuming modernization of the printing office. The contracted form was commonly used.

p. 336. "—— the *moldwarp*": — The mole was so called. There is here an allusion to an old prophecy mentioned in Holinshed, in which Henry IV. is spoken of as the moldewarpe, and Mortimer, Glendower, and Percy, as the dragon, the lion, and the wolf.

" "—— the *dreamer Merlin*": — Ambrose Merlin, who lived in England in the fifth century, left behind him a reputation as a magician and prophet which grew with

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advancing years, until it was dissipated by the diffusion of knowledge. A History of Merlin and his Prophecies, written by Robert Borron, was published at Paris as long ago as 1498; but that was a thousand years after the period in which he is supposed to have flourished.

p. 336. "—— he *is* a worthy gentleman": — The folio, repeating the error of the later quartos, has "he *was*," &c.; and in the next line "*exceeding*" for exceedingly.

p. 337. "—— you are *too wilful blame*": — No one hesitates about the meaning of this passage; and yet almost all the editors have thrown doubt upon it. Johnson read "too wilful *bent*," and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "my *wilful* lord, you are to blame." Surely they must all have forgotten "The Dolphin is too wilful opposite," *King John*, Act V. Sc. 2.

" "Here come *our* wives": — The folio misprints "*your* wives."

" "—— a *peevish, self-will'd harlotry*": — The same phrase is applied to *Juliet* by her father, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV. Sc. 2. It was used with as little meaning of reproach in Elizabeth's time as 'slut' was in Queen Anne's, or as Lady Percy implies, in calling her restive husband 'thief' in the latter part of the present Scene.

p. 338. "—— these *swelling heavens*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "these *welling* heavens" — a pretty and plausible conjecture. Marlowe has a thought similar to Shakespeare's which may be quoted in support of the original reading.

> "Now are those *spheres* where Cupid used to sit
> Wounding the world," &c.
> *Tamburlaine*, Act II. Sc. 4, Vol. I. p. 152, Ed. Dyce.

" "With ravishing *division*": — 'Division' was the word used to express a series of rapid notes, sometimes extending through several bars, and generally, if not always, sung to a single syllable.

" "—— on the *wanton rushes*": — Rushes were strewn upon the floors of great houses. Why they are here called wanton, does not clearly appear, and has not been explained. The word is probably used in the sense of 'luxurious.'

" "—— *our book*": — Any formal writing was called a book.

p. 339. "——'tis a *woman's fault*": — i. e., to refuse either to listen or to hold her tongue.

" "Not *yours*": — The old copies read, "Not *you*."

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The needful correction was strangely left to be discovered in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 339. "—— farther than *Finsbury*": — Finsbury was in the heart of London, even in Shakespeare's time. It was originally a manor, and it is in virtue of a lease of this manor from Robert de Baildok in 1315 that the Mayor of London receives the title of Lord Mayor. He is Mayor of London and Lord of the Manor of Finsbury.

p. 340. "To *velvet guards*": — i. e., velvet trimming, which was much worn by the wives of the London tradesmen.

SCENE II.

p. 341. "*Thy place in council*," &c.: — "The Prince's removal from council," says Malone, "in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury, (1403.) His brother, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, was appointed President of the Council in his room; and he was not created a duke until the 13th year of King Henry IV., (1411.)"

" "Prophetically *do* forethink": — So the folio and the quartos. "The soul of every man" is considered as a plural nominative. There are too many instances of this construction in our earlier literature for it to be the result of carelessness or accident.

p. 342. "—— and rash *bavin wits*": — A bavin was a fagot made of underbrush.

"—— *discarded* state": — The old copies have, "*carded his* state," upon which text much fruitless exegetical labor has been expended; it being impossible to extort any semblance of sense from the passage. The manner in which the corruption occurred is easily comprehensible to any person familiar with the accidents to which standing matter is liable in the printing office: 'dis' was at first separated from 'carded,' so that the passage stood, 'carded dis state;' and then the *d* was changed to *h* in the correction of a supposed literal error. The restoration is one of the happiest that we owe to Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— with *cap'ring* fools": — The quarto of 1598 has "*capring;*" but in the printing of the next quarto edition the *p* and the *r* having been accidentally transposed, it and all the subsequent old editions have "*carping.*" 'Scorns' in the next line does not sustain the latter word; for however the fools might carp, *they* would not carp at or hold up to scorn their royal patron. His name was profaned with the scorn which attached to theirs.

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p. 343. "—— *use to their adversaries*": — The two later quartos and the folio misprint "use *to do* their adversaries."

" "—— *no more in debt to years*": — A chronological error. *Hotspur* was twenty years older than *Prince Henry*.

p. 344. "*Capitulate* against us": — i. e., draw up the heads of articles against us; the radical sense of the word.

" "—— and stain my *favour*": — i. e., my face. The old copies misprint "*favours*."

p. 345. "The which if *I perform and do survive*": — All the quartos read, "The which if *he be pleas'd I shall perform*," and have hitherto most strangely been followed by all modern editors, in most cases without remark, one merely copying the other. But Mr. Collier (and Mr. Singer after him) says, "The change [from the quartos] was considered necessary in consequence of the substitution of *heaven* for 'God' in the preceding line." But no such necessity existed; for 'he,' in the quarto line, might as well have referred to 'heaven' as to 'God.' It does so in numerous instances in these plays and in contemporary literature. (See "For as we under Heaven," &c., "so under him," &c., *King John*, Act III. Sc. 1.) The reading of the folio is fully sustained, if not made imperative, by the alternative clause of the sentence, three lines below, where *Prince Henry* says, "If not, *the end of life* cancels all bonds."

" "*Lord Mortimer of Scotland*": — There was no such lord. But, as Steevens pointed out, there was an Earl of March in Scotland, who supported Henry IV., and also an Earl of March in England. The family name of the latter was Mortimer, and hence Shakespeare's mistake. The Scottish Earl of March was George Dunbar.

SCENE III.

p. 346. "—— in some *liking*": — So, "the Lover looseth the fulnesse of flesh and good likeing of his Body," &c. *Erotomania*, Oxford: 1640, p. 127; and "Their young ones are in good liking; they grow up with corn." *Job* xxxix. 4.

p. 347. "—— [*that's God's angel*]": — These words are omitted in the folio, for the reason often assigned before in similar instances.

" "—— brought me lights *as good cheap*": — i. e., at as good a market, or as we say now, as cheap. "He that selleth good cheape and buyeth deare shall not lightly

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thrive." "That straungers and all marchauntes brings thinges that be best cheape to them and dearest with us." *Conceipt of Pollicy*, 1581. Sig. * * iii b.

p. 348. "—— the *tithe* of a hair": — The folio misprints, "the *light*," &c.

" "—— holland of *eight shillings an ell*": — A very possible price, although equivalent to ten dollars now; for Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, quoted by Malone, informs us that fine shirts cost from five to ten pounds sterling apiece.

" "—— a *sneak-cup*": — i. e., it is hardly necessary to say, one who 'slights his liquor,' who endeavors to avoid drinking.

p. 349. "—— a *drawn fox*": — A fox drawn from his hole is said to simulate death.

" "—— *Maid Marian*": — The companion of Robin Hood, and a character in the Morris Dance, (See the Notes on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. 2,) generally represented by a damsel of at least doubtful chastity.

" "—— *you* thing": — The folio misprints "*no* thing."

p. 350. "—— you *ought* him": — 'Ought' and 'owed' are the same word differently spelled.

" "—— I pray God *my girdle break*": — 'Ungirt, unblest,' is an old proverb, for which *Falstaff* must have had particular respect.

p. 351. "—— emboss'd rascal": — See the Notes on "the poor cur is emboss'd," Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Sc. 1.

p. 352. "*Go bear this letter*," &c.: — In the old copies this speech is printed as verse; and they have been almost universally followed, although the lines have variously fourteen syllables, fifteen, eleven, nine, and ten, and the passage has not even the semblance of rhythm. The mistake which has hitherto been perpetuated, is evidently due to the occurrence of the couplets with which the *Prince* closes his speech. But although he utters his aspirations in verse, he talks to *Bardolph* in excellent prose.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 353. "—— not I, *my lord*": — The quartos of 1598 and 1599 read, "not I my *mind*," and the folio, "not I *his*

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mind;" the original mistake being due, as Capell pointed out, to the repetition of 'mind' by the compositor.

p. 354. "—— for therein should we *read*": — i. e., discern, and so, to all intents and purposes, attain or reach.

p. 355. "We may [*thus*] boldly spend": — 'Thus' is found in no old copy; but some such word has evidently been omitted.

" "The quality and *hair*": — There are numberless instances in Elizabethan literature of this use of 'hair' in the sense of hue, complexion, character.

" "—— to *our* great enterprise": — The folio misprints, "to *your*," &c.

p. 356. "—— this *term* of fear": — The quarto of 1613 and the folio have "this *dream*," &c. — an obvious misprint.

" "—— with *him*, Prince John": — The folio accidentally omits 'him,' and in *Vernon's* next speech, has "*has*" for "is."

" "The *nimble-footed*," &c.: — Stowe, as quoted by Steevens, says that *Prince Henry* "was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild buck, or doe, in a large park."

" "—— that *daff* the world aside": — The old copies, "that *daft*," &c.; where 'daft' is either a misprint of 'daff' or, as Mr. Dyce suggests, a corrupt spelling, it having been not unusual of old to add a *t* to monosyllables ending with *f*.

" "All plum'd like *estridges* that *wing* the wind": — The old copies have "that *with* the wind," which leaves a verb to seek; and this Rowe quite surely found in 'wing;' the error having been much facilitated by the form of the old *h*, the second stroke of which was brought below the line. 'Estridges' is the old form of 'ostriches,' as will be seen by the following passage from *The Opticke Glasse of Humors*, (Lond.: 1639,) which also sustains Rowe's emendation: — "an *Æstridge*, who hath wings, as he in the Hieroglyphicks witnesseth, *non propter volatum, sed cursum*, not for flying, but to helpe her running," p. 22. Mr. Knight retains 'with,' and punctuates the passage thus: —

> "All plumed like estridges that with the wind
> Bated, — like eagles," &c.

In falconry to bate was to shake and plume the feathers after bathing.

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p. 356. "—— with his *beaver* on": — The beaver, that movable part of the helmet which allowed the wearer to drink (Span. *beber*, Ital. *bevere* — to drink; and by-drinkings, or drinks between meals, were called 'bevers' in Elizabeth's time) is here used for the helmet itself.

p. 357. "—— let me *take* my horse": — So the two later quartos and the folio. The two earlier quartos have "let me *taste* my horse," which may have been the author's word, as 'taste' was very commonly used in his day for 'try.' But aside from the authority of the folio, it seems better here that *Hotspur* should take his horse than try him.

" "—— *hot* horse to horse": — So the quartos of 1598 and 1599; the quarto of 1608 misprinted "*not* horse," &c., and the error was left uncorrected in the subsequent old editions.

" "—— let us *take a muster*": — 'Take' is here used as it is still used in the similar phrase 'take a census.' *Hotspur* does not speak of mustering his troops, but of ascertaining how many his muster will number. So Peele in the *Battle of Alcazar*: —

> "Duke of Avero, it shall be your charge
> To take the muster of the Portugals."
> Vol. II. p. 113, Ed. Dyce.

Scene II.

p. 358. "—— to Sutton-Cop-hill": —So the old copies. Most editors print "Cofill" as a contracted form of Coldfield.

" "—— a sous'd *gurnet*": — A gurnet is a small fish.

" "—— a struck *fowl*": — The folio and the two later quartos read "a struck *fool*." The error was merely phonetic; the words having been pronounced alike.

p. 359. "—— an *old faced ancient*": — 'Ancient' was exactly equivalent to our 'ensign,' and was used, as we use the latter, both for the flag and the officer who bore it. I suspect that we should read "old *patch'd* ancient."

" "—— There's *but* a shirt and a half," &c.: — The old copies have "There's *not*," &c., by one of the most common of misprints. Rowe made the needful correction. Mr. Collier retains 'not' in the sense 'There's not *above* a shirt and a half'!

p. 360. "—— *good enough to toss*": — i. e., upon pikes; a military phrase of the time, equivalent to 'food for powder.'

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Scene III.

p. 361. "—— out of fear *and cold heart*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "and *a* cold heart," which correction is also found on the margins of Mr. Quincy's folio of 1685. The article is superfluous, and indicates a modernization of the text. 'Fear' has here the quantity of a dissyllable, as any contemporary of Shakespeare would have known.

" "—— or any Scot that *this day* lives": — So the old copies. But although Shakespeare often introduces lines of twelve syllables, I believe with Mason and Mr. Dyce that here the words 'this day' are an interpolation; for they only serve to weaken the sense.

p. 362. "—— *and* my uncle": — The folio accidentally omits the conjunction.

" "*To sue his livery*": — See Notes on *Richard the Second*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 254.

p. 363. "—— *task'd* the whole State": — 'Task' is used in the literature of Shakespeare's time where we would use 'tax,' and vice versa; but as 'ask' was spelled *ax* as often as *ask*, it is difficult to decide whether, in the former case, the words were synonymes or the orthography was interchangeable.

" "—— *engag'd* in Wales": — i. e., in-gaged, given as a gage or hostage. See "Westmoreland that was engag'd," Act V. Sc. 2, where the folio prints "in-gaged."

Scene IV.

p. 364. "—— the *Lord Marshal*": — This was Thomas, Lord Mowbray.

p. 365. "—— a rated *sinew* too": — The folio misprints "*firmly* too."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 366. "—— *our old limbs*": — *Henry IV.* was at this time but thirty-seven years old. The error is one of sheer inadvertence.

p. 367. "Peace, *chewet*": — Chewets were balls or puddings of minced meat fried in fat or oil, as, among other authorities, the following, quoted by Steevens from Bacon's *Natural History*, shows. "As for chuets, which are

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likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk."

p. 367. "—— *nothing purpose* 'gainst the State": — The quartos of 1608 misprinted "nothing *of* purpose," and was followed in the subsequent old editions.

p. 368. "As that ungentle *gull*": — According to Wilbraham's *Cheshire Glossary*, "all nestling birds in quite an unfledged state" are called gulls in that country.

p. 370. "—— *What is that word 'honour'? Air*": — The quartos of 1598 and 1599 have, "What is *in* that word, honour? *What is that honour?* Air," which manifest superfluity most editors have retained, in spite of the superior sense and authority of the text of the folio.

SCENE II.

p. 371. "*Suspicion* all our lives": — The old copies have "*supposition*." Rowe first read 'suspicion,' which was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 372. "How shew'd his *tasking?*" — So the first quarto: the second by an easy misprint of 'tafking,' gave "his *talking*," which error was left uncorrected in all the old editions. Perhaps we should read "his *taxing*." See the Notes on "my father's love," *As You Like It*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 364, and "task'd the whole State," Act IV. Sc. 3 of this play, p. 410.

p. 373. "[*Up*]*on* his follies": — Folio and quartos have "*On* his follies." The syllable required to make a verse of the line was supplied by Pope.

" "—— so wild *a* liberty": — i. e., never did I hear so wild a liberty reported of any prince. This very clear reading of the quartos has been hitherto strangely printed "wild o' liberty" — a very awkward if not an obscure expression. The quarto of 1613 misprinted "wild *at* liberty," which error was copied in the folio.

" "*Than* I": — The quarto of 1608 misprinted "*That* I," and was followed by the subsequent old impressions.

" "—— whose *worthy* temper": — 'Worthy' is found only in the folio.

p. 374. "—— *Esperance*": — This word is a quadrisyllable. See Note on "*un boitier verd*," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 4, p. 311.

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SCENE III.

p. 374. "—— that in [*the*] battle thus": — All the old copies omit 'the;' but that the omission is accidental appears no less by *Douglas*' reply, "And I do haunt thee in the battle thus," than by the rhythm of this line.

" "*I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot*": — So the folio: the first three quartos, "I was not born *a yielder*, thou *proud* Scot." The text of the folio is preferable for its rhythm, its euphony, (in avoiding "*thou proud*,") and its thought, aside from its authority; and yet that of the quarto will be found in nearly every modern edition.

p. 375. "—— triumphed *o'er* a Scot": — The quartos of 1598 and 1599 have poorly, "triumpht *upon* a Scot."

" "*A fool go*," &c.: — The old copies read, "*Ah* fool: go," &c., with manifest error.

" "—— *marching* in his coats": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has '*masking*,' which is a plausible correction of a probable error; and which would be acceptable, were there any need of it.

" "—— there's *but* three of my hundred and fifty," &c.: — The old copies have "there's *not* three," &c. The error is obvious, and the easy misprint has occurred before in this play — "There's *not* a shirt and a half," for "There's *but*," &c. Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 409.

" "—— and they *are* for the town's end": — The folio omits 'are.'

p. 376. "Whose deaths *are unreveng'd*. *Pr'ythee*," &c.: — The quartos, like the folio, print this line as verse, but make it prose by reading "Whose deaths are *yet* unrevenged. *I* pr'ythee," &c.

" "—— *Turk Gregory*": — i. e., Gregory VII., the terrible Hildebrand.

" "Well, if *Percy* be alive, I'll *pierce* him": — 'Percy' and 'pierce' were pronounced with the same vowel sound; but whether that were the short sound of *u*, which the former word has now, or that of *ee*, it is perhaps impossible to determine. But see the Note on "Master Person," &c., *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 2; and to the citations there, add the following lines from Davies of Hereford's dedication of his *Humours Heaven on Earth*, 1605, to Algernon, Lord Percy: —

"So shall they hold thee both in name and deed,
A perfect *Pierc-ey* that in darkness cheers.

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A *Pierc-ey*, or a piercing eye doth show
Both wit and courage. * * *
So *Percie's* fame shall *pierce* the *eye* of days."

The instances in our early literature of the use of *ie* and *ee*, and especially of *ier* and *eere*, interchangeably, are countless.

SCENE IV.

p. 377. "—— I [*do*] beseech your Majesty": — 'Do,' lacking in the old copies, and plainly required, is found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 378. "—— *so defend thyself*": — The quartos very poorly read, "I will assay thee, *and* defend thyself."

" "—— thy lost *opinion*": — i. e., thy lost reputation, the opinion held of thee.

p. 380. "Well *said*, Hal": — i. e., well done, for which 'well said' was not uncommonly used of old. See *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 6; although there, there is some doubt as to which sense is intended.

" "—— worse than *thy* sword": — The quarto of 1613 misprinted "*the* sword," and was followed by the folio.

" "—— the *earthy* and cold hand," &c.: — So the early quartos, which are clearly correct. The quarto of 1608 misprinted "the *earth*," and was followed by that of 1613. The folio reads "the earth and *the* cold hand." Discussion of the variation would be superfluous.

" "—— Fare *thee* well": — So the quartos. The folio omits 'thee,' accidentally, it is almost needless to remark.

" "—— so *great* a shew of zeal": — The quarto of 1598 has "so *dear* a shew," &c.

" "—— let my *favours* hide," &c.: — i. e., my scarf.

p. 381. "—— to *powder* me": — i. e., salt me. What we now call corned beef used to be called powdered beef. May not the change in the name be owing to the change from fine to coarse salt in the process of salting?

p. 383. "—— If I do grow great *again*": — The folio only has 'again,' which has hitherto been rejected by all modern editors, unwarrantably and injuriously; for such a word could not come into the text by accident; and it has value as one of several indications that *Falstaff* is a decayed man of family, one whose follies and vices, aided by his humor, have dragged him from the position to which he was born and bred.

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SCENE V.

p. 384. After *Prince Henry's* last speech the first four quartos insert a speech of two lines for *Prince John;* but the quarto of 1613, although printed from the last of the preceding four, omits these lines, which are also omitted from the folio. They are, —

"*P. John.* I thank your Grace for this high courtesy
Which I shall give away immediately."

They were plainly an interpolation; probably of the actor's who had the small part of *Prince John*, and who wished to have something to say in the 'tag' of the piece. The intelligent reader of Shakespeare will hardly hesitate about acquitting him of having written at any time such a line as, "Which I shall *give away* immediately;" the thing to be "given away" being a "high courtesy"!

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THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

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"THE Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, *and coronation of Henrie* the fift. With the humours of sir Iohn Fal*staffe and swaggering* Pistoll. *As it hath been sundrie times publikely* acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. *Written by William Shakespeare.* LONDON Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600." 4to. 43 leaves.

According to Mr. Collier other copies of the same edition, in quarto, not containing Sign. E 5 and E 6, have only 41 leaves.

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift, occupies twenty-nine pages in the folio, 1623, viz., from p. 74 to p. 102 inclusive, in the division of "Histories," the last two not being numbered. Pages 89 and 90 are accidentally numbered 91 and 92. The play is there divided into Acts and Scenes. A very complete list of the *Dramatis Personæ* is given in the folio, where it is superscribed "The Actors Names." In it *Falstaff*, *Pointz*, and their companions, are grouped together, and described as "Irregular Humorists."

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KING HENRY IV. PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is little of an introductory character to be set forth with particular regard to the Second Part of *King Henry the Fourth*. We know that it was written between 1595 and the latter part of 1597. The former date is fixed by the imitation of the passage in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, (published in 1595,) which is remarked upon in the Notes, Act IV. Sc. 4; the latter by the entry of the First Part upon the Stationers' Register, February 25, 1598.* For, as we have seen in the Introductory Remarks to that play, that at the time of its entry, the name '*Falstaff*' had taken the place of '*Oldcastle*,' and that this had been written and performed before the change was made, the conclusion as to the hither limit of the period when this was produced, is too obvious to require statement. The period in question is still farther reduced by the allusion (Act V. Sc. 2) to the death of Amurath III. and its bloody consequences, which took place in February, 1596; and as the First Part was, of course, produced first, there need be no hesitation in assigning the Second to 1597.†

The quarto edition of this play was carelessly printed, and the text of the folio was printed from a copy of that edition, which had doubtless been used as a prompter's book, and in which many material omissions and corruptions had been supplied and rectified, although some passages were left in a sadly impaired condition. The folio omits many passages which are found in the quarto, and often, if not always, by design. The latter will be found in the Notes, but not in the text of this edition. They form an interesting part of the history of the play, but not of the perfected work of Shakespeare.

* See *Variorum* of 1821, Vol. II. p. 357.

† See Introduction to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, *Prince of* Wales,
THOMAS, *Duke of* Clarence,
PRINCE JOHN *of* Lancaster,
PRINCE HUMPHREY *of* Gloster, } *His Sons.*

EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
GOWER, HARCOURT, } *Of the* King's *party.*

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
SCROOP, *Archbishop of* York,
LORD MOWBRAY,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD BARDOLPH,
Sir JOHN COLEVILE, } *Opposites to the* King.

TRAVERS and MORTON, *Retainers of* Northumberland.
FALSTAFF.
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and a* Page.
POINTZ *and* PETO.
SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *Country Justices.*
DAVY, *Servant to* Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, *and* BULLCALF, *Recruits.*
FANG *and* SNARE, *Sheriff's Officers.*
A Porter. A Dancer, *Speaker of the* Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
HOSTESS QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

RUMOUR, *the Presenter.*

SCENE: England.

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THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH,

CONTAINING HIS DEATH, AND THE CORONATION OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumour, *painted full of tongues.*

Rumour.

OPEN your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of Earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,

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Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures:
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the King before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between the royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

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ACT I.

SCENE I. — The Same.

The Porter *before the gate; enter* Lord BARDOLPH.

LORD BARDOLPH.

WHO keeps the gate here? ho! — Where is the Earl?

Porter. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the Earl.

Northumberland. What news, Lord Bardolph? ev'ry minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild: contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish.
The King is almost wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John,

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And Westmoreland and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Travers. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade

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Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.
North. Ha! — Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck!
L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.
North. Why should that gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give, then, such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?
Morton. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:

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But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue.
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say, — Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds,
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with — brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord your son —

North. Why, he is dead. —
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak, Morton:
Tell thou thy Earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true; your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead. —
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to Heaven I had not seen;

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But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the King hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,

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Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland.
Let heaven kiss earth: now, let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd: let order die;
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act,
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

[*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.]

L. Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise,
That in the dole of blows your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er:
You were advis'd his flesh was capable

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Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you say, — 'Go forth;' and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath, then, befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse',
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls,
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Our fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from Heaven his quarrel and his cause;

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Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge.
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. A Street.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, *with his* Page *bearing his sword and buckler.*

Falstaff. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that ow'd it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath o'erwhelm'd all her litter but one: if the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now: but I will set you neither

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in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel, — the juvenal, the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. — What said Master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours: he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton: may his tongue be hotter! — A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! — The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then must they stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. — Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

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Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice *and an* Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Chief Justice. What's he that goes there?

Attendant. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. — Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John, —

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg? Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels want soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir? did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood

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and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter, hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! — God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty. — You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven mend him. — I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, a sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? Be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it original from much grief; from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

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Ch. Just. I think you are fall'n into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not list'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I be your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath misled me; I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord —

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Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his evil angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger's times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd; pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, [your chin double,] your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

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Fal. My lord, I was born [about three of the clock in the afternoon] with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, — I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the Prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever. [But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be

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eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.]

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt* Chief Justice *and* Attendant.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the diseases prevent my curses. — Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. — Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or th' other, plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

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Scene III.

York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop *of* York, *the* Lords Hastings, Mowbray, *and* Bardolph.

Archbishop. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes. —
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowbray. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the King.

Hastings. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus: —
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him we may.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far,
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

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Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flatt'ring himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
L. Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war:
Indeed, the instant action — a cause on foot —
Lives so in hope, as in an early Spring
We see th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And, when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or, at least, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:

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Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

L. Bard. What! is the King but five-and-twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm King
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,

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And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat Heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, did'st thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, "O Earth, yield us that King again,
And take thou this!" O, thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are Time's subjects, and Time bids be gone. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. — London. A Street.

Enter Hostess, FANG *and his* Boy *with her, and* SNARE *following.*

HOSTESS.

MASTER FANG, have you enter'd the action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will he stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. [O Lord!] ay: good Master Snare!

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives; [for] he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; if he come but within my vice; —

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. — Good Master Fang, hold him sure: — good Master Snare, let

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him not 'scape. He comes continuantly to Pie-corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the Lubbar's head in Lambert-street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray'e, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long ow'n' for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. — Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose [knave] Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare: do me, do me, do me, your offices.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! — Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! — Murther, murther! O, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the King's? O, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue [or two.] —

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Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, *attended.*

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York. — Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, — all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home: he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie? what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou did'st swear to me upon

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a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning [his father] to a singing-man of Windsor; thou did'st swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou did'st desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And did'st thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiar[ity] with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did'st thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; I know you ha' practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, [and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.]

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace. — Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with

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her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliv'rance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, Hostess. [*Taking her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower! what news?

Gower. The King, my lord, and Henry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. — as I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, — a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

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Host. Pr'ythee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; [i' faith,] I am loth to pawn my plate, and so God save me, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? — [*To* BARDOLPH.] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, *and* Page.

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, be-

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ing you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. — This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Same. Another Street.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Pointz.

Prince Henry. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Pointz. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Hen. ['Faith,] it doth me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Pointz. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for super-

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fluity, and one other for use? — but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keep'st not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: [and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.]

Pointz. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idlely! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Pointz. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Pointz. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you'll tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee, — it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Pointz. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. [By this hand,] thou think'st me as far in the Devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Pointz. The reason?

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P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Pointz. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought! and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Pointz. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Pointz. By this light, I am well spoken on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the Mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page.

Bard. God save your Grace.

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. Come, you pernicious ass, [*to the* Page.] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spi'd his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

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P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a fire-brand, and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation. — There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Pointz. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Pointz. Deliver'd with good respect. — And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Pointz. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you [how] he writes.

Pointz. [Reads.] "*John Falstaff, knight*," — every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the King; for they never prick their finger, but they say, 'There is some of the King's blood spilt:' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap: 'I am the King's poor cousin, sir.'

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P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter: —

Pointz. "*Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King, nearest his father, Harry, Prince of Wales, greeting.*" — Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Pointz. "*I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:*" — he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. — "*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Pointz; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

"*Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,)* JACK FALSTAFF *with my familiars;* JOHN *with my brothers and sisters; and* Sir JOHN *with all Europe.*"

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Pointz. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. — Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

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Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. — Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Pointz. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy, — and Bardolph; — no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* Page.] — This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Pointz. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Pointz. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene III.

Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, *and* Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady Northumberland. I have given over, I will speak no more.
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady Percy. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's;
For yours, — may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his, — it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven: and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;

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For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, — O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! — him did you leave
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: — so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him: let them alone.
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland.
Till that the nobles and the armed Commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;

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He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow,
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back. —
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Drawer.* What [the Devil] hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true. The Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights." It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Master Pointz anon; and they will put on two of our

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jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* [By the Mass,] here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hostess *and* Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I' faith, sweet heart, methinks now, you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, What's this? — How do you now?

Doll Tear-sheet. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look! here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff, *singing.*

Fal. "*When Arthur first in Court*" — Empty the jordan. — "*And was a worthy king.*"

[*Exit* Drawers.

How now, Mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook [help to] make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you,

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Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay marry; our chains and our jewels.

Fal. "Your brooches, pearls and owches:" — for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely: ——

Dol. [Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!]

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year! one must bear, and that [*to* DOLL.] must be you: you are the weaker vessel; as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold. — Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither; it is the foul mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. — Shut the door; — there comes

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no swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have swaggering now. — Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'st thou hear, Hostess? —

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Do'st thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-valley, Sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me, — it was no longer ago than Wednesday last, — "Neighbour Quickly," says he; — Master Dumb, our minister, was by then; — "Neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill name:" — now, he said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive," says he, "no swaggering companions." — There comes none here: — you would bless you to hear what he said. — No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound; he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. — Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says — swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, if it were an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

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Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pistol. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy: I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! — Since when, I pray you, sir? — God's light! with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murther your ruff for this.

[*Fal.* No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.]

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet Captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd captain? If cap-

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tains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? — He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dri'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain [as] odious [as the word occupy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted:] therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph; I could tear her. — I'll be reveng'd of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; — to Pluto's damn'd lake, [by this hand,] to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down Fates! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith. I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

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Pist. Die men like dogs; give crowns like pins. Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, Captain, there's none such here. What the good year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.

Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente.—
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif. What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?— [*Snatching up his sword.*
Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, Jack, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs. [*Drawing.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keep-

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ing house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now. — Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* PISTOL.

Dol. I pr'ythee, Jack, be quiet: the rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' th' groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; — come on, you whoreson chops. — Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st, for thy heart: if thou do'st, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is, come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. — Play, sirs. — Sit on my knee, Doll. — A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for Heaven?

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Enter, behind, Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ, *disguised as* Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler; he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say Pointz has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon join'd-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another: the weight of an hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Pointz. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Pointz. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

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Pointz. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou do'st give me flatt'ring busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song! come: it grows late: we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. — Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

P. Hen. } Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*
Pointz. }

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's. — And art not thou Pointz his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life do'st thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good Grace! by my troth, welcome to London. — Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, — by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Laying his hand upon* DOLL.

Dol. How, you fat fool? I scorn you.

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Pointz. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Did'st thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Pointz. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; — in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; — none, Ned, none; — no, 'faith, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to glose with us? Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

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Pointz. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, — there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in Hell already, and burns, poor soul. For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so; what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman, —

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His Grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking heard.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? — Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The King your father is at Westminster,
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the North; and as I came along
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By Heaven, Pointz, I feel me much to blame,

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So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the South
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. — Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt* Prince HENRY, POINTZ, PETO, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, sir, presently: A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the* Page.] — Farewell, hostess; — farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; — if my heart be not ready to burst. — Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man, — Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet, —

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY *in his nightgown, with a* Page.

KING HENRY.

GO, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed.
[*Exit* Page.
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! — O Sleep! O gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry clouds,

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That with the hurly death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

Warwick. Many good morrows to your Majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd
With good advice and little medicine.
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O God! that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea: and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! [O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,

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What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.]
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember)
[*To* WARWICK.
When Richard, with his eye brim-full of tears,
(Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,)
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
"Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;"—
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the State,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.
"The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:"—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess.

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That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say the Bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared. — Please it your Grace
To go to bed; upon my soul, my lord,
The pow'rs that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendow'r is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *meeting;* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf, *and* Servants, *behind.*

Shallow. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir; an early

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stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Silence. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns-of-Court shortly. I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the Mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cots'ol' man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns-of-Court again; and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. [Jesu! Jesu!] the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

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Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure; death, [as the Psalmist saith,] is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. — Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. [Jesu! Jesu!] Dead! — he drew a good bow; — and dead! — he shot a fine shoot: — John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! — he would have clapp'd in the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. — How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH, *and one with him.*

Shal. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the King's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir: I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

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Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir: and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! — it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated: — it comes of *accommodo:* very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir: I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by Heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is, — being, — whereby, — he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just. — Look, here comes good Sir John. —

Enter FALSTAFF.

Give me your hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. — Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather. — Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? — Let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, sir: — Ralph Mouldy! — let them appear

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as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Mouldy. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. [*To* SHALLOW.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see.—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Aye, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow.

Shadow. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for Summer: prick him;

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for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! — you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. — Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. — Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. — Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

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Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. — Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the Green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull-calf. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! — Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord Captain, —

Fal. What, do'st thou roar before th' art prick'd?

Bull. O Lord! sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. — Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: — and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow; no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

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Shal. By the Mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old, and had Robin Night-work, by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! — Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, "Hem, boys!" — Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. — O, the days that we have seen! — Come, come. [*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good Master Corporal Captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. [By my troth,] I care not; a man can die but once; — we owe [God] a death. I'll ne'er bear a base

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mind: — an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you. — I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, — Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bull-calf. — For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: — and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men; and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. — Here's Wart; — you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow, — give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And,

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for a retreat, — how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. — Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: — very well: — go to: — very good: — exceeding good. — O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapp'd, bald shot. — Well said, i' faith, Wart: thou'rt a good scab; hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, when I lay at Clement's-inn, (I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's Shew,) there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come. — I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. — God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. — Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you; I must a dozen mile to-night. — Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affairs, and send us peace! At your return, visit our house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the Court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SILENCE.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, Recruits, *&c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord,

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Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: he was the very Genius of Famine; [yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake.] He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; [and sung those tunes to the over-switch'd huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies, or his Good-nights.] And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the Marshal's men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. *Exit.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Forest of Gaultree, in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop *of* York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and others.*

ARCHBISHOP.

WHAT is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your Grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done. —
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus: —
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

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Messenger. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Westmoreland. Health and fair greeting from our General,
The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, Reverend Father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,

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Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? — so the question stands:
Briefly to this end. — We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, di'd.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles,
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the King,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are deni'd access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.

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The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deni'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
[And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?]

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
[To brother born an household cruelty,]
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

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Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd, to banish him:
And then that Harry Bolingbroke and he
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, —
— O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford was reputed, then,
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cri'd hate upon him; and all their prayers and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the King.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely General,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,

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You shall enjoy them; every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best:
Then reason will, our hearts should be as good:
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the General's name.
I muse you make so slight a question.
Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confirm'd, —
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

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West. This will I shew the General. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which God so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit* WEST.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this, — the King is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:

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His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The Prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship
To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of York, in God's name then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his Grace, my lord: we come. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the* Archbishop, HASTINGS, *and others: from the other side,* Prince JOHN *of* Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Prince John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray. —
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, — and to all. —
My Lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the King,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach
In shadow of such greatness! With you, Lord Bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the Speaker in his parliament;
To us, th' imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,

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In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited seal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of Heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the Court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles.

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well;

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And swear, here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority. —
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Hast. Go, Captain, [*to an* Officer.] and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part.
I know it will well please them: hie thee, Captain.
[*Exit* Officer.

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your Grace: and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it. —
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

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West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, — some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts within.*

P. John. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too. —
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings;
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together. —

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses

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East, West, North, South; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason: —
And you, Lord Archbishop, — and you, Lord Mowbray;
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none.
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. —
Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. —
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Colevile. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.

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Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the Dale: Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, — a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore, rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. — Here comes our General.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

P. John. The heat is past; follow no farther now. —
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. —
[*Exit* WEST.
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded

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hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and over-came.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but

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thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution. —
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.
[*Exit* COLEVILE *guarded.*
And now dispatch we toward the Court, my lords.
I hear the King my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his Majesty, —
Which, cousin, you shall bear, — to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire; and, when you come to Court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. — Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; — but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof, for thin drink doth so overcool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; — which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it ap-

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prehensive, quick, forge-tive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

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Scene IV.

Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Warwick, *and others.*

K. Hen. Now, Lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctifi'd.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Prince Humphrey. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clarence. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?

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He loves thee, and thou do'st neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will,
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd.
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as Winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day: he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? can'st thou tell that?

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Cla. With Pointz, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore, my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
The Prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which, once attain'd,
Your Highness knows, comes to no farther use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

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West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of Winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look! here's more news.

Harcourt. From enemies Heaven keep your Majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the Sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food, —
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, — such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

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I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy. —
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.
[*Swoons.*

P. Humph. Comfort, your Majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My Sovereign Lord, cheer up yourself: look up!

War. Be patient, Princes: you do know, these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and di'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.
[*They bear the* King *to a bed in an inner part of the room.*

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Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the King?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will recover
Without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords. — Sweet Prince, speak low;
The King your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the King. [*Exeunt all but* Prince HENRY.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night, sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet,
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

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When thou do'st pinch thy bearer, thou do'st sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden ringol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which Heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Enter WARWICK *and the rest.*

Cla. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? How fares your Grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the Prince, my brother, here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The Prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:
[He is not here.]

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War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The Prince hath ta'en it hence: — go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? —
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. — See, sons, what things you are;
How quickly Nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object.
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry:
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises;
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father. —

Enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

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War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes. — Come hither to me, Harry. —
Depart the chamber: leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, P. HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Do'st thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,

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And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust:
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the Fifth is crown'd! — Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence;
And to the English Court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more

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Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth, — this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to shew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murther'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor:
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,

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Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand;
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So, thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough; since griefs are green,
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced; which to avoid,
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state: — therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,

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May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly deni'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive,
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, *and others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My Lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God! — even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesi'd to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land. —
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — Glostershire. A hall in SHALLOW'S House.

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

SHALLOW.

BY cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. — What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus'd; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus'd. — Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, — let me see, Davy; let me see: — yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. — Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be serv'd: and, again, sir, — shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: — are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. — Here is, now, the smith's note for shoeing and plough irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. — Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: — and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

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Shal. He shall answer it. — Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' th' Court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are [back-]bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the Hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* DAVY.] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots. — Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph. — And welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the* Page.] Come, Sir John. [*Exit* SHALLOW.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and*

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Page.] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he shall laugh without *intervallums.* O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow: I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

SCENE II.

Westminster. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK, *and the* Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice! whither away?

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Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God! I fear all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. Humph. } Good morrow, cousin.
Cla. }

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier:

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P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed!
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow: it is, sure, your own.
P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; 'would 'twere otherwise.
Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did I did in honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my master that is dead
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save your Majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think. —
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you.
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

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Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me; — and you most. [*To the* Chief Justice.
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No?
How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in th' administration of his law
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the King whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at naught;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

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That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son.
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, Justice; and you weigh this well.
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words: —
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice." — You did commit me;
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, — that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions. —
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:

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My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections,
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now, call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—
[*To the* Lord Chief Justice.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our State:
And (God consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Glostershire. The Garden of Shallow's House.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, *the* Page, *and* Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my

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own graffing, with a dish of carraways, and so forth; — come, cousin Silence; — and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: — marry, good air. — Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John. — [By the Mass,] I have drunk too much sack at supper: — A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. — Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirra! quoth-a, — we shall

[Singing.

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise Heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! — Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon: — most sweet sir, sit. — Master Page, good Master Page, sit: proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you [must] bear: the heart's all.

[*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; — and my little soldier there, be merry.

[Singing.

Sil. *Be merry, be merry; my wife has all;*
For women are shrews, both short and tall:

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'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who? I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.
[*Setting them before* BARDOLPH.

Shal. Davy, —

Davy. Your worship. — I'll be with you straight. — A cup of wine, sir?
[Singing.

Sil. *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. *Fill the cup, and let it come;*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. — Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too. — I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavalieros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy, —

Shal. By the Mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

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Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. [By God's liggens] I thank thee. — The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look, who's at door there. Ho! who knocks? [*Exit* DAVY.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To* SILENCE, *who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. *Do me right,* [Singing.
And dub me knight:
Sa'mingo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Enter DAVY.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol, come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court? let him come in. —

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you, sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows none to good. Sweet knight, th' art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r Lady, I think he be, but goodman Puff of Bars'on.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! —
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

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And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base! I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight! what is thy news? Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

[Sings.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: — if, sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it there is but two ways, — either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office! —
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is King;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. — Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. — Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

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Bard. O joyful day! — I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. — Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. — O, sweet Pistol! — Away, Bardolph. [*Exit* BARD.] — Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
"Where is the life that late I led?" say they;
Why, here it is: welcome these pleasant days!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* Hostess QUICKLY *and* DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave: I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 *Beadle.* The constables have deliver'd her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on: I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou had'st

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better thou had'st struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 *Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, — you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a Justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman Death! Goodman Bones!

Host. Thou atomy thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 *Bead.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter Two Grooms, *strewing rushes.*

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes!

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch!

[*Exeunt* Grooms.

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Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the King do you grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. — [*To* SHALLOW.] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor shew doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem* for *absque hoc nihil est.* 'Tis all in every part

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage. Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in base durance and contagious prison; haul'd thither by most mechanical and dirty hand: — Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell

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Alecto's snake, for Doll is in; Pistol speaks naught but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter KING *and his Train, including the* Chief Justice.

Fal. God save thy Grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The Heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My King! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

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The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement. — Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word. —
Set on. [*Exeunt* KING *and his Train.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol; — come, Bardolph. — I shall be sent for soon at night.

Enter Prince JOHN, *the* Chief Justice, Officers, *&c.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet. Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord! —

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Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. *Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.*

[*Exeunt* Fal., Shal., Pist., Bard., Page *and* Officers.

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The King hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

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EPILOGUE.

[First my fear, then my court'sy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my court'sy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech, now, you undo me; for what I have to say, is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. — Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promis'd you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt; but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, un-

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less already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.]

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NOTES ON THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

INDUCTION.

p. 419. "Enter Rumour, *painted full of Tongues*": — So the quarto: the folio has only "*Enter Rumour.*" Rumour was always so represented in the pageants and masques of the time.

" "—— the ears of *men*": — The folio misprints, "the ears of *them.*"

p. 420. "—— to *anatomize*": — The old copies spell this word *anathomize*, and not *annothanize*. See the Note on "which to annotanize." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 1, p. 459.

" "—— the *peasant* towns": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*pleasant* towns" — a correction that would occur to any reader; but both quarto and folio have 'peasant,' and the latter unites the words with a hyphen, which, although it was sometimes superfluously used, was not always so.

" "Between *the* royal field": — The quarto has, "*that* royal field."

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 421. "Good, an *God* will": — Thus the quarto; the folio, "and *heaven* will," as often before.

p. 422. "*For-spent*": — i. e., utterly spent; 'for' being a contraction of forth = out, outerly, utterly.

" "—— had *ill* luck": — The quarto, "*bad* luck." *Northumberland* in his next speech, repeating this, says, "ill luck."

" "—— his *armed* heels": — The folio misprints "*able* heels," the word being caught from the preceding line.

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p. 423. "Spoke at *a venture*": — So the quarto; the folio, "at *ad*venture." Either may be the right reading; and in such a case it is better to assume that a compositor accidentally printed 'adventure' for 'a venture,' than to believe that Shakespeare wrote '*at ad*venture.'

"—— *like to a title-leaf*": — The title leaves to elegies were entirely black, and fly leaves of the same color alternated with the printed pages.

" "—— *where on* the imperious flood": — Thus the quarto: the folio has "*when* the," &c., incorrectly, as appears by 'hath left,' in the next line.

p. 424. "That what he fear'd is *chanc'd*. Yet speak, Morton": — The quartos, "*chanced*," the folio, "*chanc'd*." I agree with Mr. Dyce in thinking the contraction accidental, or at least, unauthoritative.

" "Remember'd *knolling*," &c.: — The quarto has "*tolling*."

p. 426. "—— *buckle* under life": — i. e., bend under life. We still say in America, 'buckle down to it.'

" "Weaken'd with *grief*": — In this line, 'grief' is first used for pain, and last for sorrow.

" "[*This strained passion*," &c.: — This speech, which is assigned in the quarto to *Umfrevill*, who is not on the stage, was omitted from the folio, probably for that reason.

" "*You cast the event*," &c.: — This and the thirteen lines following are not in the quarto.

p. 427. "—— and *do* speak the truth": — The quarto has, "do speak," &c. It also omits the twenty-one succeeding lines.

" "—— only but the *corpse*": — The folio has "the *corpes*," which easy misprint for "the corſes" has occurred before.

p. 428. "—— *nor* never yet more need": — The quarto has '*and* never yet,' &c.

Scene II.

" "—— *what says the doctor*," &c.: — The pretensions of those arch-charlatans, the water doctors, were beginning to be ridiculed in Shakespeare's youth; and during the subsequent fifty years they were made the subject of much satire. *Falstaff's* physician appears to have possessed an unusual combination of conscience and common sense.

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p. 428. "—— to *gird* at me": — "*Allude, ne vellica*, glance at, [allude,] but do not gird, [quip, twitch, carp, scoff.]" *Janua Linguarum*.

" "—— but I will *set* you," &c.: —The quarto has, "but I will '*in*-set' you." As to *agate*, See the Note on "no bigger than an agate stone," *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. 4.

p. 429. "—— *as* a face royal": — Folio and quarto read, "*at* a face:" — corrected in the folio of 1632.

" "—— *taking up*": — To take up a commodity, was to purchase it.

" "—— and *the lightness of his wife shines through it*": — The punning allusion is, to the sides of a lantern, which were of horn.

p. 430. "I bought him *in Paul's*": — The literature of Shakespeare's day abounds in allusions to the common use of the nave of old St. Paul's Cathedral, London, as a promenade and rendezvous by the men about town, especially of the baser sort. Advertisements were posted upon the pillars, as now upon bulletins or dead walls; and there serving men and retainers out of place sought new masters or patrons. A Westminster woman, a Paul's man, and a Smithfield horse enjoyed similar reputations. Westminster was then a suburb of London; and see the Note on "all houses in the suburbs," *Measure for Measure*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 113.

" "*Enter the Lord Chief Justice*": — Steevens first remarked that this judge was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who died December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church, Yorkshire.

" "—— a young knave, and *beg*": — The quarto has, "and *begging*," and just below, "*need* soldiers."

p. 431. "You *hunt counter*": — i. e., you are on the wrong scent. The compositor of this passage in the folio, having mistaken the two words for an epithet, printed "*Hunt-counter*," which some editors retain.

" "—— I sent *for* you": — The folio accidentally omits 'for.'

" "—— *a kind of lethargy*": — The quarto adds, "*an't please your lordship*; a *kind of* sleeping," &c., which has been hitherto retained. In my judgment, and without a doubt, the italicized words were omitted in the folio by design. It is noticeable as a fine stroke of art that, as *Falstaff* finds his effrontery ineffectual, his courtesy becomes gradually less overstrained, till finally, in the next speech but one to this, he snaps the *Chief Justice* up.

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p. 431. "It hath *it* original": — So the old copies. See the Note on "it's folly," &c., *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2; and note "the cause of *his* effects" in this very speech.

p. 432. "*Very well, my lord*": — This speech has, in the quarto, the important prefix *Old*. See the *Introduction* to Part I.

" "—— *If I be* your physician": — The quarto, "If I *do become*," &c.

" "—— *I did not come*": — Mr. Hudson remarks that, "a man employed as *Falstaff* was, could not be held to answer in a prosecution for an offence of the kind in question."

" "Your means *are* very slender": — The folio here has '*is*,' and omits 'it' between 'waste' and 'great.'

" "—— *I am the fellow*," &c.: — Doubtless a merely local and timely allusion.

p. 433. "His effect of *gravy*": — *Falstaff's* reply has an interest beside its waggishness, as showing that 'gravity' was pronounced *grave-ity*, preserving the sound of its root; else his joke would have been no joke at all. See the Note on "such rackers of orthography," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 1.

" "—— like his *evil* angel": — So the folio; using an epithet much better suited to 'angel' than 'ill,' the reading of the quarto, and equally adapted with that to the introduction of *Falstaff's* reply. 'Evil' having been generally spelled *evill*, the quarto reading is a probable misprint.

" "—— I cannot *go*, I cannot *tell*": — It may possibly be desirable to remark here that *Falstaff* refers to the going or passing of money, and the telling or counting of it.

" "—— these *coster-monger's times*": — The folio omits 'times.' 'Coster-monger' meant originally a seller of apples, but came to be applied to any small trader in fruit or vegetables.

" "—— [*your chin double*]": — The folio omits these words, and almost certainly by accident, as the antithesis shows.

p. 434. "—— [*about three of the clock in the afternoon*]": — These words, found in the quarto, but not in the folio, have always been printed in the text. They are retained in this edition after some hesitation; for although they are not uncharacteristic, I have hardly a doubt that they are a 'gag' whimsically introduced by the actor of the part, to make

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Falstaff speak of himself as the mere offspring of the stage; — the hour for the commencement of the play in Shakespeare's time having been three o'clock in the afternoon, about which time, of course, *Falstaff* made his first appearance in the world.

p. 434. "—— *I take* but two shirts": — The folio has, "*if* I take" — a manifest error.

" "—— I would I might never *spit white* again": — It is difficult to get at *Falstaff's* meaning. Steevens' explanation, "May I never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor; for to *spit white* is the consequence of inward heat," cannot be received, for there is an unquotable passage in Marston's *Parasitaster*, Act IV. Sc. 1, which shows that to spit white was considered an evidence of any thing else but inward heat. Yet as, from that passage and others, it was plainly looked upon as a sign of age, weakness, and disease, why should *Falstaff* wish to do it? And see Lilly's *Mother Bombie*; "*Ris.* Wee did but a little parboyle our livers, they have sod theirs in sacke these fortie years. *Half.* That makes them spit white broath as they doe." Act III. Sc. 2.

" "[*But it was always yet*," &c.: — The passage within brackets is omitted from the folio. It had, doubtless, for the sake of brevity, been struck out of the acting copy from which the folio was printed.

p. 435. "—— to *bear crosses*": — i. e., money. See the Note on "crosses love not him," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 450.

" "—— *a three-man beetle*": — A very large beetle, with two long handles and one short, wielded by three men.

" "—— so both the *diseases prevent* my curses": — The old copies read 'degrees' — a manifest misprint for 'diseases,' which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. 'Prevent' means, to come before; the radical sense of the word, still preserved in the Liturgy, and in the Bible.

" "—— the first white hair *on* my chin": — The quarto has "*of* my chin." Mr. Collier, who, of course, retains the reading of the "older authority," remarks that, "'of' was frequently used for 'on' in the time of Shakespeare."

Scene III.

p. 437. "*Yes, in this present quality of war*": — i. e., 'Yes, in this present quality, or function, business, of war, it is harmful to lay down likelihoods, &c. Indeed this very action or affair — a cause on foot — is no more hopeful of fruition than the buds of an unseasonably early spring.'

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This paraphrastic explanation is justified, if not demanded, by the difficulty there seems to have been in understanding the passage, — due entirely to the misprint of "*if*" in the folio for 'in,' and to a construction somewhat unusually inverted. Collier and Knight retain 'if,' the former without remark; and the latter, placing the next line ("Indeed," &c.) in parentheses, gives this explanation: "*Bardolph* replies, 'Yes (it does hurt) *if* the present condition of our war — if the instant state of our action *and* cause on foot — lives only in such hope as the premature buds of an early spring.'" But the subsequent context shows that *Lord Bardolph* did not mean to suggest a contingency, but to give a decided opinion. It is only when he learns, with surprise, that the King is "but five-and-twenty thousand strong" that his opinion begins to waver. The passage appears only in the folio. The correction of the almost obvious misprint was made by Dr. Johnson, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 437. "To weigh against *his* opposite": — 'His' refers to 'estate,' two lines above. See the Note on "it's folly," *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 385.

p. 438. "*Let us on*," &c.: — This speech of the *Archbishop's* is found only in the folio.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

p. 440. "Where's your *yeoman?*" — 'Yeoman' was a general term for assistant. In the large households of England there were, and I believe in the royal establishment, still are, yeomen of the kitchen, of the pantry, &c.

" "—— [*for*] he will stab": — The folio omits 'for.'

p. 441. "—— the Lubbar's Head": — This is *Mrs. Quickly's* version of Libbard's (i. e., leopard's) Head.

" "—— I pray 'e": — The folio has, "*pra' ye;*" according to a practise elsewhere remarked on in these Notes.

" "A hundred mark is a long *ow'n'*": — The folio has "a long *one*," which has been a great puzzle hitherto. But is it not clearly a phonographic spelling of the word heard even now-a-days, from English and Irish people of *Dame Quickly's* class for 'owing,' i. e., '*owin*,' or oftener '*ow'n?*' It has been proposed to read, "a long *score*," and "a long *loan;*" but neither misprint is probable, and the debt was both for money lent and for scores for "diet and by-drinkings." The *Hostess* says, and well

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she may, that a hundred mark is a long owing for a lone woman to bear. In Shakespeare's time, as has been before remarked in these Notes, 'one' and 'own' were pronounced alike. See Notes on "my gloves are on," *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 184, "atone together," *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. 4, p. 384, and "for the nonce," 1 *King Henry the Fourth*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 389.

p. 441. "—— malmsey nose [*knave*]": — The folio omits 'knave,' accidentally, without a doubt.

" "—— *honey-suckle* villain . . . *honey-seed* rogue": — Theobald was, perhaps, not altogether superfluous in his explanation, that *Mrs. Quickly* means 'homicidal' and 'homicide.' It must also be remarked that 'quell' (pronounced *kell*: — See the Note on "*qui, quæ, quod*," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 1) was used for 'kill' in Shakespeare's time, as in the following passage from a speech of *Œdipus* in Thomas Newton's translation of Seneca's *Thebais*, 1581: —

"Ought I heare any tell
Or once of Sonne or Father speake, syth I did Father *quell?*" Fol. 45, b.

"—— a rescue [*or two*]": — The folio omits 'or two,' with so much detriment to the derangement of Dame *Quickly's* epitaphs that we cannot hesitate in attributing the omission to accident. The quarto, for "Thou wilt not? Thou wilt not?" has "*Thou wo't; wo't thou? Thou wo't; wo't thou?*"

p. 442. "*Away, you scullion*": — This speech in the editions prior to that of 1664 is assigned to the *Page;* in that, to *Falstaff*, to whom it clearly belongs. The folio misprints "Ill *tucke*."

" "—— *to ride the mare*": — The gallows was called the mare in the cant of the jail birds in Shakespeare's day.

p. 443. "—— *parcel-gilt goblet*": — i. e., partly gilt: gilt on the inside.

" "—— *in Whitsun* week": — The quarto has, characteristically, "*Wheeson*," and this, perhaps, was the original word, for the speaker's corresponding distortion of 'Pistol,' *Peesel*, has been carefully preserved.

" "—— for likening [*his father*] to a singing-man": — Thus the quarto. The folio has "for likening *him* to a singingman;" and it is with some hesitation that, in conformity to universal custom hitherto, and loth to lose the

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fine trait of character shown by the *Prince* in his resentment of ridicule cast upon his father, I have retained the reading of the quarto; which I suspect to be an interpolation, not only as being against the authentic and entirely consistent and comprehensible reading of the folio, but because *Mrs. Quickly*, in speaking of the sovereign to the heir apparent, would not call him "his father," but 'the King,' or 'his Highness, Grace, or Majesty.'

p. 443. "—— to be no more so *familiar[ity]*": — So the quarto: the folio, "so *familiar*." As the variation in the folio may be due to accident, and as the termination in *ty* is a favorite, indeed quite a characteristic, bit of cacology with *Mrs. Quickly*, (See "in an excellent good temperality," Act II. Sc. 4,) the reading of the quarto is retained. This case is not parallel with "we are now to examine these men," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. Sc. 5, for *Dame Quickly* is "continuantly" making those mistakes which *Dogberry* never makes. Their blunders, though equal in degree, are radically different in kind. See the Note on the passage in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

" "*I know you ha' practis'd*": — The quarto has "*You have, as it appears to me, practis'd.*" The folio omits "and made her serve," &c., by oversight, as appears by the reply of the *Chief Justice*.

p. 444. "—— this *sneap*": — Sneap means, or meant, check. 'Snub' is probably a corruption of it.

" "*If a man will court'sy*": — Men used to courtesy even in Shakespeare's time, and perform many other actions which would seem very fantastic to us now. See the Notes on "the tribute of his supple knee," *Richard the Second*, Act I. Sc. 4, and "here's my leg," *Part I.*, Act II. Sc. 4, p. 401, of this play.

" "—— the German hunting *in waterwork*": — That is, in water colors. Walls were sometimes painted in Shakespeare's day instead of being adorned with arras or painted cloths.

" "Come, thou must not be in this humour *with me*": — Here the quarto adds, "dost not know me?" which, if it were written in the first copy of the play, was happily stricken out, and though it should be preserved, should be so only in a Note. The folio omits "i' faith" in the *Hostess's* next speech, for the reason so often assigned in similar cases.

p. 445. "I have heard *better news*": — The folio misprints "*bitter* news."

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p. 446. "—— in *counties* as you go": — The folio misprints "*countries*." See the Note on "a justice of peace in his country," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 1.

SCENE II.

" "*Before God*": — So the quarto. The folio has "*Trust me;*" the change having been made for the reason often before noticed. So also the folio omits '*Faith*' in the *Prince's* next speech, and '*By this hand*' in his seventh speech in this Scene, has 'why' for 'marry' in the sixth. It would be quite superfluous to notice all the changes of this nature.

p. 447. "[*And God knows*," &c.: — The clause of this speech within brackets is found in the quarto, but not in the folio. It is whimsical enough, quite in character, and seems necessary to explain what the *Prince* has just said about the disappearance of *Pointz's* linen; and as it is of a nature which would cause it to be struck out by the Master of the Revels, or omitted in deference to the Puritans, Malone's opinion that it was so expunged seems well founded; and therefore it should be retained.

p. 448. "*By this light*, I," &c.: — The folio, as before, has "*Nay*, I," &c., here, and "Look, look," for "By the Mass," at the end of this speech.

" "—— *a proper fellow of my hands*": — i. e., a fine looking fellow of my inches.

" "Come, you *pernicious* ass": — The quartos have "*virtuous* ass;" and all the old copies assign the speech to *Pointz*, although it manifestly belongs to *Bardolph*, to whom Theobald transferred it.

" "—— through a *red lattice*": — There are numberless allusions in our old literature to the fashion of having red lattice for ale-house windows.

p. 449. "—— *Althea dream'd*," &c.: — An error which a poet might venially make and a schoolboy without much credit discover. It was Hecuba who dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand. Althea, in a moment of revenge, extinguished the firebrand, upon the burning of which depended the life of her son Meleager.

" "—— the gallows shall *be wrong'd*": — The quarto reads, "shall *have wrong*." The folio begins the speech with '*if*' for "an," which change occurs often during this play. I believe it to have been an arbitrary modernization of the printers of that volume.

" "—— [*how*] he writes": — The folio omits 'how.'

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p. 449. "—— a *borrower's* cap": — The old copies, "a *borrowed* cap." Warburton made the necessary correction.

p. 450. "*I will imitate the honourable Romans*," &c.: — This line is printed by itself in both quarto and folio, and there is some other trifling confusion in the arrangement, but too insignificant to give rise to any doubt, or be worthy of more particular mention.

" "—— the old *frank*": — i. e., the old sty. "*Frank*, kepynge of fowlys to make fatte." *Promtorium Parvulorum.* "*Franc*, a franke or stie to fatten hogs in." *Cotgrave.*

" "*Ephesians*, my lord": — The meaning of this cant phrase is not clear. The *Host*, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 5, calls himself *Falstaff's* Ephesian. It would seem to signify boon companion.

Scene III.

p. 452. "—— when my *heart-dear* Harry": — Thus the folio: the quarto, "my *heart's* dear Harry." I have no doubt that we owe to mere carelessness the change of the natural and fervid expression of the quarto to the feeble and affected epithet of the folio. But as it is possible that Shakespeare, influenced by the fashion of the day, which was for such compounds, may have written the passage, and as it appears in the authentic copy, mere opinion is not sufficient warrant for a change.

" "—— but he did *long* in vain": — Theobald, with great probability and good taste, conjectured that we should read, "but he did *look* in vain."

" "In the *grey vault of heaven*": — A certain sort of blue was called grey in Shakespeare's time; and that part of the vault of heaven which bends over England is rarely bluer than French grey.

" "And *speaking thick*": — Steevens first explained this passage as meaning that *Hotspur* spoke rapidly; and he has since been merely echoed. 'Thick' was certainly used for 'fast' in regard to speech or music; but here it seems plainly to mean something more; for it was not a thick or rapid speaking which was the result of acquired habit, but such an utterance as "*nature* made his blemish." It appears to be more than probable that *Hotspur* was afflicted with that kind of impediment in speech which restricts it momently, only to let it loose with the more sudden and headlong rapidity, like wine from a bottle when the cork is carelessly removed; — an utter-

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ance usually accompanied, perhaps partly caused, by an impatient, impetuous spirit. Tradition might have furnished Shakespeare with this trait for *Hotspur's* portraiture.

p. 454. "—— swell'd up unto *his* height": — So both folio and quarto; yet for the last seventy years all editors have read, "*its* height." [Mr. Dyce's edition, which has appeared since this note was written, has "his."]

Scene IV.

" "What [*the Devil*]," &c.: — The folio, through fear of puritanic censure, omits the words in brackets. This is the case so frequently and so irregularly in this play that it is only occasionally noticed; the words of the earlier edition being, however, always enclosed in brackets when they do not take the place of others which were substituted for them.

" "—— *apple-johns*": — A kind of apple which could be kept long, and which, when so kept, looked shrivelled.

" "—— *Mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music*": — To this speech Pope, who has been followed by all subsequent editors, added, "Dispatch; — the room where they supp'd is too hot: they'll come in straight," because he found those words in the quarto; and, although they are there spoken by the character called here *Second Drawer*, he assigned them to the *First*. Pope failed to observe that the whole of this little Scene was recast, or at least carefully corrected, for the folio. The characters in the quarto are *Francis* and *Drawer;* in the folio, *First Drawer* and *Second Drawer*. But the *First Drawer* does not speak *Francis'* speeches: it is *Francis* who says, "Sirrah, here will be the Prince," &c., and who also says, "I'll see if I can find out Sneak." The words in question were doubtless omitted by the author himself as useless; and, though they should be preserved, it should only be in a note.

p. 455. "*Old utis*": — Utis means jollity or boisterous mirth; originally the eighth day or crowning of a festival. "*Utas*, explicit Octavæ termini Juridici, seu Feriæ alicujus. ab A. S. Eahta, Octo." Skinner, *Etymologicon Vocum omnium antiquarum Anglicarum*. As to *old*, see the Note on "an old abusing," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 4.

" "*Look!* here comes Sir John": — The quarto, "*lo!*" &c.

" "*When Arthur first in Court*," &c.: — *Falstaff* sings two

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lines from the old ballad of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*. See Childs' *British Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 124.

p. 455. "Sick of a *calm*": — The *Hostess* means, of course, "sick of a *qualm*;" but if she had known the difference between 'calm' and 'qualm,' she would have uttered, to the ear, the same word; both those words having had the same sound in Shakespeare's day. See the Notes on "Qualm, perhaps," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, and "*qui, quæ, quod*," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 1. *Falstaff's* pun would be more apparent to a reader if *Dame Quickly's* word were printed *qualm*, but then the more humorous mental misapprehension on her part of the word that she has learned only by ear would be lost. This mode of expressing by an incorrect spelling or an inappropriate word a sound which is exactly the same as that of the correct spelling or the appropriate word, to indicate the comical misapprehension of the speaker, is an old and a very natural and effective device of humorous writers, although the rationale of it appears to have been hitherto unnoticed. The failures which have resulted from the very general supposition that the fun lay in the egregiously bad spelling have been lamentable and numberless. But when *Yellowplush* writes, "a bennyviolent genlmn" or "a sollum paws," there is more to laugh at than mere cacography. *Mrs. Quickly* affords us another instance of this sort of humor in this Scene on p. 459, where she says, "I beseek you." To the ear, in Shakespeare's day, there was no difference between 'beseek' and 'beseech.' But the use of the former spelling conveys instantly and humorously to the mind a droll blunder on the part of the *Hostess*; — though, by the way, it had a basis of truth of which she was ignorant, 'beseech' being actually compounded of 'seek' or 'seech' and the common prefix 'be.' See the Notes on "chattels," &c., *Henry the Eighth*, Act III. Sc. 2, on "And eke out," &c., *Henry the Fifth*, Third Chorus, and on "Hermione is chaste," *The Winter's Tale*, Act III. Sc. 2.

" "So is all her *sect*": — 'Sex' and 'sect' were used interchangeably of old.

" "If the cook [*help to*] make," &c.: — The folio omits the words in brackets; — accidentally, without a doubt.

p. 456. "—— my *poor* virtue": — So the old copies, and 'poor' was, and is, thus constantly used as an expression of fondness. But there is much plausibility in the reading "my *pure* virtue," which is found in both Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's copies of the folio of 1632.

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p. 456. "*Ay marry*": — The folio has "Yea, joy." See these Notes *passim* as to such changes, and their reasons. *Doll* was not in a humor to call *Falstaff* 'joy' in earnest, and the gods had not made her ironical.

" "*Your brooches, pearls, and owches*": — Owches were ornaments shaped like a boss. The line is quoted from the old ballad *The Boy and the Mantle*. See Childs' *British Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 15. They were cheap ornaments: "and *ouches* or *spangs*, as they are of no great cost, so they are of most glory." Bacon's Essay *Of Masques and Triumphs*.

" ["*Hang yourself*," &c.: — This speech is omitted in the folio, accidentally, as appears by the interposition of the *Hostess*.

" "—— *as rheumatic as two dry toasts*": — Rheumatic, in the cant language of the times, says Steevens, signified capricious, humorsome. In this sense it appears to be used in many other old plays.

" "*What the good year!*" — A mere exclamation of surprise: not 'the goujere' = *morbus Gallicus*.

' "Sir, *Ancient Pistol* is below": — i. e., Ensign Pistol. See "ancients, corporals, lieutenants," *First Part of Henry the Fourth*, Act IV. Sc. 2; and the Note on "an old faced ancient," *Ibid.*

p. 457. "—— nor no *cheater*": — *Falstaff* has called *Pistol* "a tame cheater," which *Mrs. Quickly* mistakes for 'escheator,' an officer of the royal exchequer.

p. 458. "[*No more, Pistol*," &c.: — This speech is omitted in the folio, accidentally, as appears by the immediate exclamation of the *Hostess*.

p. 459. "—— *mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes*": — The refuse of bawdy-house fare.

" "—— [*as the word occupy*," &c.: — The words between brackets are omitted in the folio; by reason, doubtless, of that conformity to Puritan taste enforced by the Master of the Revels in other passages before noticed. The word 'occupy' had two senses, both of which appear in the following passage quoted by Ritson from *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "One threw stones at an yll-fauor'd old woman's Owle, and the olde woman said: Faith (sir knaue) you are well occupy'd to throw stones at my poore Owle, that doth you no harme. Yea Marie (answered the wag) so would you be better occupy'd too (I wisse) if you were young again and had a better face." 'Ill sorted' is ill accompanied; a sort meaning a company.

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p. 459. "—— *down Fates*" :— Thus the folio : the quarto has "down *faters*," which some commentators, Mr. Dyce among them, disregarding *Pistol's* predilection for "the Sisters three," accept as an irregular spelling of 'faitours' = vagabonds, calling attention to the absurdity of coupling dogs and Fates. But this absurdity is eminently Pistolian. Mine ancient should, perhaps, have said 'faitours;' and so just below, he should say 'Hannibals,' but he does say "cannibals," and also alludes to a kind of Greek not mentioned by Homer. He also makes a slight mistake in elevating Cerberus to regal honors; and considering the creature's qualifications for a triple crown, it is a wonder he did not call him *Pope* Cerberus. Under the circumstances 'Fates' may stand.

" "—— I *beseek* you now" :— See the Note on "Sick of a calm," p. 542.

" "*And hollow pamper'd jades*," &c. :— *Pistol* interlards his own fustian with odds and ends of bombast from the plays of Shakespeare's earlier contemporaries. These two lines are slightly changed from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, in which they are addressed by the conqueror to the captive kings harnessed to his triumphal chariot. Below, "Die men like dogs" is from *Ram Alley or Merry Tricks*, 1611, and "Feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis," from *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, attributed by Mr. Dyce to George Peele. The line there is, "Feed then and *faint not*," &c.; but elsewhere "Feed and be fat" occurs. See *Peele's Works*, Ed. Dyce, Vol. II. p. 110. By "*Hiren*," to whose presence *Pistol* twice alludes, he seems to have meant his sword — a blunder with which the marked dissyllabic pronunciation of 'iron,' in Shakespeare's day, may have had something to do. Similar mention of Hiren is found also in *Law Tricks*, 1608, and in *Eastward Hoe*, 1605; and Malone's conjecture, that the allusion is to *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek*, a lost Play by George Peele, is probably correct. In Peele's *Merie Conceited Jests*, in which this play is mentioned, we are told that Hiren is "in Italian called a Curtezan, in Spanie, a Margarite, French, *Vn Curtain*," &c. Hence the reply of the *Hostess* to the second interpellation of *Pistol* upon this subject.

p. 460. "*Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente*" :— So the folio gives this motto, which *Pistol* is supposed by some, with probability, to read, or to pretend to read, from his sword; and yet Sir Thomas Hanmer corrected (?) the Ancient's characteristic medley of French and bad Italian to "*Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta*,"

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and has been followed absolutely, or with but slight variation, by all modern editors hitherto, even in spite of the fact that on an old sword discovered by Mr. Douce the motto occurs in French just as *Pistol* reads it, with the exception of '*l'espérence*' for 'sperato.' It is possible that *Pistol* may not read from his sword; for the motto seems to have been common in the mouths of soldiers two or three hundred years ago.

p. 460. "—— *Galloway nags*": — Were common hackneys.

" "—— *shove-groat shilling*": — A shilling used to play the game which seems to have differed little if at all from that of shovel board.

" "—— *abridge my doleful days*": — "It can hardly be doubted," says Mr. Dyce, "that in this rant of *Pistol*, Shakespeare had an eye to the following passage of *Buckingham's Complaynt*, written by Sackville:

'But what may boote to stay the Sisters three
When Atropos perforce will cut the thred?
The doleful day was come, when you might see,' &c.
St. 6, *Mirrour for Magistrates*."

Pistol's talk, in fact, is an exquisite caricature of the fustian which the poets and playwrights of Shakespeare's youthful days put into the mouths of their heroes, and the absurdity of which he was the first to see and 'show up.' See the *Life*, Vol. I.

" "Here's *goodly* stuff": — The folio misprints "*good* stuff." In the previous line both quarto and folio have "*untwin'd*."

p. 461. "—— little tidy *Bartholomew boar-pig*": — Roast pigs, as Reed says, were a common viand in the booths at Bartholomew fair until at least as late as the beginning of the last century.

p. 462. "—— *conger and fennel*": — The fennel was perhaps used as a dressing for the conger, as parsley is now for other fish. Why *Falstaff* mentions the dish does not appear. The explanation universally given since Steevens' note, that conger and fennel were considered provocatives, is not sustained by contemporary authority; and in the very passage in *Philaster*, Act II. Sc. 2, to which he refers, "the wanton Spanish prince" is advised to abstain from this article of luxury because it is a "duller of the vital spirits."

" "Look, *if* the wither'd elder," &c.: — The quarto has "Look *whether*," &c.

p. 463. "—— *the fiery Trigon*": — *Trigonum igneum* is an old

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astrological term applied to the meeting of the three upper planets in a fiery sign.

p 463. "What stuff wilt have *a kirtle of?*" — Fortunately it is not very important to know what was the exact shape and size of the garment called a kirtle; for it has not been determined beyond cavil. It seems, however, to have been the name of an outer petticoat such as New England dames wore with a short-gown in the days of our great-grandmothers. It is derived from the Saxon *cyrtel* = a girded garment.

" "*Pointz his brother*": — i. e., it is perhaps here necessary to remark, *Pointz's* brother.

p. 464. "—— *to glose with us*": — i. e., to smooth the matter over with us. The old copies have "*close*," an easy misprint, hitherto uncorrected, which has occurred before in *Measure for Measure*, Act V. Sc. 2. See Vol. II. p. 132. In *Richard the Second*, Act II. Sc. 1, "music at the *close*" is misprinted in the folio "music at the *glose*."

p. 465. "—— and burns, *poor soul*": — The old copies misprint "poor *soules*."

"—— what's a *joint of mutton*": — For the explanation of *Falstaff's* ambiguous accusation, see the Note on "a laced mutton," *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 181.

p. 466. "—— *run, good Doll*": — The quarto adds, "come, shee comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll?" which Mr. Collier preserves. "She comes blubber'd" is plainly a prompter's direction which found its way into the text of the quarto. It is hardly worth preservation as a stage direction.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 467. "Under *the* canopies": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "Under *high* canopies;" which may quite possibly be what the author wrote, *hie* having been mistaken for 'the;' or, as Mr. Dyce suggests, 'the' having been caught from the line above.

p. 468. "*Then, happy low, lie down!*" — The sense of this passage is clear enough; but its use of 'low' as a substantive caused Warburton ingeniously to conjecture that we should read, "Then happy *lowly clown*," 'lowly' having been spelled lowl*ie*, and *cl* taken for *d*. But 'then' seems

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to require a verb in the imperative mood. Perhaps we might read, '*Thou* happy *lowly clown*' if it were like Shakespeare to call a ship boy a clown. Mr. Keightly suggests that the reading is, "Then, happy *boy*, lie down." But the boy was "upon the high and giddy mast."

p. 468. "—— [*O, if this were seen*": — These words and the three following lines are not in the folio; and it is with much misgiving and some reluctance that I retain them in the text, as a concession to the unquestioning reception they have met with from all previous editors. If Shakespeare ever wrote them, I believe that he omitted them because of their weakness; but I more than doubt that he did write this feeble whine, which seems all the feebler because it is made the needless sequent of the manly and majestic aspiration that precedes it. It is noteworthy, too, that it divides a perfect line, and makes a not very well placed hemistich — "'Tis not ten years gone." I cannot resist the conclusion that it was interpolated. It is a square block of puling common place let into a grand and vigorous passage.

p. 469. "(You, *Cousin Nevil*": — A mistake: the Earldom of Warwick was in the Beauchamp family, and did not pass into that of Nevil until 1445, in the reign of Henry VI.

p. 470. "—— upon *my soul*, my lord": — the folio has "my *life*;" doubtless a capricious alteration to suit the Puritan taste.

Scene II.

" "*Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire*": — It is perhaps worthy of remark, that *Falstaff*, whom we last left in London about to start for Yorkshire, gets as far west of his direct course as Gloucestershire, because he is directed to "take up soldiers in counties" as he went. See Act II. Sc. 1. [Mr. Lloyd, in his Life of Shakespeare prefixed to Mr. Singer's edition, which I have read since the foregoing Note was written, makes the ingenious suggestion that *Falstaff* is carried to Gloucestershire to meet *Shallow*, and *Silence*, and *Slender*, because Shakespeare's old enemy Sir Thomas Lucy married into a family of that county.]

p. 471. "—— the *rood*": — The Cross was sometimes called the rood, (or rod,) sometimes the tree.

" "—— a *Cots'ol'* man": — i. e., a Cotswold man. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 306.

" "—— the *bona-robas*": — "*Buona roba*, as we say, good stuff; a good wholesome plump cheeked wench." Florio.

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p. 471. "—— *page to Thomas Mowbray*": — Concerning the value of this allusion in determining the question as to whether *Falstaff* was originally called Oldcastle, see the Introduction to Part I.

" "—— *Skogan's head*": — "John Skogan," says Warton, "being an excellent mimick, and of great pleasantry in conversation, became the favourite buffoon of the Court of King Edward IV." *History of English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 336, Ed. 1840. He has been confounded by others than Shakespeare with Henry Scogan, a poet of the time of Henry IV.

" "—— *a crack*": — "An old Icelandic word," says Tyrwhitt, "signifying a boy, or a child."

p. 472. "—— [*as the Psalmist saith*]": — These words, as well as those in brackets in *Shallow's* speech immediately before, are struck out of the folio, and in that edition *Shallow's* next speech but one begins, "See, see," to meet the requirements of the advancing Puritan taste; and the last named instances are sufficient evidence that, in similar cases, our attribution of changes to that influence has been merely the statement of a fact, not, necessarily, the utterance of a reproach.

" "—— *at* fourteen": — The old copies, which have hitherto been followed, print "*a* fourteen;" the *t* having dropped, accidentally; as is clear from "at twelve score," just before.

" "—— a score of good ewes may be *worth ten pounds*": — This was the price in Shakespeare's day, not in Henry IV.'s.

p. 473. "*By this day*": — The quarto has "this *good* day," and below "your *good* hand." The dropping of the word in two instances could not have been accidental. The object was plainly to diminish the repetition of the word, which is frequent in this part of the Scene.

" "—— you *look* well:" — Thus the folio; the quartos having "you *like* well," which has been generally retained because of the idiom 'in good liking' = in good case, good condition, which was used of old: that might have been Shakespeare's word, and so might several others.

p. 474. "*Prick him*": — i. e., check him, place a mark opposite his name. Written music was called prick note.

" "—— *but not of the* father's substance": — So the folio. The quarto has "but *much* of the father's substance." Mr. Dyce supposes, with great probability, that

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the quarto represents the original reading with the com mon misprint of 'but' for 'not.'

p. 476. "Here is *two more* call'd than your number": — Malone remarked, "Five only have been called, and the number required is four. Some name seems to have been omitted by the transcriber. The restoration of this sixth man would solve the difficulty that occurs below; for when *Mouldy* and *Bull-calf* are set aside, *Falstaff*, as Dr. Farmer observed, gets but three recruits. Perhaps our author himself is answerable for this slight inaccuracy." Capell read, "Here *is more* call'd," &c.

" "—— *by my troth*": — The folio has "*in good* troth," avoiding the form of the oath, as before.

" "*She never could away with me*": — An expression, hardly obsolete, meaning, she never could abide me.

p. 478. "—— I have *three pound* to free Mouldy and Bull-calf": — *Bardolph* was to have forty shillings for each: the discrepancy may be well attributed to his acquisitiveness.

" "—— the limb, *the thewes*, the stature," &c.: — It has been remarked by other commentators, that 'thewes' is used by all writers antecedent to Shakespeare to signify qualities of the mind. But it sometimes meant the mind itself, or its thoughts. See, for instance, the following lines from a Chorus in Thomas Newton's translation of Seneca's *Octavia*, 1581, —

"And that no fresh espoused dame
Our Princes *thewes* do enter in." Fol. 169.

(And I suspect a connection between 'thew' and 'thought.') Yet in America the expression 'a man of thewes and sinews' has been almost proverbially common for generations; and Phillips in his *World of Words* has "*Thight*, (old word) well joynted or knit together." Skinner, *Etym. Voc. Antiq.*, merely defines 'thewes' as "qualityes."

" —— "swifter than he *that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket*": — The yoke upon which buckets are swung from the shoulders was called a gibbet, or the gibbets; and as Mason remarked, "as the buckets at each end of the gibbet must be put on at the same moment, it necessarily requires a quick motion." Even now we occasionally see milkmen carrying their cans swung upon gibbets.

p. 479. "—— *a caliver*": — This was a gun lighter than the old musket, fired without a rest.

" "—— *Sir Dagonet in Arthur's Shew*": — *Sir Dagonet*

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is *King Arthur's* Fool in the old romance *Morte d'Arthur*. Arthur's Show was a mingled exhibition of pageantry and archery by an association of archers, established in Henry VIII.'s time, who personated characters in the *Morte d'Arthur*, and whose style and title was, "The Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthure and his knightly Armory of the Round Table." One Richard Robinson glorified this society in a rare tract published in 1583, by which it appears that King Arthur and his knights were in the habit of showing themselves at the training ground called Mile End Green; as to which see *All's Well*, &c., Act IV. Sc. 3. "A little *quiver* fellow," it is hardly necessary to say, is a little restless, nervous fellow.

p. 480. "—— *Turnbull-street*":—Properly Turn-mill street; a place of resort for women of the town and roysterers.

" "—— were *invincible*":—Possibly, as Rowe thought, but not probably, I trust, a misprint for 'invisible.' But see Dyce's Marlowe, Vol. I. p. 215, and Gifford's Jonson, Vol. I. p. 30.

" "—— [and sung those tunes to the *overswitch'd huswives*," &c.]:—This passage and the one in brackets just before are not in the folio, having probably been struck out by the orders of the Master of the Revels, in deference to the growing puritanic taste of the day. "*Over scutch'd*" the reading of the quarto, which has hitherto been retained unquestioned, was conjecturally explained by Pope as meaning scotch'd, or cut and slashed as by the beadle's whip. But can there be any doubt that in the hastily and carelessly printed quarto there was the easy misprint of *cu* for *wi*, when we read this passage from Ray's *Collection of English Words Not Generally Used*," &c. 1691? "An *overswitcht* House-wife; i. e., a whore. A ludicrous word." *Falstaff*, having used the simple vernacular in the previous sentence, here varies his phrase. But 'huswives' was applied without qualification to women who were too free of their personal favors. *Iago*, in his coarse abuse of women to his wife, (*Othello*, Act II. Sc. 1,) says, "You are . . . players in your huswifery, and huswives in your beds;" and on *Desdemona's* exclamation, "Fie upon thee, slanderer!" very clearly explains this application of 'housewife' by a comment which the reader can easily refer to. So *Sir Toby Belch*, (*Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 3,) having remarked that *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek's* hair "hangs like flax upon a distaff," hopes to see "a housewife" "spin it off" in a manner which leaves no doubt as to the character of the lady who

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might so perform the office. In Udall's *Eloquent Latine Phrases*, 1581, Sig. P. 4, *Disciplina meretricia* is translated "the Schole and doctrine that the lyght Huswyues and strumpets have amonges them." We have a remnant of this use of the word in 'hussy,' applied so freely by scolding women (who generally pride themselves upon their own housewifery) to careless, giddy servant maids, and by old gentlemen to light-headed girls in general. As an abbreviation of 'housewife,' in its ordinary and original sense, 'hussy' would convey no reproach. After this explanation, a definition of the term 'over-switch'd' would be, at the least, superfluous.

p. 480. "—— this *Vice's dagger*": — The Vice of our old stage was armed with a dagger of lath. See the *Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama*, Vol. I.

" "—— then he *burst his head*": — See *Induction to Taming of the Shrew*. "You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?"

" "—— might have *truss'd* him": — So the folio, with a very appropriate meaning, which needs no elucidation. The quarto has, less aptly, "might have *thrust* him" — an error caused by the pronunciation of *th* as *t*, which made 'thrust' and 'truss'd' indistinguishable by the ear.

" "—— a *philosopher's two stones*": — This may refer, as Warburton and Steevens thought, to the two philosopher's stones, one a universal medicine, the other a transmuter of metals, or less probably, it may mean, as Johnson and Malone supposed, twice the value of a philosopher's stone.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 481. "*The Forest of Gaultree*," &c.: — This direction is from the quarto, where we find, "*Enter the Archbishop, &c., in the forest of* Gaultree." Holinshed was the authority for this localization.

p. 482. "*Let us sway* on": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, poorly, "*Let's away* on."

" "—— *guarded with rags*": — The old copies have "with *rage*," which here has no meaning, and is shown by the context to be a misprint for the reading of the text, which was suggested by Mr. Sidney Walker, and

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found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. 'Guarded' means embroidered, as with lace. — For "so *appear'd*," the old copies have "so *appeare*."

p. 483. "Turning your books *to greaves*" : — The old editions have "to *graves*," which is manifestly wrong, and it would seem as manifestly intended for "to *greaves*," the conjectural emendation of Steevens. Greaves were sometimes made of leather, and the covers of books would in any case suggest themselves as, figuratively, no less fit for defensive, than the prelate's pen, or than ploughshares and pruning hooks, for offensive armor. Hanmer and Warburton read, less probably and appropriately, 'to *glaives*.' The printing of 'graves' for 'greaves' was not uncommon.

" "—— and a *point of war*" : — If this expression, common enough of old and now, and as comprehensible as 'a point of etiquette' or 'a point of law,' need explanation for any of Shakespeare's readers, they may receive it at the hands of so competent a military authority as Ritt-Master *Dugald Dalgetty*; — "a charge, a retreat, a reveille, or the tattoo, or any other point of war." *Legend of Montrose*, Chap. III.

" "—— from our most quiet *sphere*" : — The folio has, "most quiet *there*." The correction, the propriety of which we may doubt, but not deny, was made by Warburton.

p. 484. "[*And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?*]" : — This line is not in the folio ; but it could have been written by no pen but Shakespeare's, and was surely not omitted for its feebleness, its superfluity, or for the sake of brevity, but by mere accident. There is some confusion in the folio here. See the next Note.

" "*My brother general*," &c. : — As this passage stands, the construction is obscurely inverted and elliptical ; but it may be thus paraphrased : 'cruelty inflicted upon a brother born is a household cruelty, and therefore I make the cause of my general [i. e., universal, generic, or common] brother, the commonwealth, a ground of particular [i. e., personal] quarrel.' But Malone's conjecture was, that a line has been lost after 'commonwealth,' and that the passage, as originally written, conveyed the sense, "My *general* brother, the commonwealth, *is the general ground of our taking up arms*; a wrong of a domestic nature, namely, the cruelty, shown to my natural brother, is my particular ground for engaging in this war." The *Archbishop's* brother, Lord Scrope, had been put to death

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at Bristol. (See Part I. Act I. Sc. 3, p. 300.) The supposition of some commentators, that "My brother general" means "Mowbray, who is joined with me in command," seems hardly worthy of mention. The second line of the speech is not in the folio. It perhaps was struck out intentionally, and should be omitted; as in that case the passage would mean, 'I make my brother general the commonwealth [i. e., the weal of my countrymen, who are my common brethren] the cause of my particular personal quarrel.' But the passage is so mutilated as to defy explanation or restoration.

p 485. "*Was forc'd, perforce compell'd, to,*" &c.: — So the original. All modern editions, however, read, "was *force, perforce*, compelled to," &c.

" "*And then that* Harry Bolingbroke": — Pope changed 'that' to 'when,' and has been almost universally followed; but 'that' is here used as it frequently now is, much in the sense of 'when;' and there are already 'whens' and 'thens' enough in the passage.

" "—— and *grac'd indeed*, &c.": — The folio (the passage is not in the quarto) corruptly has "and grac'd *and did*." The almost obvious correction was suggested by Thirlby.

p. 486. "To us, and to our purposes, *confirm'd*": — Folio and quarto have "*confin'd*," which is clearly corrupt, as the execution of a man's will cannot be confined or restricted, even to his own purposes, without the exercise of that very despotic authority against which the Archbishop's party were in arms. Johnson proposed '*consign'd*,' in the sense of 'sealed,' 'ratified;' but 'confirmed,' the reading adopted by Mr. Singer, has the same meaning, and is as near as possible to the word in the old text.

" "—— our *awful* banks": — Warburton plausibly read, "*lawful* banks;" but 'awful' here means, duly reverential, as in the line, "from the society of awful men," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. 1, and in the metrical version of the hundredth Psalm, "Glad homage pay with awful mirth." This was a common use of the word in Shakespeare's time, and much later.

p. 487. "*And* either end," &c.: — The old copies, corruptly, "*At* either," &c. The correction is Dr. Thirlby's.

p. 488. "He doth unfasten *so*," &c.: —Probably we should read, "He doth unfasten *too*," &c.; as 'too' was often spelled *to*, which might easily be mistaken for *so*; and Shakespeare would naturally have avoided putting four

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so's into six lines. But the text conveys the sense clearly, and cannot be disturbed. An allusion to the parable of the tares and the wheat is plainly intended.

SCENE II.

p. 489. "—— the *Speaker* in his parliament": — The reason why the presiding officer in the British Parliament, and hence in our legislative bodies, is called the Speaker, though he never speaks, may be gathered from the following passage, Book II. Chap. 3, of Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, London, quarto, 1621. "In this meane time, the Knights of the Shires and the Burgesses of the Parliament, . . . are called by such as it pleaseth the Prince to appoint, into another great house or chamber by name, to which they answere . . . then they are willed to choose an able and discreete man to be, as it were, the mouth of them all, and to speake for and in the name of them," — i. e., to the Prince and the Lords. And see *Henry VI.* Part I., Act III. Sc. 2, where *Talbot* and his fellow-officers consult, *La Pucelle* calls out, "God speed the Parliament! Who shall be the Speaker?" And *Talbot* immediately speaks for the rest.

" "—— th' imagin'd voice of *God himself*": — Thus the quarto: the folio, — in conformity to the statute 3 Jac. 1, so often alluded to, — "of *Heaven itself*," and two lines before, "the book of *Heaven*." The variation, so frequently made, is noteworthy in this instance only because the change from the personal to the impersonal substantive was accompanied by a change from 'himself' to 'it self;' and because just below, the folio having "zeal of *Heaven*," has also, in the next line, "of *Heaven's* substitute." These changes of the pronoun are sufficient evidence of the lateness of the change of the antecedent, to conform to which they were made. See in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. Sc. 4, —

> "Heaven in my mouth
> As if I did but chew *his* name,"

and the Note on "it's folly," &c. *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 furnishes the reading, "the counterfeited *seal* of God," which the context shows to be correct. It is possible that a quibble was intended between 'seal' and 'zeal,' — the latter word being found in the old copies.

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SCENE III.

p. 495. "—— or *by the Lord*": — So the quarto; the folio, "or *I swear*."

p. 496. "—— *gav'st thyself away*": — The quarto has, "gauest thy selue away *gratis*." The folio rejects the last word as superfluous.

" "—— A good *sherris sack*": — The liquor to which *Falstaff* attributes such inspiriting and invigorating powers has been supposed by some to have been a dry, by others, a sweet wine; and others, again, have thought that it was a compound potation. That it was sheer wine, and sherry wine, is shown by various passages in Shakespeare's works, and in contemporary literature. In *The Tempest*, (Act II. Sc. 2,) *Stephano* relates his escape from the wreck "upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard." Thomas Coghan, Master of Arts and Bachelor of Physic, in his *Haven of Health*, (London, 1584,) gives the following recipe for making Cinnamon Water: "Take a pound of good Cinnamon, and beate it grosse; then take a pottle of perfect rose water, and as much of good wine, sack or canarie wine, &c.," fol. 111; he also, in a recipe for distilling Aqua Vitæ, says, "and the best wine for that purpose is Sacke," fol. 227. That sack was neither madeira, as some, nor canary, as others, have supposed, and that it was white wine, appears by the following passages from the general dissertation on Wine (fol. 209) in the same valuable exposition of the dietetic and medicinal knowledge of the period: "for who doeth not know that Sacke is hoater than white wine or Claret, and Malmsey or Muscadell hoater than Sack, and wine of Madera or Canary hoatest of all?" . . . "Fraunce yeeldeth those wines which be most temperate, as white claret and red. Spaine bringeth forth wines of white colour, but much hoater and stronger, as Sacke, Rumney and Bastard." . . . "As for wine of Madera and Canary, they bear the name of the Islands from whence they are brought." In the following passage from the same dissertation, Master Coghan assigns a quality to white wine which was probably one of the several that induced *Falstaff* to honor it with his preference: "Also this kinde of wine is good for those that would be leane or slender, because it nourisheth little," fol. 217. — *Falstaff*, in this play, (Act I. Sc. 2,) speaks of repenting in "new silk and old sack;" and although age improves wine and ale, it does not improve the compounds of which they furnish only the body

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or the spirit. In Blount's *Glossographia*, 1670, we find, "*Sherry-sack*, so called from Xeres, a sea-town of Corduba in Spain, where that kinde of sack is made;" and many authorities support this explanation of the name sherry. — The name 'sack' some have supposed to be derived from *sec* = dry; others from *secco* = a bag, because it was brought to port in sacks of goat skins. — Blount's definition, however, in alluding to *kinds* of sack, indicates the origin of some of the confusion that has prevailed with regard to this wine; for the name 'sack' was erroneously given by many persons to all kinds of white wine from Spain and the Southern islands, upon the erroneous supposition that they were all varieties of one kind of wine, to wit, sack. Thus we have sometimes canary sack as well as sherris sack, mentioned. *Falstaff*, however, makes his meaning explicit in the very speech which is the occasion of this Note. For, giving there his panacea its name seven times, he uses 'sack' and 'sherris' interchangeably; thrice calling it by the former name, thrice by the latter, and once by the two combined. — The reason for the mistaken supposition that sack was a made drink is found in various passages, of which one, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, (Act III. Sc. 5,) has hitherto been the most important, by reason of an error corrected in this edition for the first time. In that passage *Falstaff*, coming in from his ducking at Datchet Mead, orders *Bardolph* to fetch him "a quart of sack," and to "put a toast in it;" and after he has drunk that, he says, according to the old text, "Go, *brew* me a *pottle* of Sacke finely." *Bardolph* asks, "With Egges, Sir?" and *Falstaff* replies, "Simple of it selfe," and that he will have no eggs in his "brewage." This appears to be very clear evidence that sack was a brewage, or made drink, of which wine was but one ingredient, and eggs might be another. And the reader acquainted only with modern drinking, reasonably supposes that even *Falstaff* could not toss off a quart of unmitigated sherry, and immediately call for two quarts (a pottle) more, even allowing somewhat for humorous exaggeration in this Scene. But of the constant, deep, and mighty potations of our ancestors, those who have not studied their manners have no conception. Until long after Shakespeare's time, they drank only wine or ale, unless in the extremest poverty. Tea and coffee as yet were not; and water, far from being regarded as the innocent and even wholesome fluid which later experiments have proved it, was distrusted as deleterious, and

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shunned, unless its chilly terrors were tempered with wine or aqua vitæ. In Coghan's book, before quoted, (and he was a physician,) there is not only one section to show that "Water myxte with wine quencheth thirst the better," but another, giving instructions "how water may be drunke without harme." Our forbears also rarely drank their wine "simple of itself." They were ever brewing it into a caudle, a posset, or a mess of some kind. Coghan's book and others like it contain numerous recipes for such drinks. The least that was done was to spice the wine, or stir it with a sprig of sage or rosemary. The difficulty made by *Falstaff's* order for a "brewage" of sack is directly due to the very easy typographical error of 'pottle' for 'poffet.' Sack, as we have seen, was merely wine, and the posset of sack — a common and highly esteemed drink in Shakespeare's time — was made with eggs, or with milk, or with both, or without either. In the *Compleat Cook*, London, 1655, are three recipes for the making of posset; one with both milk and eggs, one without milk, and one without eggs, but merely with warm water, sugar, and spices, as *Falstaff* seems to have desired his posset to be made in the Scene in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. A posset of sack was considered "the sovereign'st thing on earth," in cases of great fatigue and exposure, such as the fat knight had undergone. See in Webster and Decker's *Westward Hoe*, 1607, Act II. Sc. 2, "*Mistress Birdlime.* O my sides ache in my loins, in my bones! I ha' more need of a posset of sack, and lie in my bed and sweat, than to talk in music." There can be no doubt that *Falstaff's* need was the same as *Mistress Birdlime's*, and that even he did not propose to drink three quarts of sheer sherry wine in the course of ten or fifteen minutes.

p. 497. "—— till sack *commences* it, and sets it in *act* and use": — There is much probability in Tyrwhitt's conjecture that Shakespeare in these words alludes to the Cambridge Commencement and the Oxford Act; for by these names those two universities, as he remarks, "have long distinguished the season at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority to *use* those *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees in Arts, Law, Physick, and Divinity."

"—— *the first principle* I would teach them," &c.: — The quarto has "the first *humane* principle." If indeed the adjective were written by Shakespeare in the first draught of the play, I believe that he struck it out as weakening the sentence.

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SCENE IV.

p. 499. "As *flaws*": — Flaws are small blades of ice that are sometimes congealed in the atmosphere of a clear cold morning which suddenly succeeds a humid night.

p. 500. "'Tis *seldom when* the bee," &c.: — Mr. Singer prints "*seldom-when*" both here and in *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. 2, considering 'seldom' an adjective in composition, as in 'seldom-time,' &c. But this involves the use of 'when' as a substantive. I have not met with such a use of either of these words, either by itself or in composition; and the folio separates them by a comma. The allusion to Samson's adventure with the lion is manifest.

p. 502. "*Hath wrought the mure*," &c.: — These lines are an unmistakable imitation, almost a quotation, of the following, upon the same subject in the first edition of Daniel's *Civil Wars*, which appeared in 1595: —

> "Wearing the wall so thin that now the wind
> Might well look thorow and his frailty find."
> Book III. St. 116.

" "The people *fear me*": — i. e., it is perhaps desirable to remark, the people make me afraid, not are afraid of me.

" "*They bear the King to a bed*," &c.: — There is no stage direction here, either in quarto or folio. The *King* was probably removed into the recess which occupied the back part of the stage in our old theatres, and before which a curtain was usually drawn.

p. 503. "—— with homely *biggin* bound": — 'Biggin' is a corruption of *beguine*, and means a cloth such as was worn upon the head by the members of that charitable sisterhood.

p. 504. "That *scalds* with safety": — The old copies have, "That *scaldst*," &c., — a disagreement so common in the works of our old dramatists that I am not sure that it is due either to accident or oversight.

" "—— this golden *ringol*": — i. e., this golden circlet. The old copies misprint "*rigol*."

" "[*He is not here*]": — These words are omitted from the folio; accidentally, as *Warwick's* speech shows.

p. 505. "—— *culling* from every flower": — The quarto has "*tolling*," &c., and as it also omits "the virtuous sweets," we see the intentional consistency of the folio reading.

" "—— sickness *hath* determin'd me": — The quarto

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has "sickness *hands* determin'd me" — a manifest misprint, which Mr. Collier yet retains, explaining the line, "Until the hands of his friend sickness have determin'd me"!

p. 507. "The *moist* impediments": — The folio has "*most* impediments" — a misprint hardly worth notice.

p. 508. "—— Thus *my royal liege*": — The quarto superfluously has "my *most* royal liege;" 'most' having probably been caught from the line above. It is retained by most editors.

" "—— to the *might* of it": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, with some plausibility, "the *weight* of it."

" "That thou might'st *win*," &c.: — The folio misprints "might'st *join*."

p. 509. "—— for what in me was *purchas'd*": — 'Purchase' was used to express any mode of obtaining possession, except inheritance.

" "And all *my* friends": — The old copies have "*thy* friends" — a manifest misprint, which it was yet left for Tyrwhitt to correct, except in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. The mistake of *m* for *th* was common, as the reader of these Notes must have observed, and if the *t* in *th* be left uncrossed, it can hardly be distinguished from *m* in most manuscript.

p. 510. "*It hath been prophesied*," &c.: — This prophecy is mentioned by Holinshed, in the following passage of his Chronicles, which, it will be seen, Shakespeare sometimes closely followed: — "At length he recovered his speech, and understanding; and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king: Lauds be given to the father of heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem." Vol. III. fol. 541, Ed. 1586.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 511. "*By cock and pie*": — See the Notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 308.

p. 512. "—— little tiny *kickshaws*": — 'Kickshaws' is not only a corruption of *quelque chose*, but in Shakespeare's time and after, the French and the English forms were

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great Variety of Readers. See Vol. II., Preliminary Matter. It is a manifest and a poor imitation of the Epilogue to *As You Like It*. See the Note on the Epilogue to *The Tempest*. The purpose of the introduction of this Epilogue, the latter part of it at least, I believe to have been merely the double announcement made in the last paragraph, — that *Falstaff* was not Oldcastle, and that the author would continue "the story," (i. e., the story of the *Famous Victories*, which was well known to his audience, and a great favorite with them,) and make them merry with fair Katherine of France, who appears in the old play. The Epilogue was probably spoken on occasion of the change of the fat knight's name. See the Introduction to the First Part of *Henry the Fourth*.

p. 530. "—— *to pray for the Queen*": — To pray for the reigning sovereign was a common practice at the end of a play on our old stage. In the quarto the last two clauses of this Epilogue, from "and so kneel," &c., appear at the end of the first paragraph. Perhaps the Epilogue, as at first written, consisted only of this paragraph; and the quarto has the added paragraphs without the necessary transposition.

END OF VOL. VI.

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